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VESAKHA, 2464.

HARK! the temple drums resounding
Bring a Message o'er the years;
Do I hear the Devas whisper—
"Dry those vain tears, O dry those tears!"

'Tis the Wesak lowly brother;
E'er so long ago, to-day,
One was born, the Flower of mankind,
To common clay, your common clay.

Soon from princely pomp He withdrew,
And, 'midst solitude and pain,
Wrenched, this day, Life's inmost Secret,—
Unlock't His chain, unlock't the chain!

Five and forty years He journeyed,
Giving free the Key He found,
Teaching all, the Buddha-message
"Ye are not bound, brothers; not bound!"

And a Wesak's glowing full moon
Paled before the radiant light
Of the dying Buddha's halo;—
And then 'twas night, O then 'twas night!

"Nay, not night!" the Devas whisper;
Bright, as ever, shines Truth's Ray;
Heed the Doctrine, lowly brother;
And bless this day, yes, bless this Day!

DUKKHINDA.

Buddhist Annual of Ceylon.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"The Gift of the Truth Excels
All Other Gifts."

Ourselves.

IN making our debut before the public we entertain no feelings of diffidence or misgiving, and offer no apology to our readers, fully confident as we are, that a publication of this nature is filling a void in the Buddhist world of Ceylon. We launch our bark, frail though it be, under the best of auspices. A waxing moon is lighting up our path with her silvery sheen. Words of good cheer and fraternal greetings resound in our ears and the chorus of temple bells and tom-tom is being wafted over to us from distant fanes; and all nature is one serene smile with the glory of the Wesak full-moon. May this Annual contribute even in a small measure towards the spread of the Dhamma and may its career, whosoever hands may foster and nurture it, be a long and useful one!

Wesak.

This is the day of days—the day which is of the greatest significance to the Buddhist World, since two thousand five hundred and forty four years ago on this day was born in Lumbini in Kapilavastu, at the spot where a beautiful Asoka pillar with the words "Idam Jateti Bhagava" stands to this day to proclaim even to a sceptic world the historicity of the Founder of our Religion, that Prince of the proud Sakyan clan, who by the purity of his life, the loftiness of his character and the greatness of the Teachings He promulgated has been adored and worshipped by more than a third of humanity for well nigh twenty-five centuries. This day also commemorates the two thousand five hundred and ninth anniversary of the attainment of Samma Sambodhi by the Bodhisatta under the benign shade of the Bodhi Tree at Gaya where even to-day a great and impos-

own resplendent Lanka a branch of that same venerable tree flourishes at Anuradhapura up to this moment as the oldest historical tree in the world. This day also marks the two thousand four hundred and sixty fourth year after His Parinibbana when the great and venerable Teacher full of years and labours, to the infinite sorrow of His disciples, passed away leaving behind Him His Dhamma as His heritage to the world. Prince Siddhartha, black-haired and in the bloom of manhood, living in the lap of luxury, and tasting of princely pomp and power, found dissatisfaction in such evanescent things, and leaving behind him his young and beautiful wife, his infant son and his royal father went in search of the Truth.



THUPARAMA DAGABA

was built in 308 B.C. by King Devanampiya Tissa. It was the first of its kind erected by the Sinhalese Nation, where the Sacred Collar Bone Relic of the Lord Buddha was Enshrined.

These six years of his search are described in rapturous detail in our Buddhist books. He rose to spiritual heights denied to most thinkers and teachers of his time but he was not satisfied with these attainments. His, however, was neither a vain nor aimless search, for, in the thirty fifth year of his life and in the sixth year of his search, he saw the Truth, and saw it whole. From this point begins His career as the great World Teacher. At Migadaya in the Deer park of Benares, He set rolling the wheel of Righteousness and Truth (Dhamma Cakka) which in its progress has carried wherever, it has gone, peace and plenty, happiness and contentment. Art and

high levels, and the culture and civilisation peculiar to Buddhism left their marks behind in every phase of Indian life and thought. Claiming for Himself no divinity, moving among the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the friend of all and the enemy of none. He went up and down Jambuddvipa preaching and teaching and exhorting the people pointing out to them the way to Nibbana,—the Noble Eight-fold Path. His life engendered in all who came in contact with Him a love and devotion marvellous in their intensity. Within a few weeks of His career, His disciples numbered one thousand. People of all ranks,—from the proud Raja down to the despised Pariah,—members of every school of philosophy, and followers of all shades of thought,—flocked round Him, and all found in His gracious presence supreme satisfaction, and

our little brothers and sisters are unfortunately instructed through the media of books printed and published by the various Christian Missionary bodies whose avowed object is beyond doubt the conversion of "infidels" to their religion. As a stepping stone in this direction, we are glad to announce that at no distant date, thanks to the Bhikkhu Silacara, we shall be placing on the market a "Young People's Life of the Buddha," a volume of "Addresses on Buddhism" and other booklets.

Y.M.B.A's and Other Associations.

During the past few years the Y.M.B.A's and other societies in the Island have played no unimportant part in furthering the great cause. So long as men of high ideals, inspired with firm confidence in the Buddha, Dhamma and Sangha, and imbued with a spirit of selfless service, guide and direct the inner machinery, and preside over the destinies of these institutions, we shall have no cause for disappointment. We should, however, remark by way of parenthesis, that the members of these associations, more particularly of Y.M.B.A's should take into their heads, and not less into their hearts, to cultivate their acquaintance with the

Dhamma, for, without this preliminary and necessary qualification, no substantial work could be done for the Sasana.

All-Ceylon Y. M. B. A. Congress.

A central federation to look after the interests of Buddhist Associations has been a long and keenly felt want, and it is, therefore, with genuine pleasure that we welcome the formation of the above. The first congress has met with an amount of success, which predicts a greater and more successful session this December. It was a happy augury for the success of this institution that Mr. D. B. Jayatilake was able to open the first congress and preside over its deliberations. The words of weight and wisdom which he gave utterance to should be taken to heart and acted up

The resolutions passed by the congress are important, and if carried into effect, will be fruitful of good. May we hope that this federation called forth into existence under circumstances so encouraging will increase in its usefulness from year to year and help to co-ordinate, systematise and make the work that lies before Buddhist Associations uniform and create among them a spirit of healthy rivalry and competition in the prosecution of their common task.

Buddhist Education.

Although the ideal state of Education we would advocate is a system of national education based on Buddhist principles with our face turned towards the early establishment of a National University, with a few University Colleges scattered over the country, manned conducted and directed by self-sacrificing men and women of both East and West, we have reason to be satisfied with the work that the Buddhist Theosophical Society in particular and other bodies both public and private in general have done and are continuing to do.

Ananda College.

It must be a source of no little pleasure to all well-wishers of Buddhist Education to learn that Ananda is making head-way under the Principalship of Mr. P. de S. Kularatne, B.A., B.Sc., LL.B., a true son of Lanka, who has renounced the glamour of a place at the Metropolitan Bar, for the less attractive profession of the teacher.

Mahinda College.

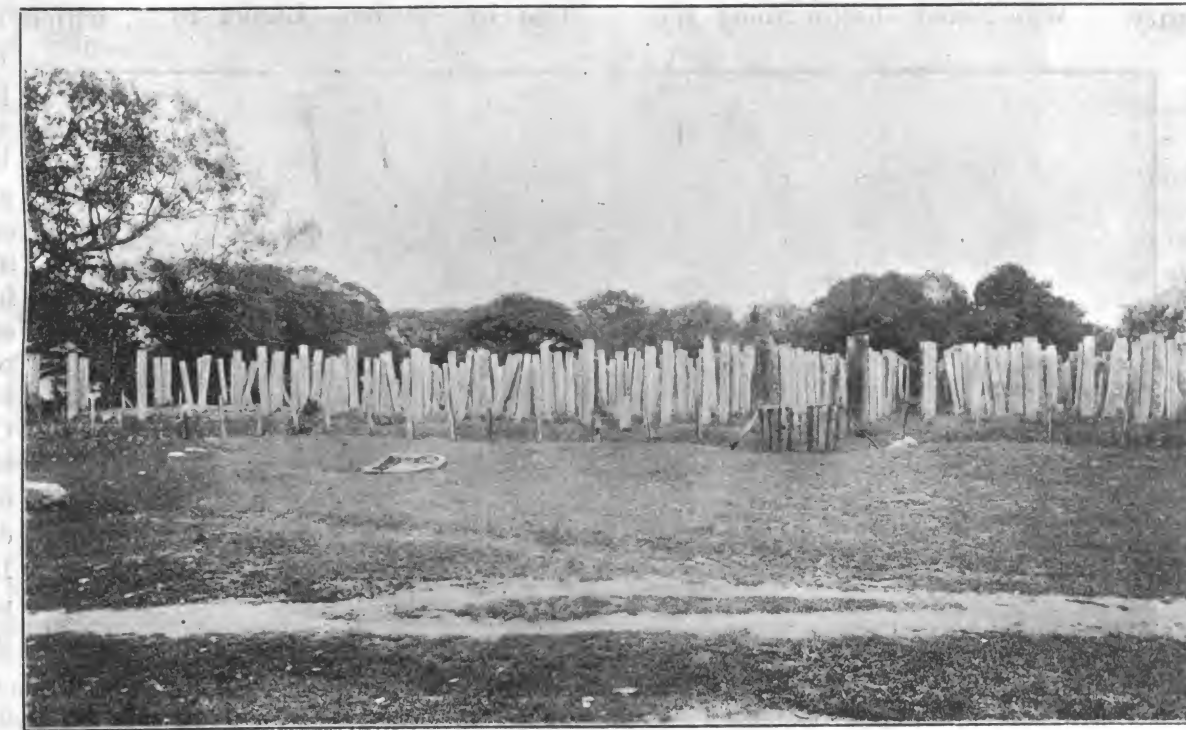
It is needless to say that the departure of Mr. F. L. Woodward from the Island after seventeen years of hard and strenuous work as Principal of Mahinda College, Galle, has given a set-back to Buddhist Education in South Ceylon. We print elsewhere his likeness and an appreciation from the pen of Mr. A. D. Jayasundara, Proctor, Galle. Under the Principalship of Mr. K. Nag, M.A., a friend and pupil of the great poet Rabindranath Tagore, we have little doubt that Mahinda may yet forge ahead and remain true to her tradi-

Dharmaraja College.

In the Hill Capital, the Buddhists find a centre of educational activity in Dharmaraja College; and so long as a man of the ability and foresight of Mr. K. F. Bilimoria, B.A., guides her destinies, we shall have no misgiving as to her future. Dharmasoka College and Sri Sumangala College, the former at Ambalangoda and the latter at Panadura, are contributing their share to the common work.

Girls' Education.

One of the stumbling blocks in the way of Buddhist education is the comparative indifference displayed by parents in the instruction of their girls. In ancient days there is every reason to believe that girls received their due share of attention in



LOWA MAHA PRASADAYA.

The Column of Granite about 1600 in number marks the site of that most remarkable palatial monastery which was built and dedicated to the Sangha (Priesthood) by King Duttha Gamini. It was a quadrilateral palace, being two hundred feet long on each of its sides and the same in height. There were nine stories and in each of them one hundred apartments which were highly finished with silver and the cornices thereof embellished with gems. The roof of this magnificent palace was covered with brazen tiles, hence it was called the Lowa Maha Prasada. "Great Brazen Palace"

this direction at the hands of the state. Do we not read in history of the names of women who ruled the country,—who moulded the character of noble and heroic Kings,—who crossing seas in frail barks carried with them the message of Buddhism to distant China and even Japan. Even to-day in Burma the percentage of literacy among the females is remarkably high. Christian Missionaries so far back as 1880, laid down as a maxim that the success of their missions depended mainly on the growth of Christian Schools for Girls and that no stone should be left unturned to increase their number. As a result of this

Kandyan Provinces, more particularly, missionaries are reaping an abundant harvest. The slogan, then, of the Buddhists should be: "Educate the Girls."

The Buddhist Girls' College and Musaeus College for Buddhist Girls.

These schools are both doing steady work, but yet for a country where the major part of the population is composed of Buddhists, the success that has attended them is insignificant. The fault lies not with those responsible for the management, but with us Buddhists, in that so few of us patronise them. Mrs. Higgins, in spite of her age, is as devoted to the school and as active as ever.

The National Congress.

The birth of the National Congress of Ceylon is a sign

The Reform Deputation.

Therefore, we hasten to wish every success to the Deputation now in England. Its leaders are men worthy of the mission they have undertaken and of the confidence reposed in them by the people of Ceylon.

Social Service.

The growing national consciousness of the people is making itself evident in many directions. Not the least important of these is Social Service. The various bodies have done an amount of work which is creditable. But much more remains to be done. The night-schools, which are being started under the auspices of the different Associations, bid fair to be useful institutions.

The Buddhist Review (London.)

This is a Journal which has played a prominent part in disseminating the Dhamma in the West. It is now in its twelfth year and has a career of great usefulness before it. The present editor, Mr. Allan Bennett, (Ananda Metteyya), is not unknown to fame as a writer on Buddhism. We have every hope that the Review will grow in popularity in the coming years and regain its place in the scheme of Buddhist missionary endeavour.

The Maha-Bodhi Journal.

This Journal is now printed and published in India under the direct management of the Anagarika Dharmapala, who has made Calcutta the Headquarters of the Maha Bodhi Society.

The Vihare at Calcutta.

It is gratifying to learn that this Vihare is nearing completion and that the inaugural ceremony will be performed ere long. Representatives from Buddhist countries are expected to take part in the interesting function. It is needless to say that we all admire the Anagarika Dharmapala for the persistency with which he has pressed on this work. His indefatigable helper has all throughout been Mrs. Forster Robinson of Honolulu, whose generosity has placed Sinhalese Buddhists under

The Reform of the Sangha.

The laity has realised the importance of this vital question and has made an attempt to devise ways and means to bring about some reform. If only the Sangha will feel with the laity and reflecting upon their present position co-operate with the Bauddha Arakshaka Sabha, Colombo, and other bodies much good will result. There are many causes to which can be attributed the present unenviable state of the monkhood. On the one hand, there is the indiscriminate admission of boys to the Sangha with a view to keeping unbroken the *Sissianussissiyaparampara* and the *Natisissiyaparampara*, and on the other hand, there is the corrupting influence of wealth which is capable of making the best of men bad. And at the root of it all there stands the fact that seventy five percent of the novices and samaneras are men who by birth, by nurture, and by character are unfit to wear the yellow robe. They are not made of that mettle of which a Missionary should be made. This last circumstance, viz: the poverty of material, is in the last analysis responsible for the low standard of Buddhist monks.

Teaching of English to Bhikkhus.

An organised effort in this direction has been made during the year under review. Government Training College and Ananda College have started classes in English for Buddhist monks. There are those who view with uncertainty and misgiving the wisdom of this step. We live in an age when most conservative views are making way for more liberal principles, and let us hope that this step too is one with the current of progress and that those Bhikkhus who are now receiving an education in English will put their new achievements to the best possible use and thus justify the confidence reposed in them by the public.

The Rev. S. Sumangala.

The friends and well-wishers of the Thero will be glad to learn that he is now at Manchester College, Oxford, and that he has been exempted from his B.A. in recognition of his past literary work. He is now studying for his B.Lit. we have little doubt that he will leave behind him golden

Buddhist Temporalities.

This subject is now engaging the attention of both the Public and Government. We await with impatience the report of the Committee appointed to consider this question in all its bearings. The ordinance must needs be amended in many respects, so that flagrant breaches of its spirit may not be possible in future.

Temperance Work.

The cause of total abolition is rapidly gaining ground. Particularly in the Low-Country, the Local Option Workers are reaping the fruits of their selfless labour. Dozens of taverns, specially in the villages, have shut shop and pulled down sign in obedience to the dictates of the Local Optionist, thus giving the lie direct to those who found shelter under the

Mr. D. B. Jayatilake.

Mr. Jayatilake left the Island in 1915 at a critical moment in her history. He was so moved by the sufferings of his countrymen that neither the dangers to which travellers by sea were exposed at the hands of the King's enemies nor other considerations made him hesitate in proceeding to England. During his four years' stay there, every moment of his time was devoted for the welfare of his countrymen. But in his mind his duty by his religion was so predominant that when the Buddhist Review was in difficulties for want of an editor, Mr. Jayatilake willingly undertook to fill the breach. And when after so many years of waiting he returns home and we hasten to welcome him back, we learn that he is called upon by mother Lanka to

Buddhist Activities Abroad.

The great War, while it lasted, was responsible in upsetting Buddhist work in Germany and England. But it has not been without its blessings. On the one hand, the eyes of thinking men and women have been opened, and, on the other, by the disruption of the monarchies in Germany and Austria the people there have become free to publicly acknowledge themselves Buddhists without prejudicing their interests. News is to hand that since the declaration of peace three Buddhist journals are now running monthly and that a remarkably good book on Buddhism has come out there, that has had a sale of no less than 6,000 copies. In the coming years we hope to hear of great progress in Buddhist work on the Continent of Europe and that an acceptance of the humanitarian principles which Buddhism so pre-eminently emphasizes will prevent a repetition of anything akin to the blood-shed and savagery that marked the course of the recent war in Christian Europe for four long years. American Buddhists have lost one of their best men in the death of Dr. Paul Carus. In England there is marked activity in the Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland. A great forward movement is also needed in the East.

The Buddhist, Colombo.

This, the only English Organ of the Sinhalese Buddhists, will, we fervently hope, increase in usefulness and popularity during the coming years. A step that will bring about this consummation and help the management to enter upon a new lease of active life will be the purchase of a printing plant.

The Buddhist Theosophical Society, Colombo.

We need not apologise to our readers for once again inviting their attention to the work and worth of this Society. It is an institution mainly devoted to the education of Buddhist children. It has under its management nearly 300 schools, with over 50,000 children attending them. To-day the Society is passing through a crisis. The accumulated debts of thirty years totalling a lakh of rupees are hanging over its head. If the Society is not to follow a suicidal policy this sum must be redeemed. The membership subscription is Re. 1/- a month. We appeal to our brothers and sisters for their

Mr. E. W. Perera.

We have equal pleasure in printing the likeness of Mr. Perera, who, like his colleague but at a more critical stage in the dark days of early July, 1915 when even our very existence was threatened, befriended the Buddhists and left the Island braving all the dangers he was exposed to at home and on board. Men of the type of these gentlemen are



ISURUMUNI VIHARA.

This is a small rock temple, carved out of the natural rock, during King Devanampiya Tissa's reign. There is a small shrine room, having a figure of Buddha carved out of the solid rock. This is the first rock temple mentioned in the History of Ceylon. It was at this rock that 500 wealthy persons, who had been ordained by the Maha Thera sojourning. On account of their having been ISURUMAT (wealthy) the place was called Isurumuni.

excuse that there was a demand for intoxicants in the villages. If the results have been so successful in spite of such a high percentage of votes as seventy five required for abolition, how much more successful would Temperance work will be if the percentage asked for were more reasonable and the assistance given by the Officials of "The Greatest Temperance Organisation in the Island" more sincere. In the Kandyan country the same success has not attended the efforts of temperance workers due principally to the absurd rules and regulations now in force and the shameless indifference of the majority of the permanent

return to England forthwith to further agitate for a Royal Commission to inquire into and redress the wrongs of 1915. Our good wishes go with him in this noble mission. We print his likeness in this issue.

A Message to the Sinhalese Buddhists.

[FROM THE ANAGARIKA DHARMAPALA.]



OFTEN think of the past greatness of the Sinhalese Race in the field of Religion, Literature, Political Government, Arts, Industries, Trade, Travel, and Communal Socialism. I see the happiness of the people in their joyous activities devoting their energies for the progressive development of the People, Religion. Today the people have degenerated to an alarming extent. Religion they have forgotten. The Bhikkhus have become pleasure loving, neglecting the study of the Higher Doctrine of Skhandha, Dhatu, Ayatanas, Sacca, Indriya, Bala, Bojjhanga, Iddhipada, Samappadhana, Brahama Vihara, Paticea Samuppada, Nivaranas, Jhanas, Vimokkhas, Vinnanattitis, Agatis, Yoga, Ogha, Upadanas, Asavas, Paccayas, Magganas, Niyamas, and devoting their time to poetical literature of an erotic kind in the Sanskrit language. In the ancient days sons of good families (Kulaputtas) seeing the impermanence of life and of sensual pleasures, devoted themselves to the study of the Higher Doctrine, wherein they found infinite happiness (Ekanta Sukha) in that they were able to realize that they had become emancipated from Lobha, Dosa and Moha, and saw Truth in the Anicca, Dukkha and Anatta. Today the Majjhima Patipada is forgotten and the Buddhists are following the path of Kamasukhallikanuyoga so much condemned by our Lord, because it leads to Kamatanha Kamupadana, Kamabhava, Ragasalla, ending in chandagati, etc.

The Abhidhamma is a perfect psychological science: and the present generation of Buddhists in Lanka has no knowledge of even the primary contents thereof. Association with Kamayogis has made the Buddhist youth perfectly indifferent to the Paramattha Dhamma, which requires the undivided attention of the student, avoiding Kamayoga extravagances.

Netti Pakarana, Abhidhamma Sangaha Atthasalini, Sammohavinodini, and the Panca Pakarana are the books which give the interpretation of the wonderful doctrine; but they are in Pali, and to understand the Buddha Vacana a Knowledge of Pali is essential, just as Arabic is necessary to understand the Koran, or Hebrew and Greek to understand the Old and New Testaments.

The Buddhist Youth in Ceylon are following the Path which naturally will lead them to give up the wonderful Doctrine. Their mind is fixed on other things, not on the Dhamma, and the Citta Niyama expounds the psychological operations of the consciousness under the influence of the fourfold Upadanas, leading like the water of the stream into the ocean of Kama, Ditthi, Attavada and so on. This was fore-

gave the warning to the Bhikkhus and Upasakas in the Kassapa and Opamma Samyuttas in the Samyutta Nikaya.



THE ANAGARIKA DHARMAPALA.

Wesak Trees.

*There was a tree in Lumbini
That stooped and dropped its flowers upon
A princely babe whose kingdom grows
The world and all that move thereon.*

*There is a tree on Gaya's water.
It guards him close, the striving youth,
Who sits beneath, a striver still,
And rises—King of conquering Truth!*

*And two trees stood by Kusi town
And waited till between them lay
The Master guide of gods and men
Who there should come to pass away.*

*They bowed their tops to hear Him speak.
They heard Him speak, and never again:
"Disciples," was His last low word,
"By vigilance the goal attain"*

*Queen Maya's tree, and Gaya's tree,
And Kusi town's two trees apart,
These be our holy Wesak trees
Whose leaves can heal the nations' smart.
These be our holy Wesak trees,
O, might they grow within our heart!*

SILACARA.

The Prince Siddharta found that perfect happiness could not be obtained by Kama pleasures. Renunciation is an absolute law to discover the path to Eternal Happiness in the purified State of one's own consciousness. Therefore did the Tathagata promulgate the Middle Observance and the Noble Eightfold Path and proclaim the Four Truths and the Doctrine of Kamma and the freedom from Sankharas ending in the Ekanta Sukha of the Amata Mahanibbana

Dhatu. To arrive at the goal He organised the four classes: Arhat, Anagami, Sakadagami, and Sotapati, appointing the laymen to become members of the three latter categories. Here is the path of effort, and strenuous energy enriching the consciousness with lustrous radiance.

The Buddhist youth as they are being trained today have not the strength of will to appreciate the Holy Doctrine. The refreshing waters of the Noble Doctrine falling on them act like water falling on a duck's back. The power of assimilation is not in the Kama consciousness. The Sun's light has no effect on the congenitally blind. The Dhamma is uncompromising. It is a perfect law of Cause and Effect. Idam soti, idam hoti, imassa uppada idam uppajjati; Idam asati idam nahoti, &c. Yadi idam avijja paccaya sankhara.

The impure Bhikkhus who deviate from the four Silas, are called Samanapetas and Samanayakkhas; and the Upasakas who associate with the Micchaditthi and conform to their ignoble ways are called Upasaka Chandalas.

The duty of the Buddha's Sravakas is to enlighten the world. He taught the Doctrine of the Perfect Net, and condemned the sixty two erroneous religious beliefs as Mithya. "Samma parappavada, siha nadam nada." This was the battle cry of the Samana Sakyaputtyas.

The Bhikkhus in Ceylon are indolent and ignorant of the Paramattha Dhamma, and they keep up their position by a smattering of Pali Grammar and Sanskrit prosody. The English educated community are indifferent and absolutely in darkness about the interpretation of the Higher Doctrine. Without a Knowledge of Pali the Gambhira Dhamma is difficult to comprehend. Buddha, our Lord, taught Wisdom, not animistic dogmas, and only radiant consciousness can grasp the citta cetasika psychology. Therefore He formulated the perfect scheme beginning with the causes that are destructive and their opposites. Five Nivaranas have to be abandoned, and the 7 Bojjhargas have to be cultivated to realise the perfect Nibbanadhatu.

Intelligent, educated, unselfish, patient, self-sacrificing Upasakas and Bhikkhus are needed today to lead the ignorant, helpless Sinhalese Buddhists. In another ten years pure Buddhism will cease to exist in the historic island.

The Bhikkhus will forget the Paramattha Dhamma and dabble in Sanskrit Kaviya, and the Hedonism of Kalidasa will be their ideal.

Renunciation from sensualism is the root element of all meritorious thought. Make every effort to practise Nekkhamma, and Ahimsa. Liquor and Beef—avoid these two abominations—and proclaim the Dhamma to all Micchaditthis. Have mercy on them and show them their error.

This is my Message to the Buddhists of Ceylon.

Calcutta 2463.

Ti-Sarana.

[By DR. CASSIUS A. PEREIRA, L.R.C.P.(LOND.) M.B.C.S. (ENG.)]



NATURAL man is very largely a being of impulse. Like a child, he strives and clamours for what he wants, and satisfaction of the moment's requirements gives complete gratification for the time. It is only with the evolutionary advance, urged on by personal misery and education, that man ceases to find happiness in the satisfaction of his immediate needs. He begins to realize the Truth of World-sorrow, he thinks of the morrow, and Reason begins to play the important part it does in his further development.

It is when cold Reason holds sway, and animistic Theisms have already loosened their emotional clutch, that man is affected by such a Teaching as the Buddha's. All the evidence for life, before birth and after death, is forced on him; and the Law of Kamma slowly penetrates his understanding, making clear the tangled trail, sad or glad, that marks the path of its sure and inexorable, but measured, tread. Then does man fear this Sansara Sea,—and he looks for a Way of Escape. To him a Buddha appeals. A blindly groping worldling one,—the Other, Wisdom's Kindly Sun. *Ando anariyo eko,—Kalyana Ariyo.*

It is not for nothing that existence (Samsara) is compared to a wide ocean. The Ten Fetters are the flooded rivers that swell its heaving waters. The Hell or avici is its bottom, as the first stage of Sainthood (Sotapatti-magga) is its surface. Its storms are the wars and strifes born of craving greed (lobha) and hatred (dosa). Ignorance (moha) marks the wasteful blind fury of its waves. The delusive idea of "self" (sati-kaye-ditthi) makes the vain currents that hurry hither and thither. The senses are its whirlpools insatiate. False-beliefs (micchaditthi) are the rocks and reefs. Sensual loves and desires (kamaraga) are the shark-like preying things that infest its depths. When a man realizes the true nature of this ocean of Sansara, he ceases to be a *ka-purisa* (a low mortal). He flees to the Buddha for Refuge. Trustful (sad) following (dha) enters his heart, budding forth at last in such *saddha* as illumed the saintly Saranabatta and the gentle wife of proud Dhananjani. Taking Refuge in the Triple Gem (Ti-Ratana) which is what the word "Ti-Sarana" signifies, is the DOORWAY to the Dhamma, or the Doctrine of all the Buddhas. This Doorway leads the strenuous disciple away from the ignoble (anariya) search—for more wealth, fresh pleasures, new diseases, added bad Kamma, death and more rebirth—of the worldling, to the noble (ariya) quest of the wise. It leads to the True and only Peace (Upasama) to the Cooling (Nibbata) of Craving (Raga), Hatred (Dosa) and Delusion (Moha). What does the Ti-Sarana express?

Gacchami (I mentally accept, or follow, with understanding and con-

Sanghan (the Triple Gem), *Saranan'ti* (as help and destroyers of my pain).

"TAKING THE REFUGES" is an action (*kamma*) born of viewpoint (*ditthi*), or, according to Abhidhamma, a *Saddha Cetasika*, or "mind-colouring" due to "confidence born of knowledge."

THE BUDDHA is the First of the Ti-Ratana. It needs One, Who has won out of the slough of Sansara, to help us worldlings (*puthujjana*) who wallow therein. "Buddha" is defined as "a Teaching Mind and



FLIGHT OF STEPS AT MIHINTALE.

Leads from the ground to the top of the lofty mountain, is admirably and scientifically laid whose symmetrical arrangement enables the weakest pedestrian to ascend with ease and comfort.

Since 308 B. C. this spot has been visited by thousands of pilgrims annually.

Matter Combination (or Group of *Skhandhas*) that has eaten the Ambrosia of the Arahata Path." When we "take Refuge" in the Buddha, we accept Him as this "All-knowing Wisdom" (*Buddho Sabbannata Nano*),—"all-knowing wisdom" being the conspicuous feature of His *Khandhasantana* (Group-continuum). "Embodiment of Wisdom" (*Nanamurti*) is the Blessed One. It is He, Who has both discovered and teaches, Who has understood and expounds the Four Noble Truths. Such is the Buddha. Therefore "I follow with faith and understanding, the Buddha, as the Destroyer of Sansara's pain."

DHAMMA is the Second Gem. The word "Dhamma" is derived from the roots *dhara* (to lift) and *ramma* (to support). (The *r's* are elided, and Dhamma=dhamma remains). "Dhamma" then is that which lifts and supports. "Lifting and supporting" from what? From fall into the Four Woeful States (*apayas*) Dhamma, with strictness, is hypercosmic (*lokuttara*). The Books speak of "The Nava-lokuttara-Dhamma,"—The Nine Hypercosmic Dhamma, i.e. Nibbana and the Eight Steps of Sainthood's Path. One can add the *Ti-Pitaka*, the Sacred Script, to this,—for, though it is of the world (*lokiya*), it expounds the Four Steps (Sotapatti, Sakadagami, Anagami Arahata Magga-nanas) of the Ladder

fusion of cause and effect (*hetu phala*) is this Dhamma.

Therefore, though there is no actuality or "Thing-in-itself" (*vatthu*) in the Doctrine, which is only "concept" (*pannatti*), as it leads to the Four Hypercosmic Paths (*Maggas*), it is deserving of a place under "Dhamma." The Paths are meritorious (*kusala*) kamma, and the Four Fruits (*Phalas*) are the results (*vipaka*) of the Four Paths (*kamma* or action, and *vipaka* or result being like a thing and its shadow);—so we speak of the Ten Dhammas (*Dasa-Dhamma*),—Nibbana, the Eight Stages of Sainthood's Path, and the *Ti-Pitaka*. Of these, the Paths, the Fruits and Nibbana (the Hypercosmic Nine) are "Actual" (*Vatthu-dhamma*).

SANGHA (from *san* together, *ghati* grouped) is the Third Gem, and indicates those "grouped" together in "views," virtue, Freedom, etc. In the real (*paramattha*) sense, the *Sangha* is not "individual," but the whole Noble Company of Saints (*Ariya Sabha*), i.e. Those Who have experienced and enjoyed the Sotapatti Path and Fruit (*sota-apatti*—entering the stream), the Sakadagami Path and Fruit (*sakking-agami* once-returning), and the Anagami Path and Fruit (*na-agami*—not returning), and the Arahatta Path and Fruit (the Worthy, the Perfect, the Sansara-ended Ones). These are "The Four Pairs of Beings forming the Eight Stages of Sainthood" (*yadidan cattari purisayugani altha purisapuggala*), of the oft repeated formula on the qualities of the Sangha. This Sangha is the vessel that holds all the *Skhandhas* (particular mind and matter combinations that we term "living beings") that have attained the Paths and Fruits.

What of the ordinary *Puthujjana* Bhikkus whom we see in the yellow-robe to-day? For the same reasons that we consider the *Ti-Pitaka* worthy of inclusion under the term "Dhamma,"—these Bhikkhus too, according to the measure of their knowledge of that *Ti-Pitaka*, are, in a *Sammuti* sense (i.e. according to usage), deemed worthy of inclusion under the term "Sangha." To demonstrate the "greenness" of a green leaf, there must be a leaf; the virtues of the *Ti-Pitaka* (which, stretching a point, was included under the term Dhamma) are seen in the learned Bhikkhus,—but the qualities of the actual Dhamma are evident only in the Ariya Sangha Sabha.

These then are the Triple Gem (*Ti-Ratana*) which Buddhists accept as their Three Refuges (*Ti-Sarana*).

Buddho Sabbannata Nano.
Dhammo lokuttaro Nava,
Sangho Magga Phalattthoca,—
Iti etan Ratanaattayan.

Buddha, Omniscient Wisdom's Shrine,
Dhamma, the Hypercosmic Nine,
Sangha, with Sainthood's Diadem,—
"Tis These that make the Triple-Gem.

It must always be remembered that the *Ti-Ratana* are only a rope to help us Nibbana-wards. We must exert and climb; the rope, however excellent, cannot reach us on

What features specially distinguish anything as a "Ratana" (Gem)? A precious thing, one that is worthy of anxious attention, is a "ratana." (Of a good and dearly-loved child, one says—"a puttra-ratana.") What is more deserving of solicitude than ways and means to circumvent the pains and sorrow of an unknown future? Therefore are the Three Gems true *Ratana*,—for, giving us, as they do, our one chance of escape from Sansara, naught on earth, or out of it, is equal to Them in meriting our highest regard. What is of great eminence (*mahaggana*), of first importance, beyond value,—that is a "ratana," therefore are the *Ti-Ratana* worthy of the name. What is beyond compare (*atulan*), what has no equal,—is a "ratana;" for this reason too the *Ti-Ratana* are suitably named, for what cosmic (*lokiya*) can compare with it? Again, what is difficult to get a sight of,—that is a "ratana;" birth, as a human being, is inconceivably difficult to attain, and, when gained, it is only the cream of the select, of the most fortunate of men, that achieve the stupendous and hardly-won sight (*dullabha dassana*), face to face, of Buddha, Dhamma and Sangha.

Lastly, what is for the use of the exalted only (*anossatta paribhogana*) is a "ratana;" lack of lucre means lack of diadems, and a lack of luminant virtue, faith, and knowledge, makes impossible the appreciation of the *Ti-Ratana* and the subsequent "taking" of the *Ti-Sarana*. This is inevitable. A lump of common clay, or charcoal, cannot take the polish that characterizes the beautiful precious gem. To attain refinement, these must perforce go through the furnaces and the pressure. So also, the cleansing fires of steadfast, altruistic purity, and the hard hammering of concentration, are necessary to refine the unlucky ineligible. The Dhamma is distinctly not for everyone—in the sense that everyone cannot, at once, reach up to its supremely altruistic and yet sublimer heights. Comparatively, but a few, a very very few, of Sansara's teeming "beings," at any one time, have evolved high enough to appreciate and accept the *Ti-Ratana*. Are then the Buddhists of Ceylon, Burma etc: thus highly evolved? It is difficult to say. Though it is true that, where gold and jewels abound, beggars are fortunate and might wear crowns, they only count, who understand,—who realizing the value of their possession, keep it bright and untarnished. The Triple Gem is the shining Crest of the elect only. Therefore the *Ti-Ratana* are truly and worthily named.

There are Two kinds of *Ti-Sarana* (taking the Refuges.)

(1) The high *Lokuttara Sarana* of the Stream-entered-One (*Sotapatti*) is Pure-viewed (*ditthi-sampanna*). He has abandoned "coloured spectacles" for evermore. The three tap roots are cut and the tree surely withers; for this *Sarana* comes only when the first three Fetters—(Self-illusion, seen as "materialism" and "eternalism," Doubt,—and Faith in Ceremonialism)—are shed; and he who achieves this, his sorrows fall from him as the water-drops slide off the petals of the lotus.

This *Sarana* is not "broken" even after death. Once a *Sotapatti*,



AMBASTALA DAGABA,

never again a *micchaditthi* (infidel) till the very Goal is attained.

(2) The *Lokiya Sarana*, where the *Sarana* "breaks" at death, is that of the ordinary *puttujjana*. This is not an "unskilful breaking," and bears no special ill fruit. But if, during life, one turns away from the *Ti-Ratana*, and thus "breaks" the *Sarana*, that is an ill breaking and has bad resultant reaping (*vipaka*). And this, even though the breaking were "sincere." Though the "conversion" were due to conviction, nevertheless is that "conviction" due to *Avijja*'s dark mist, and the bitter fruit thereof must be eaten. Thinking "I go home," life's pilgrim falls into a pit; faith and conviction might be there, but so too verily is the pit, and sincerity breaks no fall, nor muddy reasoning.

WHAT TARNISHES THE SARANA OF A BUDDHIST?

Three things.

(1) *Annana*. Ignorance as to what the *Ti-Ratana* really signifies, and consequent failure to appreciate, make full use of, and reverence the Triple Gem.

(2) *Sansa*. Doubts with regard to the transcendent nature of the *Ti-Ratana*. Sorrows, misfortune, disease, and loss perhaps come, and the foolish who, not understanding Kamma and the nature of Sansara, attribute these fruits of past action; these inevitable events in all life, to some angry power that must be appeased. Doubting the matchless efficacy of the *Ti-Ratana* to help, they resort to empty rites and vain ceremonies, and other ineffectual foolish effort,—thus looking elsewhere for aid, through lack of understanding and faith.

(3) *Miccha-nana*. False notions about the *Ti-Ratana*. The Buddha is a god, or "incarnation" of god. His relics too are hypercosmic. The Dhamma is a God, a pantheistic power. Other faiths too teach this Dhamma. Other faiths too, if followed, can yield Salvation. There is a "Creator" God. There is a soul. The Sangha is "not human," is "only human," lacks complete knowledge etc., etc.,

These three, Ignorance, Doubt, and False Notion, defile and profane one's *Sarana*.

There are FOUR CORRECT MOTIVES wherewith one may properly take the *Ti-Ratana* as "Refuges."

(1). Reverential acceptance of the *Ti-Ratana* as All Highest.

Worship, for fear of punishment otherwise,—worship with intention to deceive, to flatter,—worship for the sake of worldly preferment and gain,—submissive respect towards a member of the Sangha who happens to be one's teacher, relative, or honoured friend,—these things are not *Sarana*.

(2) Reverential worship of the *Ti-Ratana*, with lowly spirit, as a humble pupil.

(3) "Reverential homage to the *Ti-Ratana* with offering of one's life and work (*jivita puja*.)

(4) Reverential acknowledgement of the *Ti-Ratana* as sole and final help for escape from Sansara's bondage.

WHAT ARE THE SARANA VIPAKA? (resultant reaping from the Refuges.)

The highest Noble Fruit (*Ariya Phala*) are Hypercosmic (*Lokuttara*),—the chief of which is realization of Truth and Nibbana's Bliss.

The common fruit (*anariya phala*) are worldly (*lokiya*). These are high rebirth, *saddha* or confidence born of knowledge, virtue, equanimity, liberality, forbearance, truthfulness, loving-kindness, and wisdom.

The lineally resultant fruit (*parampara phala*) however, or the ultimate Fruit of an uninterrupted progressive kamma, following on the *Sarana*-taking, is Nibbana Itself. For the true Buddhist is perforce a *Dhammacari*, a righteous man, ever careful with regard to both the present and the hereafter, who guards the three doors of deed, word, and thought. He is happy here, will be happy hereafter, and, steadfastly walking the Noble Eightfold Path, he will surely, in no long time, gain the Highest Happiness of All.

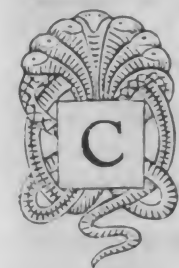
CASSIUS A. PEREIRA.



SANGAMITTE CHETIYA,

is where the relic of the Sanghamitta Theri was enshrined. This Stupa was erected by King Uttiya in the 9th year of his reign in the vicinity of the Bo-tree to the west of Thuparama Dagaba on the spot designated by the Therie herself. She achieved Parinibbana in the 69th year of her ordination.

Dharmasoka.



CHANDRA Gupta, the first Maurya King ascended the throne of Central India in the year 323 B.C., after exterminating the then existing Nanda Dynasty by

killing the last King Dhana Nanda. He ruled the country with an iron hand and reconquered the provinces captured by Alexander the Great and extended the Empire as far as the Himalayas on the North and Hindukush on the North West. After a successful reign of 24 years he died, and his son Bindusara succeeded him to the throne. This King's rule of 28 years was no less successful. According to Mahawansa and Indian traditions Bindusara had 101 sons by 16 different wives, the eldest being Prince Sumana and the last two Asoka and Tissa born of the same mother.

During Asoka's early days he served as the Viceroy of Taxila and afterwards of Ujjain, the capital of the Malava country. On his way to the latter city, he tarried sometime at Chetiyagiri (where at present Sanchi remains stand). Here he gained the affection of "Devi," the beautiful daughter of the chief there. Having plighted their troth, they were married and had a son named Mahinda, and a daughter, Sanghamitta, whose venerable names are ever fresh in the minds of all the Sinhalese Buddhists. During his stay at Ujjain, Asoka heard of the death of his father and immediately hurrying from there, seized the Government, and ordered the slaughter of all his brothers except Tissa who was born of his own mother.

It would appear that within a period of 4 years, he succeeded in consolidating the Empire without any rival to the throne and in reducing the whole of Northern India, from the mountains of Kashmir to the Banks of Narbada and from the Indus to the Bay of Bengal, thus bringing Aryan India, for the first time under the control of one vigorous and strong Government.

His Empire then included the following:—From the valley of the Ganges, the cradle of Buddhism, to Afghanistan as far as Hindukush, Baluchistan, Makran, Sindh, Kach, the Sivat Valley with the adjoining regions, Kashmir, Nepal and the whole of India Proper except the Extreme South.

The massacre of Asoka's 99 brothers* and the severity with which he ruled during his early sovereignty were responsible for naming him Chandasoka—"Asoka the wicked." But 4 years after, when he had relinquished Brahminism owing to the callous and outrageous acts and want of self

* According to some writers this is an exaggeration. One author writes:—"To the modern mind, these legends rather miss their mark; designed to glorify the moral regenerative powers of Buddhism, they asperse the memory of a great Buddhist hero, by attributing to him cruelties that no subsequent reform could palliate. The modern Buddhist must feel relieved to find that we need not look upon Asoka as a fiend before his conversion, but rather that his national mistakes, accompanied a fuller

control of its teachers, and accepted the New Faith, namely Buddhism, through the medium of "Rahat" Nigrodha, who was no other than his eldest brother's son, his relentless activities regarding the rule of the country found a more tranquil and soothing employment—the propagation of Buddhism,—whereby he regained the lost confidence of the ruled, who rejecting his former ill-famed name, accepted him as "Dharmasoka"—"Asoka the Pious."

Asoka reigned at Pataliputra (now Patna). According to the Greek ambassador Megasthenes, this city was 9 miles long and 1½ broad and was defended by a massive palisade, pierced by 64 gates, crowned by 570 towers and externally protected by a masonry wall by a broad deep moat fed by the River Son.

The administration of the city was carried on by the help of 6 boards (Municipalities) whose duties consisted of looking after Arts and Industries, supervising foreigners and attending to their wants, keeping registers of births and deaths for revenue purposes, superintending trade and commerce, regulating weights and measures, supervising sales of manufactured goods preventing frauds, and lastly collecting taxes on sales etc.



MAHASAYA

which stands a few fathoms from Ambastala Dagoba enshrines the URNAROMA Relic of the Buddha. It was built during the illustrious reign of King Devanampiya Tissa. Considering the size of the remains of this sacred Edifice it may be mentioned that it had been a huge dagoba at first.

The city and outlying districts and other important centres were connected by waterways and roads. The mileage of the roads was marked by pillars of stone erected at intervals just as we have now in the 20th Century. At each of these mile posts, there were wells and shade and fruit trees for the comfort of the wearied and thirsty travellers and, at more prominent places, rest houses and sheds were erected. The other outlying and far away countries were ruled by subkings or Viceroyes, the chief of them being the Princes of Taxila, Ujjain, Kosala and Swarnagiri. It is admitted by all historians that the civil administration was highly organised. Much care was taken to promote agriculture, in order to develop the land revenue and the prosperity of the ruled. Even to remote districts and provinces,

irrigation canals, on strictly business principles.

A body of officers was especially appointed to perform the duty of teaching and enforcing the Buddhist Law. There were censors appointed whose duties were to examine cases of injury inflicted on animals contrary to regulations (S.P.C.A.), to enquire into cases of gross filial disrespect and injury, and also to redress the wrongs of the town. There were other officers whose duties were to supervise feminine morality. "Magasthenes was able to testify," says V.A. Smith in his Rulers of India "that the sternness of the Government kept crime in check, and that in the capital with about 400,000 people the total thefts reported in one day did not exceed 8."

The army of Asoka comprised the 4 arms of Infantry, Cavalry, Elephants and Chariots. The navy was regarded as a part of the army.

The popular belief according to Mahawansa is that Asoka after his conversion erected 84,000 "thupas" to commemorate the 84,000 sections of Dhamma (Dharmaskandhas). Although there is difference of opinion among the present day savants as to this number, yet there is testimony to show that he had

erected a good many within his Empire as we see from remains. On the other hand could it not be possible for such a determined, powerful and devout monarch to have erected 84,000 thupas which would have undoubtedly been his sole ambition? Whatever that may be, the Asokarama, Nalanda Rock Temple, Bhilsa Topes (Sanchi), Remains at Barhut, Basar, Sarnath, which are attributed to Asoka, command no small wonder and admiration. Then reference must be made to the key to the faith and character of Asoka, to his monuments, his religious zeal and the power he swayed. The key is found in his Royal edicts, numbers of which were engraved on massive rocks, on stone pillars and in caves. Some remains of these inscriptions still remain in different parts of India to attest to the general accuracy of the facts stated in the

about Asoka. In a good many of these inscriptions, no mention is made of Asoka's name but instead there is an attributive title "Piyadasi" which has given room for many writers to doubt that these inscriptions were engraved by Asoka. But this theory pales into obscurity when we read the Bhabra Edict and the confirmation of the same by Fa Hien. Besides, the Eastern monarchs delighted in a variety of titles and names and it is evident that Piyadasi or Priyadarsi is another appellation added to his royal name. It is regretted that for want of space, a summary of these edicts cannot be given here. In V.A. Smith's "Asoka" we find an exhaustive account of these inscriptions together with their translation, a perusal of which would be highly interesting and instructive.

Now to revert to Sinhalese and Indian accounts, "Rahat" Nigrodha converted the king to Buddhism by preaching the sermon on "Earnestness," which so much impressed Asoka that he proclaimed it throughout the Empire. His new faith was further deepened by the Naga king Mahakala who created a life-size image of Buddha for the satisfaction of the Emperor, who then held the "Akkhipuja" the feast of the eyes. Further, to dispel a doubt that had arisen in the mind of Prince Tissa, as to why Bhikkhus did not remain gay and happy, the Emperor handed over to him the government for one week saying "Enjoy, Prince, my royal state for one week and then I will put thee to death." After the lapse of seven days, the Emperor found Prince Tissa physically wasted through fear of the impending death and addressed him saying "Thinking that thou must die when the week was gone by, thou wast no longer joyous and gay; how then can Bhikkhus who think ever of death be joyous and gay?" After this Tissa received "Pabbajja" ordination. At another time, there arose in the minds of noblemen and princes, an illfeeling against the king for his unreserved obeisance towards the Bhikkhus some of whom, according to the social condition of the time came from the lower classes. The king having heard this, contrived a device to convince them of the worthlessness of the human head, by arranging a sale of heads, human and animal, at the end of which all animal heads were sold out leaving the human head for want of a purchaser. The king thus proved that bowing to the priesthood and Bhikkhus even by a Raja is not demeaning.

The erection of 84,000 viharas to commemorate the 84,000 sections of the Dhamma and the distribution of the relics of Buddha collected by King Ajatasattu, to the chief centres, were completed within three years, and the king held their consecration festival and asked the Thero Moggaliputta Tissa if he (the king) was now a kinsman of the religion. But the venerable priest declared that "only he who lets a son or a daughter enter the priesthood is a kinsman." The king having rejoiced at this, consulted the

PADMĀVATEE.

: A Story of Old Ceylon. :

[By AGNES M. GUNAWARDHANA, (MRS. M. D. F. JAYASURYA.)]



THE King! the King! Long Live the King!" shouted the populace of the city of Anuradhapura, one fine morning as a gay cavalcade emerging from the precincts of the royal palace, entered the main street of the city and wended its way towards the southern gate. It was a day of public recreation, and it being known that His Majesty king Devanampiya Tissa was going out hunting, men women and children had come forth in vast numbers not to miss a sight of the king; and the sides of the street along which His Majesty was expected to pass were thronged with a dense crowd. The king was known by sight to some of the spectators; but he was easily recognizable by all, by his gracious bearing, the deference shown to him by his companions, and the direct notice which he visibly took of the shouts of joy with which he was greeted from all sides. His Majesty was mounted on a beautiful charger and by his side rode two of his royal brothers, the princes Svarnapinda and Asela, one of whom carried the king's bow ornamented with work of gold, and the other his quiver of arrows similarly ornamented. The rest of the company consisted of a select number of ministers and sons and nephews of noblemen, all mounted on spirited steeds, which, by their prancing, neighing and evident desire to be off seemed to have imbibed the prevailing spirit of the moment, and to be alive to the fact that they were out on a holiday. As the cavalcade reached the southern gate, it wheeled round in an easterly direction, and amidst thunderous shouts of joy from the vast crowd, put itself into a gallop and was off on the road to Missaka. Missaka was the name by which the whole of the hill on which the temple of Mihintale now stands, was then known. It was all covered with dense forest in which roamed herds of deer and in which cheetahs, bears and other wild animals including that mightiest of beasts the elephant, had their abode. Arrived on the outskirts of the forest, the party dismounted, and leaving the horses in the care of grooms, took their bows and arrows and entered the bush. Each hunter chose his own direction, but upon finding sport and gaining glory. Soon the king had the good fortune to be on a spoor, and had not gone far before he spied the quarry—a beautiful spotted deer grazing quietly in perfect security and peace. The noble nature of the king would not allow him to shoot an animal while thus unsuspecting of danger. So, to give it a chance of escape, he twanged the string of his bow. Warned by the sound the animal at once took to flight. The king gave chase, but though he ran tirelessly, the fleet-footed deer ever kept just out of bow-shot. The chase took the king far into the forest and away from his companion. Suddenly the deer vanished. The king now found himself entirely alone and in a very

awkward situation. He had scarcely realized his plight when to his surprise he heard himself called by name. Who could there be in the heart of this solitude thus to address him? And who in the world would address him familiarly by his name "Tissa"? Wondering he went in the direction of the voice. To his complete bewilderment, he found a person of very serene appearance arrayed in yellow robes seated on a slab of rock, who, seeing him, said to him:—"Tissa, approach." The voice was sweet and gentle but the tone of implied superiority puzzled the king, who wondered whether he was before a



"PADMAVATEE"
Princess of Wellassa.

human being or a god. His thoughts were apparently read by the other, for the next words addressed to him were: "Great King, know that we are monks, disciples of the Blessed Law-Giver. We have come here from Jambu-Dipa, out of compassion, to announce to thee the "Dhamma." These words touched a chord of memory. King Tissa had already learned from his great friend the Emperor Asoka of India, of a Law of Righteousness which the Emperor had received and prized very highly. Tissa had been very anxious to hear more of this Law. Now the opportunity had come in a manner least expected. Laying aside the weapons of the chase he sat himself down

respectfully on the ground before the bearer of the joyful tidings and entered into conversation.

Leaving him there for the present, let us direct our attention to the other part of the forest—to the rest of the hunting party. Here the leading spirit was prince Asela, who ever prominent in deeds of daring, was often exposing his life to serious danger by attacking wild beasts single-handed. Each encounter of this description only emboldened him for more, until at last, coming unexpectedly upon an elephant, he found himself compelled in self-defence to attack the beast, which stood furiously at bay. The prince used his spear; but every thrust of the weapon only led to a charge on the part of the elephant, to be in turn met by a fresh thrust of the steel. Though the agility and deftness of the prince gave him every advantage to annoy the beast and inflict some damage, the

fate had destined him to survive all his brothers (who will also be nine,) and to be the means of proving the power of destiny on two grave crises in the fortunes of his house. This prediction, coupled with his kindly disposition and amiable manners, had endeared him to his brothers as much as to his parents, and to the country as much as to his family. But at this moment, the truth of the prediction quivered in the balance. The prince's attacks losing in vigour, the infuriated beast now assumed the offensive. The prince foresaw but one conclusion. Still he kept his head cool, his eye steady and his muscular power so husbanded as only to be used to withstand attack. Every charge of the elephant was now met by a steady thrust of the spear on his trunk which sent the animal back roaring with pain. The charge was renewed by the elephant again and again, but with the same result. The cunning beast then changed its tactics, and began to attack, not the man but the weapon. The prince saw that all was now lost; for the spear once wrested from his grasp, the wily beast could easily take him in its trunk and dash him to pieces. In a moment the elephant had charged again and wrenched the weapon from the prince's hand. With this it receded a few paces to examine the trophy from sheer curiosity. The prince had scarcely had time to realize the new situation when the beast threw away the spear and raising its trunk in the air advanced on him with a roar of triumph to give him the coup de grace.

One moment and the hope of the house of Pandukabhaya had been shattered. That was the thought which shot across the mind of Asela. But at that moment, the elephant while in full career, and when but two paces from the prince, suddenly came to a halt. What had happened? Asela scarcely knew. Only he had seen something darting from a bush close by like a flash of lightning towards the elephant's head; that was all. But at that same moment, a wild man, apparently a Vedda, darted out of the same bush, and plucking out a spear which had just lodged deep in the elephant's ear (that was the lightning flash that Asela had seen,) began, with terrific yells, to attack the beast furiously with the weapon. The elephant, completely taken by surprise, and in agonies of pain, at once turned tail and fled trumpeting into the thickest part of the forest. The prince had by now recovered his presence of mind which had been momentarily disturbed. Addressing his deliverer he said, "Pray tell me, art thou man or Yaksha?" "I am a Yaksha," was the curt reply. "Good Yaksha," continued the prince, "I am thankful to thee for this service. I am the king's brother; ask any reasonable boon; I shall see it granted." "No boon will be asked. I have only done a simple duty," was the proud reply of the denizen of the forest. The prince was surprised. This gave quite a different complexion to his previous notions of the Yakshas. He therefore said pleadingly "Good Yaksha, tell me, is there nothing I can do for thee?" "Nothing for me; but you

(Continued on page 14.)

Frank Lee Woodward: A Buddhist Idealist.



THE ugliest feature of the present period of the Kaliyuga (Dark Age) is its "damnable materialism." Every phase of life has become infected with the virus of a demoralising commercialism. This malady in the body politic has broken out in virulent forms: in German Kultur and Bolshevik anarchism that has become rampant in many lands. The materialistic tendency has insidiously permeated even the spiritual East as evidenced by the moral depravity of the Sangha and the authorities of Buddhism. The appearance of an Idealist at such a time is a rare phenomenon indeed. The story of life and work of Mr. Woodward sounds like an old-world romance. That a comparatively young Cambridge scholar born and bred in Western tradition and surroundings should renounce his family ties and the comfortable life of an English Public School with bright prospects before him for the uncertainties of a career of incessant sacrifice and unimaginable hardship among an alien people of a different culture and strange habits of life is a spectacle at which an astonished world stands aghast. He had drunk deep of the fountain-spring of the Classic lore of Greece and Rome and was imbued with the ideals of Christian culture. Being the son of a Church of England clergyman his upbringing was that of the best type of English men. Shall we not therefore conclude that his prenatal tendencies attracted him towards Oriental religion and philosophy? Those who had the good fortune to come in close contact with him were deeply impressed by his remarkable personality. How he assimilated Buddhist knowledge and culture and the Eastern views on life and ideals, and how he sympathised with the aspiration of his co-religionists, and rendered yeoman service in advancing the cause of Buddhist education are matters of common knowledge. The austere simplicity and absolute purity of his life and habits were worthy of a Brahmacari. His noble self-denial and the spirit of service will remain monuments more enduring than bronze or marble. The bulk of his fortune he laid at the feet of his Master as a thank-offering. His brilliant talents and splendid accomplishments he devoted to the service of the noble religion of his adoption. He strenuously aimed and manfully laboured to place Buddhist education on a sound footing. The eminence to which Mahinda College has attained is mainly due to his efforts, seconded by a few generous and loyal helpers. An insignificant school in a tottering condition seventeen years ago has attained to a high place among contemporary institutions thanks to Mr. Woodward's labours. Apart from the knowledge and learning imparted, he infused a high tone and created a healthy atmosphere. Duty and work were a second nature with him. He was known to observe that he could not understand why he was praised for what he ought to have done under any circumstances.

He had acquired a sound knowledge of Pali and was an admirer of the sublime philosophy of Buddhism. In fact he took to Buddhist thought and life as a duck takes to water bespeaking a familiarity with Buddhism in previous lives. Ananda Metteyya Thero once remarked that there had taken birth in Western lands at the present time a large number of persons of both sexes with prenatal Buddhist proclivities. The formation of the London Buddhist Society and the appearance of other Buddhist organisations in Germany and America are proofs of this sage observation. Mr. Woodward is undoubtedly one of these fortunate beings and how well has he used his opportunities. He observed Ashthanga Sila true to the manner born and was a zealous devotee of the faith, who whole-heartedly entered in to the spirit of Buddhist worship and other rites and ceremonies, with an enthusiasm rare even



Mr. FRANK LEE WOODWARD.

Dharmasoka.

two children, Mahinda and Sangamitta, if they would join the order. They gave their consent and received "Pabbajja" ordination. The king was highly delighted in thus becoming a kinsman of the religion.

Then comes another important event during his reign—the holding of the third Council or Sangayana. The heretics observing that the Buddhist Priesthood was a prosperous concern, had mixed with the Noble Order and promulgated their own doctrines as the doctrine of Buddha. By reason of the unruliness of these heretics, the Noble Order was unable to perform their "Uposatha" rites, and after sinful troubles created by the foolish minister of the king, by striking off the heads of several blameless Bhikkus, the third Synod

in a born Buddhist. Such an example should prove an inspiration to the Buddhists and stimulate them to high achievement and noble endeavour.

His charity knew no bounds. In the materialistic language of the West he was generous to a fault. Similarly a depraved world scoffed at Vessantara for "wasting" his substance.

Mr. Woodward was a man of many parts. Among his accomplishments were Poetry, Music, Drawing, Architecture and Antiquarian research. He was no mean Athlete for he had a proficiency in Cricket, Football and Rowing. He thus possessed a *mens sana in corpore sano* in a real sense. The spiritual, mental and physical faculties were so combined in him that in course of evolution he approached the *Bodhisattu* ideal. May his memory be always cherished by the Sinhalese and prove a source of inspiration to posterity. !!!

A. D. J.

headed by Moggaliputta Tissa Thero was assembled at the express desire of the king for the purpose of discovering and expelling the heretics (Thirihakas) at Asokarama, and purified the Vinaya and Dhamma, at the conclusion of which several missions were despatched to foreign countries for the propagation of Buddhism. It was during this period that the Emperor requested his contemporary in Ceylon—King Devanampiyatissa—to accept the new faith, which has since then taken firm root and flourished in Lanka for the last 24 centuries.

After the events above recorded, a serious malady took hold of the Emperor and he relinquished the throne in favour of his grandson Sampad (Kunala's son). At this time, the king's promise to dedicate 1,000 million gold pieces to the Master's service had not been fully fulfilled and the king wished to make good the remainder from the Royal Treasury, but the

ministers urged Sampad not to allow him to ruin the kingdom by extravagance. The Prince thereon refused to give anything from the Royal Treasury, and the king in his old age had to give away his golden articles in the Royal Household to make up the amount. Thus when all the golden ware of the palace had been exhausted, the ministers furnished the king's table with earthenware. The king while addressing the ministers observed thus: "I am fallen from my Royal State. Save the apple (a nelli fruit brought to him for medicine) there is nothing of which I can dispose of as king. Send it to the Asokarama to be divided among the monks as a last gift from me." On a later occasion he asked "Who is the Sovereign of Jambudwipa?" The ministers replied "Your majesty, Sire." Then Asoka said: "I give the Jambudwipa to the Noble Order". Having thus bequeathed Jambudwipa, the Emperor died at the ripe old age of 82 years (in the year 222 B.C.), after a long and prosperous reign of 42 years.

The main object of Asoka the Great was to propagate Buddhism. His edicts refer mainly to morality, charity and love for all mankind and animals. He was well aware of his duty to his subjects, and although he was a staunch Buddhist, he granted religious toleration to all as we find him speaking in the Rock Edict No. 12. He greatly valued the sacredness of life as we read in Rock Edict No. 1, where he ordains that "any living creatures henceforth shall not be slaughtered for whatever purpose." In his 4th Rock Edict, he enjoins men to the practice of piety; and in Rock Edict No. 5, he appoints censors to supervise such practice. In the 10th, 11th, and 13th Rock Edicts, he speaks of true glory, which consists of almsgiving and self-conquest. These and various minor Edicts speak to us in his own words. In him we find a real monarch of strong will, of unwearied and relentless zeal, and high aims and noble ideals. His Government both state and religious, attained the zenith of glory, and there was universal satisfaction among the subjects. Above all these he was a sincere and devout Buddhist. Raja whose earnestness in propagating Buddhism was great and idealistic. He rejoiced in the conversion of his family. His Queen Asandimitta was a pious Buddhist. His younger brother joined the Order with his consent. His son Kunala whom the king loved very much, was a follower of Buddha and perhaps was permitted to be an ascetic. His two other children Mahinda and Sangamitta, were prominent members of the Order and sent with the royal consent to Lanka where they immortalized their names by introducing the Noble Religion among the Sinhalese.

We thus know enough of him to respect him as a true, honourable and just Emperor, to honour him for his noble virtues and valour, and to love him for his many good acts performed for the sole purpose of propagating Buddhism and for the blessings he conferred on the "Sinha" Race.

Due to the limited space at my disposal many of the interesting accounts of his life had to be curtailed and referred to without details and many traditions and stories of repute had to be totally omitted. I have made free use of the Mahawansa, Sir A. Cunningham's "The Bhilsa Topes," Dr. V. A. Smith's "Asoka," Fa Hien's Travels, and Sir John Marshall's "Guides" to Sanchi in preparing this incomplete essay, and I freely acknowledge my indebtedness to them.

W. B. NONIS.

10th February, 1920.

LEELA'S DREAMS

Fairy-Story for Children

BY M. Musæus Higgins.



HERE lived some time ago in Ceylon, in a little house, which was surrounded by a small, but beautiful garden, a widow, who had three sons and two dear little daughters. She was an English lady whose husband had held a Government position in Ceylon, and when he died, Mrs. Leonard did not wish to leave the Island, as she loved the East very much.

She also loved the people of the East and their customs and she had even given her two daughters Eastern names and let them wear the graceful Eastern sari.

Her elder daughter, Somawattie, was eight years old. She was a very jolly girl, who helped her mother diligently tidying up the rooms and setting the table for their meals and doing all kinds of useful things. She went to an English school and when she came back in the afternoon she tried to teach her little sister the A.B.C. The little sister's name was Leelawattie and she was just five years old.

Little Leelawattie did not much care to learn the A.B.C., but she loved to run into the garden and play with the flowers and even with the leaves that had fallen down from the bushes and trees. She talked to them as if they were her companions and it was very nice to see how careful she was with them. She very seldom plucked any flowers; only when they looked limp and thirsty she plucked them and put them into a vase with water.

Thus Leelawattie became so fond of her flowers (as she called them) that when she went to sleep she used to dream of them as if they were little people and as if she herself were small like them.

These dreams were so real to her that she really thought she lived then in Fairy-Land, and that she talked with the flowers and animals.

Often, when Leela awoke, she told her mother about her dreams and the kind mother used to listen and smile and call her, her little Dreamer.

But the elder sister, Somawattie laughed and teased Leelawattie and called it nonsense and so the little girl kept her dreams away from her elder sister.

Now I will tell you one of Leelawattie's dreams, which she told me and I hope you will like it just as much, as I liked it, when the little girl confided it to me.

A THOUGHT.

As a tree cut down sprouts forth again if its roots remain uninjured and strong; so the propensity to craving not being done away, this suffering springs up again and again.

Dhammapada.

[INTRODUCTION.]

THE LITTLE FLOWER FAIRIES.

Chapter I.

"Leela come with me into the garden to pluck some flowers for mother, whose birthday is tomorrow," called out Somawattie, one afternoon. She took hold of Leela's hand and out they ran together into the garden.

"Just look, how beautiful these clematis are, they hang down in dainty white clusters" said Somawattie.

"They will make a nice bouquet together with some pink roses, for dear mother. We will also gather some of these white lilies, they have such lovely scent."

Somawattie plucked a lot of flowers and little Leelawattie said quite sadly: "If you take all, how can I find some for dear mamma?"

"Here, take this arelia flower, which has just fallen from the tree, it is quite fresh and there lies a golden-coloured alamanda flower. Both will remain quite fresh if you put them into water," said Somawattie and ran into the house with her flowers.

Little Leela ran after her holding her two precious flowers daintily in her small hands. She took a small chattie from her shelf in the nursery, filled it with water and put the two flowers into it. Then she got on a

chair and placed the chattie behind a box on her shelf, so that dear mamma should not see them when she came to say good-night to her little daughter, because they were meant for her mother's birthday.

Leela played very happily with her small brother till supper-time; but she did not tell him about the two flowers. After supper she went to bed; she was very sleepy after a happy day's play. The little brother who was sleeping in the same room with her was soon sound asleep and Leela's eyes had also closed.

It was quite still in the room, when Leela heard a very tiny voice (coming from her shelf where the chattie with the flowers stood). The voice said: "Do you want to sleep Arelia? I am not at all sleepy. Come let us go to the dear little girl in the bed there, who takes such good care of us." "But how can we go?" asked the Alamanda flower, "We cannot fly." "Oh just look" said Arelia, "I can fly and so can you, if you try." The Arelia flower shook herself and two of her petals turned into two white wings and the other part of the flower became a sweet little Devi (flower-fairy) with a white and yellow silk gown.

Quickly the Alamanda flower shook itself also and lo! she had two golden wings and a yellow silk dress on. "How sweet you look" said Arelia "come let us fly to little Leelawattie."

They flew over to her and sat down on her two little fat hands and looked at her.

"Open your eyes, little Leela," said Arelia, "We should like to see them, they are like Blue Stars."

Leelawattie opened her eyes and said "Who are you pretty little people?" "Well, well," laughed Arelia "do you not know us? We are the two flowers, which you have put so carefully into the water for your mother's birthday."

"But, you have wings and you look so very pretty" said Leela, rubbing her eyes to see better. "Where did you get your wings?" "Oh, that is our secret," laughed the flowers. "Would you like to have wings also and come with us into the moonlight?" "Oh yes, if I could" answered Leela wonderingly. "Just close your eyes for a moment" said the flower-Devis "and we will make you some wings too."

Leela closed her eyes very obediently and the two little Devis pulled her night-dress out at the shoulders and flew round her, singing a very low, sweet song. Then they called out: "Now Leela, open your eyes."

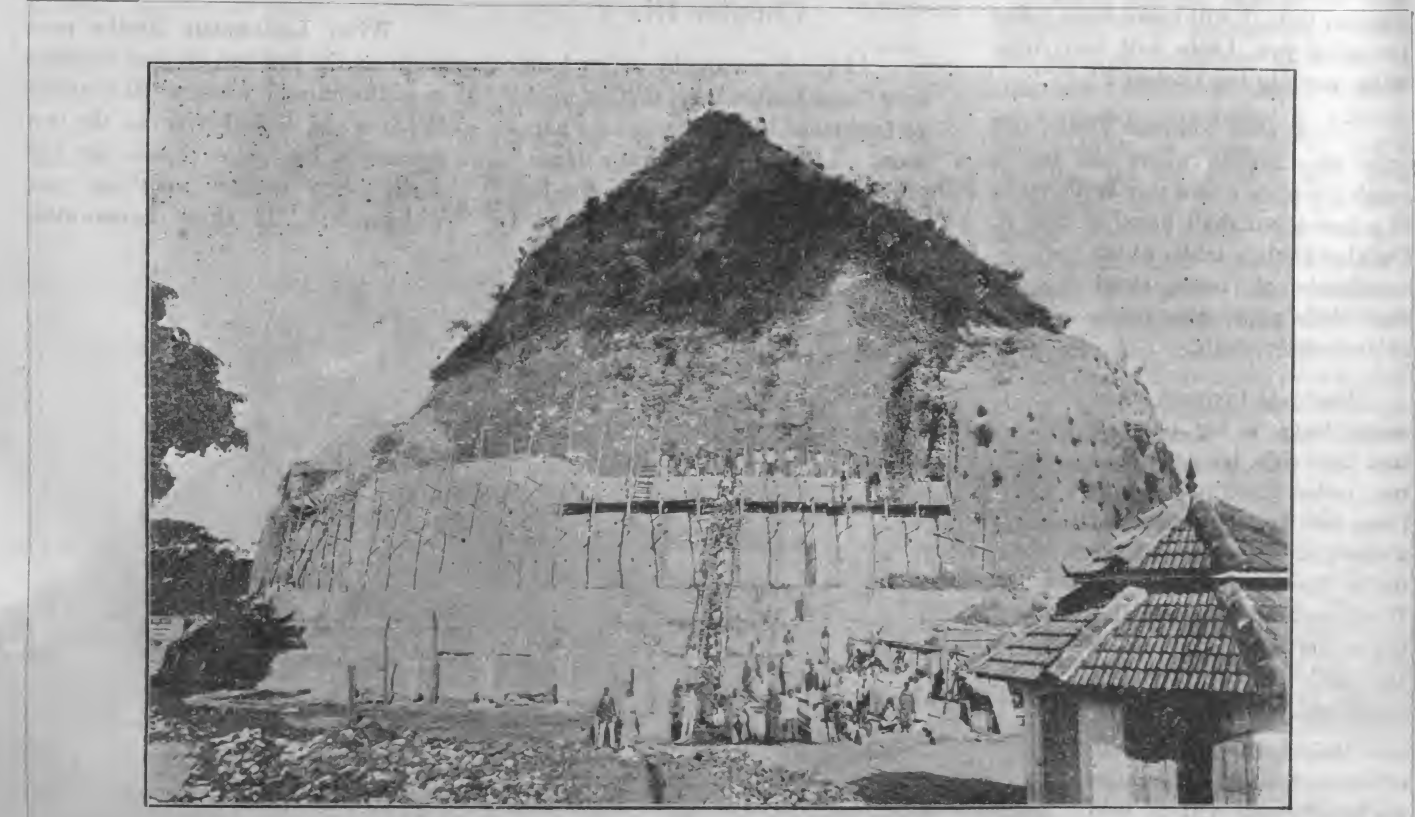
When the little girl had opened her eyes she saw that she had two dear little wings and her night-dress had changed into a white silk sari, and to her great astonishment she was just as small as her two little companions. She clapped her hands in delight and called out: "Now I can fly with you, come, come!"

Chapter II.

Leelawattie opened the window of the nursery and they flew out, taking Leela between them. They wanted to fly to the little island in the near by lake, where it was so very beautiful and where they could dance in the moonlight with the other flower devis.

But when they had gone about half the distance, they saw a big bird flying just above their heads, looking with greedy, shining eyes down on them. "Oh the owl, the owl" cried Leela, "it wants to eat us. Quickly quickly let us slip into this dear old hollow goroka tree."

They had hardly reached the tree and had slipped into the hole, when the owl swooped down. But luckily the hole in the tree was too small for it, it could not get in. So it sat down on a branch before it and its yellow eyes looked very angry.



RUAWNWELI DAGOBA.

THE MONARCH DUTTHA GAMINI, AFTER HAVING COMPLETED THE LOHA PRASADAYA, EMPLOYED MEN TO BUILD RUAWNWELI DAGOBA. THE SITE FOR THE DAGOBA WAS SELECTED BY MAHA MAHINDA THERA; AND THE KING TISSA SET UP THERE A BIG STONE PILLAR TO MARK THE SACRED SPOT. THE PILLAR WAS REMOVED BY THE KING GAMINI AND PLACED WHERE IT IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE NORTHERN GATE OF THE DAGOBA. THE FOUNDATION FOR THE ENORMOUS EDIFICE WAS LAID AS FIRMLY AS POSSIBLE. ELEPHANTS, WHOSE FEET WERE PROTECTED WITH LEATHEREN BOOTS, WERE EMPLOYED TO TRAMPLE STONES THAT WERE LAID IN THE FOUNDATION: A PLATE OF BRASS EIGHT INCHES THICK AND A PLATE OF SILVER SEVEN INCHES THICK WERE LAID TO ENSURE MUCH DURABILITY.

Leela and her companions were trembling with fright, but as the owl could not get into the hollow tree, they became quiet and Aralia said: "I am sorry we cannot get to the Island as long as that horrid owl is there. We must wait here till it flies away."

"Who is talking there?" Asked a pleasant little voice in the back ground of the hollow tree. "Three little wanderers taking shelter here," answered Leelawattie. "We were followed by an owl, which wanted to eat us up. Please let us remain here till the owl flies away."

"That is Leelawattie's voice," said the squirrel, which lived in the Goroka-tree with its family.

"Little Leela, I am Bushy-tail, the squirrel, whom you have fed so often and I am very glad that you have come to pay me a visit. But it is dark in my house and we must see each other."

Bushy-tail then called out: "Wake up, Wake up, fire-flies and make some light for our friend Leela has come to pay us a visit."

At once seven little fire-flies came from the corner of the hollow and flew round Leela and then sat down before her. Then she saw that she was in a comfortable little room with a soft bed of moss in one corner, on which slept three small squirrels, while Bushy-tail the mother stood before her, waving her tail as welcome.

"And whom have you with you, sister Leela?" asked Bushy-tail. "You see, Bushy-tail," answered Leelawattie, "they are my two dear friends Aralia and Alamanda. I found them in my garden and I put them into water. When I went to sleep they got wings and lovely dresses and they made me some wings also and we wanted to play in the moonlight near the lake."—"But now" said Bushy-tail "you must remain here and make yourself comfortable. You cannot go away, otherwise the owl will eat you. I will make some coffee for all of you. Leela will you come with me into the kitchen?"

Leelawattie followed Bushy-tail into the kitchen where she saw a small fire-place with a tiny kettle, made of a groundnut shell hanging over it. On the kitchen table, which was made of moss, stood dear little cups, also made of groundnut shells.

Bushy-tail poured some water from a big nutshell into the kettle, bit a ground nut into small pieces, put them into the kettle, fanned a spark of fire into a blaze under the kettle with her Bushy-tail and then called out to the children: "Bring the table for our guests daughters."

Quickly the three young squirrels brought a cushion made of moss, put it into the middle of the room and asked the seven fire-flies to take their seats in the middle of the table, to act as lamps. Then they brought the cups from the kitchens and set the table. Mother Bushy-tail brought the groundnut coffee, which smelt deliciously and all sat down round the table on little moss cushions. Instead of bread they had

slices of groundnuts, toasted. How they enjoyed this simple meal!

"Only the owl is hungry now" said Leelawattie, "I will take her some coffee out and some toast too, perhaps she will be kind to us after that."

Leela went to the opening of the hollow tree, where the owl was yet sitting on the branch and said: "Mrs. owl, you must be hungry, here I bring you something to eat and drink." "I do not like such stuff" snapped the owl. Then in a friendlier

will beat time with my tail." So they began dancing round the moss table and they were very merry.

When they were tired of dancing and they had rested a while Bushy-tail said: "Now my little friends, it is time to go home, I see the rising sun just making the clouds a little bit rosy and you must be home before it comes up, I hope you will pay us another visit soon."

So the three little Flower Devis said good-bye to kind Bushy-tail and her three children and the seven fire

WESAK.

Thy Law Abides.

*Two Thousand Years have passed. Thy Law Abides.
Four Noble Truths reveal the law of life;
The Noble Eightfold Path alone provides
The ways of peace. The dying note of strife,
The knell of human care and human pain
It sounds. While in realms of hallow'd calm eterne,
Far, far removed from Nature's rude domain
In Nirvana's deathless life we learn
The impermanence of flesh and form below
Great Teacher! Blessed One! Thy Mighty mind
In transcendent vision, all human woe,
Its being, cause, and end, what fetters bind
Man to Sorrow's entrancing chain, foresaw
And Seeing, Snapped them with Thy sacred law*

FIJIK.

Colombo 10th March, 1920.

(Prize Poem.)

tone she said: "But as you are so kind hearted, I will not hurt you and your companions. I will fly away and hunt for some rats!"

Good-bye, good little girl,
And the owl flew off!

Chapter III.

"I think we ought to go home now" said Leelawattie, mother might be frightened if I do not come home soon. "First let us have a dance" said mother Bushy-tail, the fire-flies will furnish the illumination and I

flies and hand in hand they flew back to Leela's nursery. Leela slipped into her bed and the two flowers into the chattle on the shelf and after nodding happily to each other they fell asleep at once.

When Leelawattie awoke next morning the sun was peeping brightly in at the nursery window. She rubbed her eyes and looked over to the two flowers in her little chattle on the shelf. She nodded to them and whispered: "If sister Somawattie

knew where we three have been last night, she would not believe it. But I will not tell her we had such a splendid time!"

The little girl got up quickly and had herself dressed then she took her chattle with the two flowers and put them on her mother's birthday table, near the birthday cake.

When the mother came in, Leela said very sweetly: "I wish you a happy birthday, darling mammie, the two flowers near your cake are from me."

Mrs. Leonard kissed her little darling and admired the flowers and Leela danced round the birthday table as she had done last night round the moss-table in the hollow of the Goroka tree with the flower-devis and the little squirrels.

"I want to tell mammie something that happened last night" sang out Leelawattie, "but not till Somawattie has gone to school." The little girl's face was shining with happiness and the mother nodded to her, ready to listen to her little daughter's story of the Flower-fairies.

In the evening Leela's two flowers hung their heads and looked withered: "What is the matter with my flowers?" asked Leelawattie. "Oh you little stupid" said her sister "they are dead and of no use any more," and she threw them out of the window.

Leelawattie's eyes filled with tears. She ran outside at once, picked up the two flowers and put them back into her little chattle. She could not go to sleep that night, thinking of her two faded flowers. But at last when she had cried herself to sleep, she dreamt that the two flowers came over to her again in their flower-devi shape. They looked rather tired, but they said to Leela: "Do not be sad little sister. You see it is only our dress that is faded. We are going up to a star which is much more beautiful than the earth. So do not grieve for us."

When Leelawattie looked at the two flowers in the morning, she found them quite withered and gone. But she did not cry and said to herself: "Perhaps they have gone to a star now and are very happy there. I hope when I die I shall find them there and we can fly around together."

SOBRIETY.

Ought not the pleasure of sobriety to have as great charms for us as the pleasure of drunkenness. And can I not better enjoy every pleasure when my understanding is clear and my brain vigilant. Simply out of desire for increased enjoyment ought we not to become sober and shun drunkenness.

[* I am sorry to say the Goroka-tree has fallen down since and mother Bushy-tail and her family has had to find another home.—Ed.]

Wake Up, Ceylon!

[BY FRITZ KUNSZ ESQR., B. A., F. T. S., & C.]



FEW years ago Mrs. Annie Besant, after many years of service in religious, social and educational fields in India, entered the political field with a series of lectures entitled *Wake up, India!* These lectures bore the sub-title, "A Plea for Social Reform," but they marked, as a matter of fact, the opening of that political phase of her activities which has brought such immense benefit to this country. It is a pity, if I can be permitted to say so, who am a foreigner, that no similar plain speech has found expression in Ceylon with regard to the problems of Ceylon. To any one who, like myself, has lived amongst the Sinhalese and Tamil people there, and here amongst the people of India, it is perfectly obvious that the problems of Ceylon are the problems of India in their fundamentals. In Ceylon as in India, to put the matter shortly, are people of an ancient and distinguished history who, for the last century at least, have been stifled in an atmosphere which has daily grown more and more suffocating and somniferous as the mostly well-meaning but often short-sighted activities of the British bureaucratic Government proceeded. Lately there has been a good deal of plain talk from persons competent to speak out, like Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam and it is probably only in a few dark and sleepy corners of the Island that there still exist antique gentlemen who do not realise that the war has changed the world, and that political and educational sauce which is now seen to be good for the Indian goose must be equally good for the Ceylon gander.

There is, however, a phase of the awakening in Ceylon which leads one to believe that the reforming spirit there is not entirely in line with the world movements. I refer to the fact that there is, in some quarters a great deal of talk about rights and not a correspondingly sufficient talk about duties. I perfectly realise and readily acknowledge that these rights must be claimed. It is obvious that for a people to continue to be politically subservient, and to live in the atmosphere of inferiority which is found more universally in Ceylon than in India means death. And there is probably no way of claiming freedom save by demanding self-government as a natural heritage. But I should like to point out that there are a number of lines which young men can follow out in living the national spirit where there are no restrictions save natural timidity and a fear of facing public opinion.

I am never tired of saying, for example, that there is no law against the wearing of Sinhalese clothing in Ceylon. I can understand the elder generation being so accustomed to Western modes of life that it is impossible for them to break loose from these foreign traditions. They may also have families dependent upon them and if they turn up in offices in sarong and jacket, unmerited hardship might fall upon their dependants through their courageous action. But there are hundreds of young men in Ceylon

upon whom there are no such restrictions. These young men talk much of their rights as Sinhalese and Tamils, but here is a right which they can claim in safety and which they do not cherish. Why should they take themselves seriously with regard to more serious matters? Every consideration is in favour of a national mode of life. The economic difficulty of Ceylon would be less if the less costly customs of the Orient were universally adopted. I find, for example, that I live very cheaply by wearing as I now do a kurtha and Indian trousers (or dhoti) and sandals exclusively. All the expensive things like boots, socks, collars and neckties

appearance in Indian costume causes much interest to Indians and annoyance to Europeans; but both these results are very desirable, for they cause both of these classes to think—thought, a manifestly desirable commodity, is thus created! Suppose now, a hundred and fifty or even ten young men in Colombo put their heads together and decide that from a certain day they will lay aside for ever all Western costumes. This would be no additional cost, for they could sell their western clothing to less enlightened and less courageous friends; and also instead of wearing Sinhalese garments only after work secretly in the privacy of the home, they could boldly enjoy these same garments outside. There would naturally be a stir. A few parents would be disturbed, perhaps college principals would be agitated. Here and there a young man would lose his job



JETEVANE VIHARA

was constructed by King Mahasena in 818 B.E. for the Thera Tissa of the Dakhinarama fraternity within the consecrated limits of the Garden called Joti.

disappear, and the botheration and expense in money and time which I thus save enables me to do much more work for India as a result. It is true that as a white man my

and some test cases would go to court to find out whether it is competent for an employer or the head of a college to ruin a young man's life or compel him to wear alien garments. In some

WESAK.

BY

W. DAHANAYAKA.

*Oh holiest One! beneath Thy gaze
Let me bow and reverence pay,
The splendour of Thy brilliant rays,
Let me touch and feel this day.
For this day, blessed twice and more,
Saw thee born to earth and fame;
And wisest Brahmanas in their lore
Saw Buddha and this child the same.
And this same day the full moon bright
Thy supreme success did proclaim,
And thou didst issue forth the Light,
Which ne'er shall sunder from Thy name.
And yet again this day to crown,
The state of "Sovan" Thou didst reach;
The hopes of thousands didst Thou drown
And made them sorrow, void of speech.
But Thou didst know and teach it so
That on this earth we sadly fall,
While as the boat of Life we row
That state should be our final goal
Ah! years have rolled, and time has flown,
But still as now when this day comes,
Joyous shouts from a countless throng
"Sadhu" shall resound the beat of drums.*

buildings, young men in Indian garments might use the lift intended "for European dressed people only" and be ejected, and a test case might arise from this. But after a time the commotion would subside and a right would be established.

Rights thus established by an exhibition of what Mr. Gandhi calls soul force are worth more to the winner than boons granted. The American people laid down the doctrine that man has an indefeasible right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This typically American generalisation applies to any country and any time, and is generally conceded, in theory at least, everywhere these days. But there is a curious unwillingness on the part of people to begin to live, to be free and happy with those things which are nearest at hand. It takes more courage and will power to revolutionise own's

own life than take part in some other kind of revolution. And yet auto-revolution is the only kind any reasonable man can approve of as a means for progress. To rouse one's will and stand for something, if need be stand alone, is more difficult than rousing a country. Indeed, one man who rouses himself might very well succeed in rousing the country. So that when one cries out, "Wake Up Ceylon," one really has a secret hope that it will result in some one, preferably young man rousing himself—and staying awake. Of course if ten such young men were roused the effect would be better, for ten young men, dead set on something, deliberately giving their bodies, their strength, their emotions, their minds and their spiritual forces to the country would succeed. The bodies would have to be strong; the strength given without a single element of reserve; the emotions controlled and subordinated to the work; the minds absolutely one pointed; the spirits stung up to the pitch of sacrificing the whole of this life to the work in hand. No half-hearted dallying with the intention would do. They must give all or nothing.

What has all this to do with Buddhism? It depends on whether you think of Buddhism in terms of doctrinal discussion and pietistic hopefulness, or whether you think of Buddhism in terms of the Lord Buddha. He did what I have been suggesting; and of course did infinitely more—things we know nothing about, in spheres of consciousness our poor little intellects cannot even identify, let alone understand. But the point is, He did it. We talk about many things and do nothing. We lack will, wisdom, intuitive movement of the highest consciousness. Above all we lack Love. He had these things in immense measure, and so He could live those forty-five years entirely for humanity. He saw the suffering and set about to remedy it. We see it and go on living our little lives. We excuse ourselves, saying that nothing can be asked of us, for we are not Tathagatas. But the excuse is no good, if I may put the issue thus flatly. It arises from the devious subtlety of the mazes of selfishness in which we move. Let a man but free himself in one small thing such as I took as my example, act out boldly one of his professed principles and he will be astonished to discover how marvellous a thing is freedom. For liberty, like charity, begins at home. Parliament may grant popular Government to Ceylon, but only the Sinhalese people can grant liberty to the Sinhalese people. K.F.

ABHAYA-GIRI DAGOBA.

Vala Gamin Abhaya or Walagambahu who assumed sovereignty in 500 B.E. (89 B.C.) had to wage war against the Tamil invaders. In a certain battle he was defeated and he fled through the gate of a Hindu Temple that stood by the side of the Malwatu Oya. The chief of the Temple by name Giri having seen the Sinhalese King in his flight shouted out "the great black Sinhalese is fleeing." The King heard these words of Giri and resolved within himself, "whenever my wishes are realised, I will build a Vihara here." He was at last victorious. According to his determination he pulled down the Hindu Temple and erected instead this huge edifice and many other buildings and they were given the common name of Abhaya-Giri Vihara. The appellation was derived from the names of the King and the chief of the Hindu Temple. The King constructed twelve PIRIVENAS (schools for monks) on the Abhaya-Giri ground.

can do something for your house, to fulfil your destiny. Be just to our race." With this answer, the Yaksha disappeared into the bush.

Those parting words of his gave rise to serious reflection on the part of the prince. He had always heard that the Yakshas were a race of inhuman monsters, who were only fit to be exterminated. But he had heard too how indebted his house was to the kindness of the Yakshas, who had protected the life of his grandfather in his childhood, befriended him in his youth, and helped him in his manhood with treasure and lives to gain his throne. Like his ancestor he had now received kindness from a Yaksha—a kindness which meant for him the boon of the rest of his earthly existence; and yet the Yaksha had not only declined to accept any return for his service, but on the contrary had added to his indebtedness by giving him a useful hint towards the fulfilment of his destiny. The idea flashed on the mind of the prince that, in the event of danger to his house, the aid of the Yakshas ought to be valuable again. Then he said to himself, "These Yakshas are a noble race, as my great ancestor realized, when he conferred on one of them the important office of Guardian of the Southern Gate. My brother the King is wise in continuing the office in the race. To the best of my power, I too shall befriend them. Both justice and policy demand it."

The prince's thoughts were running in this vein, when he heard the bugle sounding for the recall of the hunters, and hastened to join the rest of the party. But presently alarm began to be felt at the continued absence of the king, of whom no one was able to give any information. Amidst great anxiety and confusion, search parties were sent out in every direction, sounding horns to give the alarm. In a short time, however, the tension was relieved, when joyous notes began to peal forth from the direction of the small plateau of Ambasthala. All now, with light hearts, hastened in that direction. But what was their surprise as this elite of the land gathered round their sovereign to see him, the Supreme Lord of the realm, seated on the ground, and in a demeanour of unfeigned respect conversing with a person in yellow robes, seated higher than the King! Their surprise was not lessened by the mysterious appearance on the instant of six other persons surrounding the figure in yellow. Their wonder growing, they too sat on the ground after the example of the king, and listened to the conversation proceeding. "What is that tree yonder oh! great King?" asked the figure in yellow, of King Tissa. "My Lord, it is an 'amba' (mango) tree," answered the king. Then the dialogue continued: "Oh! great king, are there other amba trees?" Answer: "My Lord, there are many other amba trees." Question: "Besides all those trees, oh! great king, can you name any other?" Answer: "Why my Lord! there is this amba tree." The interrogator was satisfied. "Sadhu! Sadhu!" (It is well! It is well!) he said. But, for the sake of fulness, he put another series of questions with the same result. He said again "Sadhu! Sadhu!" and added "Oh

great King, thou art wise; the Law I have brought will not be preached to thee in vain." A sermon was then preached, and after a little further conversation, it was arranged that the Buddhist Apostle, for such was the character of the person in yellow, should, together with his suite, visit the king's palace on the morrow: and the king then making a profound obeisance, took his leave. On leaving the apostle's presence, the king with a privilege well understood on such occasions, beckoned to a youth who was the only lay member of the Apostle's suite, and taking him to a side, asked him who his master was. "Why, great king!" said the youth in unfeigned surprise, "I thought you knew all the time. He is the Saint Mahinda, the son of your great friend the emperor Asoka of Jambu



Captain VIRĀ SENĀ,
Prince of Bintenna

Dipa." The king's heart thrilled with joy on hearing the news. "Youth," he said, "I am much beholden to thee for this announcement;" and with a radiant face, he left with his followers.

Immediately on the return of the king and his party to the city, preparations were set on foot on a magnificent scale to accord a fitting reception to the Prince Imperial of India, the Apostle of Buddhism in Ceylon. The city was decorated, flags were hoisted from every house, and the whole length of the Chandravanka Street strewn with white sand. The hall of audience where the apostle was to be formally received, was made to present the appearance of a heavenly palace. It was hung with tapestry, festoons of filigree and pearls and gems, and

the floor was covered with the costliest of Persian carpets of the most velvety touch. The citizens worked to a late hour of the night, each man, each woman, contributing his or her share to enliven the scene against the events of the morrow. Next morning the sight of the city was something magnificent. To its picturesque appearance fascinating the eye in every direction, was now added the animation lent by its thousands of citizens, appearing in their holiday attire. Every one came out in the brightest of his or her apparel from royalty down to the poorest artisan. The king wore his crown and Princes Uttiya and Mahasena, Governor and Commander-in-Chief respectively, wore their coronets. The other royal brothers wore their turbans bespangled with jewels. Among the ladies of

herself. But it was not by her charms alone that she was conspicuous on the present occasion; she took a real and lively interest in the coming event, so much so that she appeared to be the embodiment of the prevailing sentiment of the day.

Early in the morning, two chariots, each drawn by four white horses, had been despatched for the use of the apostle and his suite. But the apostle, preferring to make his first visit to the city without troubling man or beast, travelled in the air, and alighted at the eastern gate, just at the hour he was expected. With all love and reverence he was conducted along the Chandravanka Street, on white cloth, the military band of five kinds of instruments playing sweet strains of music. Arrived at the palace, the apostle and the party were received by the king and all his magnates. The apostle was respectfully conducted to the hall of audience, and there placed in the seat of honour, his suite being accommodated around him. After this the queen and the princess Anula with their ladies in waiting, came and made their obeisance to the apostle, being followed in like manner by the wives and daughters of the nobles.

After a short while spent in the ordinary exchange of civilities, the apostle entered on the main object of his visit, and preached to the great audience present a sermon under three heads, which opened their mental vision to vistas of truth that were unsuspected before and shone now like guiding lights. Princess Anula whose intellectual gifts were only equalled by her personal charms, was the first to be impressed with the sublimity of the new faith. Five hundred declared for it at once, and briefly, the effect of the preaching was that king Devanampiya Tissa, both by his own conviction and by the profound respect he had for the judgment of his sister-in-law, also embraced the new faith, and in a short time the whole nation had become Buddhists.

CHAPTER II.

When, on a certain Vesak Day nearly twenty-four centuries ago, the roving character Vijaya of Sinhapura in Kalinga, landed in Ceylon with seven hundred followers, he found the country inhabited by a race of men fairly advanced in civilization, but contemptuously called by the proud Aryans of India "Yakshas" or demons. The Yakshas lived in groups or colonies scattered about the country, having no central government, but ruled by chiefs who were independent of one another, and who were therefore often at war among themselves. Thus there being no cohesion among them for common purposes, Vijaya found it easy with the aid of some treachery and his handful of followers, to make himself master of their country. Ceylon thus became a Sinhalese colony after the name of Vijaya and his band who were Sinhas, and the Yakshas were reduced to a very inferior position on their own soil. They had to clear large tracts of country for the Sinhalese settlers, make fields for them, and construct tanks for the irrigation of those fields. But they

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The Heart of Buddhism.

[BY THE REV. BHIKKU SĪLĀCĀRA.]



None of the Suttas, addressed as most of them are, to His Bhikku followers, after gradually leading their minds from one deep to another in the Dhamma, in effect explaining that there are almost as many varieties of depth of understanding of the Dhamma as there are minds to understand, the Buddha wound up by telling His disciples with outspoken plainness that the advantage of living the religious life did not lie in the getting of gifts or honours or high reputation, that it did not even reside in achieving a high degree of virtue, or great distinction in mind-control, no, nor even in arriving at deepest knowledge or insight, obtaining Panna itself. The ultimate end of the religious life, so the Buddha told those early followers of His, was not Panna, but that to which Panna was only the antechamber, namely, the unshakeable deliverance of the mind. "This," said the Buddha, "is the meaning of the religious life: this is its core; this its goal." In other words, the Buddha told those Bhikkus that they had not learnt all He had to teach them until they had reached and made their own, realised actually in themselves, the final deliverance of the mind. He told them that all His words to them, all His explanations, exhortations, counsels, recommendations, had no other end but this, to bring them, or rather to incite them to bring themselves, to the actual fact of this deliverance. He made it plain to them that until they had reached this, they had not reached the end of the journey upon which they had started under His guidance. There still lay before them a further stretch of road to travel. The time had not yet come to tell themselves that all was done that needed to be done.

Here, then, we have the central point of the religious life, what we may call the heart of Buddhism. But although it is the heart of the citadel it is by no means the outworks. Although it is the end of the Buddhist journey, it is by no means the beginning. Since most men are just men and neither saints nor angels, the goal of the religious life lies a considerable distance away for most of them. There is much ground to be covered before they come near it, a long road of approach to be traversed. And it is the covering of this ground, the process of approach along this road which constitutes what in ordinary speech we call Buddhism.

What are the means of approaching this high, this distant goal of the deliverance of the mind that comes through wisdom? It is in perfect accord with the entire spirit and method of the Buddhādhamma that though the goal is lofty, the means to it lie, to begin with, quite low, at every man's hand, within his reach at every step he takes on his way through the world of men. They are, at the outset, that most commonplace of all things, and therefore sometimes so much disdained of all

things,—morality, the observance of the rules of right behaviour. This is the first means the climber toward the Buddhist goal of the mind's deliverance is asked to use in his efforts to mount toward that far height. "How dull, how banal!" says one. "That is only what all the moralists of the world have always told men long before you Buddha told them." It is true. Morality is a very common thing as put in words. (Would that it were as common a thing in its putting into deeds!) And if all the moralists the world over have always taught it, that is only

fectly solid, clearest of clear. When the Buddha tells men to be good, He does not say that the reason why they should be is because thereby they will be pleasing some one or other. He gives them a somewhat better founded reason for morality than that. He tells them that in being good they will be obeying the law of their nature, the deepest law of their innermost nature; and that in acting in accordance with that nature they will be saved that rude lack of harmony, that discord between what their actions and what is, which expresses itself as discomfort, pain, agony, of all kinds, physical, mental, spiritual. He tells men to be good and they will be happy for the simple and sufficient reason that being good, at bottom, just means avoiding all

Goodness is good only because it is good for something; and in the Buddhādhamma that something is the reaching of the deliverance of the mind. With all the recommendations to the observance of right behaviour that are so frequently to be met with in the discourses of the Buddha, it is never for a moment lost sight of that Sila is only a stepping-stone to something beyond, a stepping-stone that is followed by many others leading in long file towards the one end always kept in view, the mind's deliverance. Virtue indeed yields happiness, well-being; but it does more. It yields so much progress towards the final goal. It is towards this goal that the Buddhist is always moving in all that he does in obedience to his Teacher's behests. And the rate of his progress towards it is fast or slow, entirely according to the degree of effort he puts forth to carry out these behests in full perfection.

Movement toward the heart of Buddhism, then, means, implies at its earlier stages, Right Behaviour. But right behaviour just means civilisation, the making a man a civil being, a being able to live alongside others of his kind with comfort to them and to himself. And among men thus living along with their fellows in comfort and peace there spring up all the amenities of such communal living as we find manifested in the history of civilisation everywhere: there spring up and develop from crude beginnings, art, science, literature, philosophy. Now the goal of the Buddhist efforts is not such things, and yet, inevitably, in the progress towards its goal, there will be produced as by-product of that effort, and as unfailing and necessary by-product, these things, and in general, all things that contribute towards making life more tolerable, less rude and harsh than it would be without them. And as a matter of fact, in the history of the diffusion of the Buddha's Teaching, in so far as it has been diffused in the world, we find accompanying it the diffusion, the development and cultivation of an art, a literature, and a philosophy of which Asia has no need to be ashamed when brought into comparison with similar achievements on other continents. The wave of the Buddha's teaching which, overflowing the boundaries of India, the land of its origin, spread out over Ceylon and Burma and Siam, over Tibet and China and Japan and other countries, carried along with it a powerful impetus to the development of the things that contribute to soften and civilise life, to make it less harsh and hard for those who live it. All Asia felt the impulse to greater achievements in the refinements of life, through the coming among its peoples of those who did not in the least make these refinements their aim, whose aim always remained the high goal of the mind's deliverance, but whose presence nevertheless among those who, let us say, were not so earnestly or intently aiming at that

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RICHES.

Riches slay the fool if he seek not what is beyond. Out of his craving for riches the fool slays himself as it were others.

Dhammapada.

Being good is not an end in itself. This the Buddha insists on.

(From SĪLĀCĀRA'S "For Wesak Time.")

WESAK.

THIS is the day on which the world's great Sun
Of Light transcending every other light,
Rose on the darkness of a world foredone,
And broke the spell of black Avijja's night.

This is the day on which that Sun rose high
To the last heights of insight, wisdom, love,
And from the zenith of pure Vijja's sky
Poured His free rays on all that live and move.

This is the day when, all His labours ended,
Sank to His rest our glorious Sun. Yet lo!
Behind He leaves a radiance, matchless, splendid,
Even His Law, that in our skies doth glow,

And still shall glow till dawns another Light,
The Buddha of a new world's opening day,
And raying METTA, Kindness infinite,
Flings ope once more the new-old ancient way.

To all the Buddhas of the times to come,
To all the Buddhas of the times before,
To Him, our Buddha, Teacher, Refuge, Home,
We bow our hearts this day and evermore.

another proof that when the Buddha teaches it too, He is teaching what is soundly established, what cannot be denied.

It is a great mistake to think or hope or expect that the Buddha's teaching shall be quite different from that of all other teachers, be something quite new, or else not be worth listening to. The Buddha's teaching, let it be said at once, is not something new and strange. Herein precisely lies its merit that in its first stages, as set forth for the use of the common man of the world, it is just what has been taught one way or another by every other great teacher of men. The only difference is,—but this is a great difference from the intellectual standpoint—that as set forth by Him, morality is seen to be something not vague and dubious and shadowy, but perfectly definite, per-

things that cause unhappiness. "Among those that live happily in the world, I also am one," He is recorded once to have said. And those of His followers who observe faithfully His recommendations are well entitled to say the same of themselves in their own degree. Yet to be happy in the sense in which happiness is understood in the world, is not the final end, the heart of the Buddha's Dhamma. This also is merely a by-product of that Dhamma, albeit one sure not to be lacking. "Two joys there are," it is said in a Writing, "worldly joy and unworldly joy. But of these two the greater is unworldly joy." And it is this unworldly joy that of these two kinds stands nearest to the heart of Buddhism.

Olcott Day in India.

(Written on behalf of a group of fellow Buddhists assembled to celebrate this anniversary at Adyar, South India, where is Col. Olcott's Memorial on the place of his funeral pyre.)

Stand we awhile in silence here apart,
Heads bowed and hands in worship at our breast,
And strong within our heart
Great reverence, for here they laid to rest
Amid the bosom of the kindly flame
All of the earthly part
Of him whom Lanka oweth more than fame.

He came no alien spirit from the West
To live unloved among us, nor to wind
The net of foreign creeds
About our children's hearts, nor subtly blind
Their spirits to the shame of faithless deeds
And drunkenness in culture's clothing dressed;—
Nay, as a welcome guest
He came to Lanka. With strong gentle hand
He healed the sick; yet a far greater gift
Brought, to once more uplift
Our dying nation in our listless land.

For now no longer is Lord Buddha's praise
Forgotten by our people; children sing
In glad procession down our bannered ways
And bear their offering—
Fragrance of blossom and of incense sweet—
Unto the temples of our Lord once more,
And at His blessed Feet
Their reverence and gratitude outpour.

Lo! how these very palms on India's strand *
Which sprang from our own isle, do now caress
The tomb of him who carried to their land
The Dharma of the Lord to heal and bless.

Padmavatee.

were not completely enslaved; for they still had some chiefs left, who stood up for their rights, often with effect. But although the Government treated them at least with theoretical justice, the pressure and the hostility of the new settlers were so great, that the more spirited of the Yakshas were gradually pushed back farther and farther into the wilder parts of the country, until in the district of Bintenna they found themselves in sufficiently strong numbers to make a stand and hold their own. It was here that Pandukabhaya received from them those acts of kindness and friendship to which he owed the preservation of his life and his elevation to the throne. Nor did he forget his friends when he came into power. He rewarded the Yakshas in every way he could, improved their legal and social status, and raised the district of Bintenna, with which their prestige was now identified, into a principality ruled by the leading Yaksha as the king's feudatory. The adjoining district of Wellasa was for the most part a Sinhalese settlement, and soon after the death of Pandukabhaya, trouble arose between these two districts, which often came into collision on the question of boundaries. As a consequence incursions were made by either side into the territory of the other, followed by retaliations, till feeling became for ever embittered by an occurrence as grave as it was unfortunate. The eldest sons of the two chiefs met in single combat at the head of their followers and fought with such fury that both died of wounds received in the fray. From that day the worst of hatred was nursed by the people of either province



THE LATE COL. HENRY STEEL OLCOTT.

towards those of the other. The Prince of Bintenna died soon after, leaving the burden of his cares and responsibilities to a son barely twelve years old. But though tender care was taken of this boy, by his maternal uncle who became regent, it soon came to be discovered that attempts would be made by the followers of the rival chief to kidnap him, and perhaps

to assassinate him. The boy was very precocious and fully alive to his position in life and its dangers. Suddenly, he disappeared—kidnapped as some supposed; murdered as others thought. The hatred between the two Provinces now became intense. But in Wellasa it was generally averred, that the young Prince of Bintenna had temporarily disappeared

So stand we too, bowed low in thankfulness—
We who self-exiled came—
Out of our own land by adventure driven—
To learn from the great Motherland that bore
Our Lord's last body. Here with His dear Name
On our lips sounded, in our hearts engraved,
We dedicate once more
The lives that we have given.

We have seen the face of Freedom.....In our hearts
She is enthroned. O may our minds, unslaved
From all the chains of custom and of fear,
Defy the subtle arts
That thralldom weaves around us! May we stand
Fearless of fate
Like him we celebrate,
For our Religion and our Motherland!

G. G. PEARCE,
Lately Vice-Principal,
Mahinda College.

* The memorial at Adyar, where is a part of Colonel Olcott's ashes, stands in a beautiful garden of coconut palms, called Desant Grove. It was originally planted by Melandiram Thomas Amarasuriya, long before the Colonel's death, and it now overhangs and surrounds the memorial.

into the natural fastnesses of the forest, with a view to coming out now and again with lawless bands, and molesting the chief of Wellasa and his subjects. Much colour was lent to this view by later developments, which obliged the chief of Wellasa to keep his province in the same state of defence as a beleaguered city. Within a year or two, the old man died, leaving the care of his province to a daughter seven years old. A council of regency administered the government, dividing their attention between the care of their little mistress and her interests.

About ten years had passed from this date, and this little girl, Padmavatee, had grown up to be a most beautiful and charming young woman, at the time of the events narrated in the preceding chapter. On her mother's side, she was related to Princess Anula, who had often requested her to visit the capital, and give her the pleasure of presenting her at court. After the king and court had embraced Buddhism, an embassy had been sent to the Emperor of India, requesting him to send his daughter the Prioress Sanghamitta and a branch of the sacred bo-tree for further consolidating the religion in Ceylon. The Imperial Princess was early expected and Princess Anula renewed her invitation to Padmavatee to come in time for the forthcoming festivities at Court. Padmavatee wrote accepting the invitation.

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RIGHTEOUS.

From afar are the Righteous to be seen even like the Snowy Range. But the unrighteous are not seen any more than arrows shot by night.
Dhammapada.

Dharmaraja College, Kandy.



HARMARAJA College is the Principal Buddhist Educational Institution in the Kandyan provinces. It was founded, though under another name, in the year 1887 by the now defunct Kandy Buddhist Theosophical Society to serve a pressing need. The Kandy Buddhist High School, as it was then called, soon justified its existence, for the number

owe to the energetic fervour of this personality, which has gone further than anything else to make Dharmaraja what it stands for to-day. But the College, as it is, does not represent the culmination of the hopes and aspirations of the present Head. For ever so long the struggle has been against odds. The class rooms ceased long ago to suffice to accommodate the ever increasing numbers, and in consequence new admissions had to be indirectly discouraged. A plot of ground was long desired on the

designs and to build on this land a College worthy of this ancient seat of Buddhism which can hold its own with any other educational institution in the Island.

In the duties of the College the Principal is assisted by a staff of sixteen teachers including eight trained teachers and four lady teachers. In the upper forms the students are prepared for the Cambridge and London examinations with considerable success. There is a fully equipped Kindergarten Depart-

It has been recognised by this College that a child should be early trained in the observance of the ceremonies enjoined by his religion, and to this end the College is closed on every Full-moon day and it is compulsory for all boys of Standard IV. and over to observe the Eight Precepts that day. The boys are kept under strict supervision, and the expense incurred in feeding the young *Upasakas* is borne by the College when a charitably inclined person cannot be found to undertake this meritorious act. Religion is also a subject in the school curriculum.

In the education outside the class rooms, the enterprising spirit of the College is easily seen. At a time when the possibilities of the Scout system were not recognised by others, Dharmaraja took up the venture and today owns the King's Troop, the premier Scout Troop not of the Island alone but of all the Colonies. The same spirit is discernible in its espousing the cause of the Sinhalese Drama. Dharmaraja College started the movement at a time when the Sinhalese stage was an object even of reproach, and to-day Sinhalese plays are very

popular among schools and other educational bodies. The College boasts also of a cricket club which has so far done little to justify its existence.

The Theosophical Society Colombo under whose tutelage the College now is has done all that it could, and owing to other schools also having their just claims, can do no more. This is where Buddhists who have the interests of their faith and country at heart should step in; and if they do so readily, the day will not be far distant when Kandy will be able to boast of a seminary of Buddhist learning capable of having a considerable share in diffusing the light of Buddhist culture throughout the Island.

SELF.

The thought, "I my self," is thought only by the foolish. The wise man knows that there is no foundation for such a thought. Searching the world with true vision he comes to the conclusion that all is void and subject to swift decay. One thing alone endures unbroken: the Law, when a man has attained to this insight, then sees he the truth.

Fo-sho-hing-tsan ching.



DHARMARAJA COLLEGE OLD BUILDINGS.

on the roll gradually increased, and the grim determination of a devoted few overcame all the natural obstacles that beset the path of any new venture. The present College, changed beyond all recognition in name and appearance, stands to-day an illustration of the motto it has set for itself, *Atahi Attano Natho*, which signifies the value of self-help in the path of progress.

Mr. K. F. Bilimoria, B.A., a familiar figure in the Buddhist educational world, has been the Principal of the College for the last eighteen years. It is difficult for Buddhists to realise the debt of gratitude they

precincts of the College for a Science Laboratory, a necessary adjunct to a school entrusted with the work of secondary education; but the only space available was as long withheld with unaccountable obstinacy. In spite of these and similar difficulties, the unequal struggle was maintained and the importunity of the Principal has had its just reward. The Theosophical Society has acquired for the College over seven acres of land at Ampitiya, barely a mile away from the present site; and if the Buddhist public give free play to their philanthropic instincts, it will not take the Principal long to realise his ambitious

ment in charge of a lady teacher. In addition to the direct education in the class rooms, there are facilities for the development of any particular talent of the students. There are two Literary Associations, a well assorted Library, and a weekly leaflet, *The Telescope*, to encourage their literary proclivities. The paintings adorning the class-rooms and the exhibits at various art shows bespeak the artistic activities of the students. A piano is in constant use to instruct the students in the art of singing. In addition to these, the establishment of a Non-smoking League strives to keep the students away from a useless and harmful practice.



DHARMARAJA COLLEGE PRESENT NEW BUILDINGS.

goal, contributed a very powerful if quietly exercised influence in the direction of the amenities of the worldly life. In a word, the arrival of the first Buddhist missionaries in the lands of Outer Asia, undoubtedly led to a revival of art and literature and Philosophy, even though these missionaries in no wise made art, and literature and philosophy their aim. And a similar result, under similar circumstances, might easily be forthcoming again. Spreading to a new quarter of the globe, obtaining a lodgement in the minds and hearts of yet another section of the human race, the western branch of the Aryan stock, it is not too much to believe that something fresh and vitalising might come with it into those western lands and give them what some of their keenset minds sometimes feel they sadly need, another outlook upon life of a saner sort than that they have, an outlook that will take note of the facts of life, and of all the facts of life, without missing out any, without trying to run away from a single one of them or make out that they are otherwise than as they are.

One can easily conceive, for instance, a highly artistic mind of the Western world taking the Four Aryan Verities taught by the Buddha as foundation of His Teaching, and re-wording them to himself as Ugliness, the Cause of Ugliness, the Cure of Ugliness, and the Way that leads to the Cure of Ugliness, and in his own language of art giving these Aryan Verities a fresh statement of convincing power to himself as well as to others. William Morris is reported once to have said that he was a reformer because "the world is so damned ugly." We can picture a western artistic mind similarly saying: "I am a Buddhist because life is so condemnably ugly." Such a mind may well be conceived of as finding in the Four Noble Truths thus interpreted, a great new force stimulating him to great new productions in his art surpassing anything he had ever done before, and founding a new art of a freshness and richness beyond all known before in his milieu. Such a thing is possible: and there are many who would say that such a thing is very much to be wished, having seen art dragged in the basest mud of common desire. For art, too, even as morality, is not an end in itself, but only a stage on the way to the real end of human accomplishment, the deliverance of the mind. Regarded otherwise it is regarded wrongly, and must inevitably deteriorate of its very wrongness, as in fact it does. One western mind at least, Tolstoy, already in some sense has divined this truth, and broached its exposition in his books: "What is Art?" which has not yet received all the attention it deserves only because there is not yet the will to give it that attention.

From the beautiful to the true is but a step: or is it even a step? May not Keats' dictum be correct that beauty and truth are one and the same thing, the former its perception through sense, the latter its perception through mind? However that may be, in passing from the consideration of the beautiful to that of the true, we pass in the Buddhist Teaching one stage more, nearer to its heart, the unshakeable deliverance of the mind. For, the mind being the

primary element in all that is, the investigation of its ways and working, and the formulation of the same in words which is philosophy, is a coming to closer quarters, or at least an attempt to come to closer quarters, with what is the ultimately true. And this kind of investigation is indeed the most characteristic feature of the Buddhadhama. One may say that it is the characteristic feature of the Dhamma, as it certainly is the one that most attracts the notice of the outside observer when he encounters the Buddha's Teaching for the first time. And this is so to such an extent, that to many it seems that Buddhism is just the investigation of the mind and its functions and the tabulation and putting on record of

branches, is to make mind the goal of effort, the investigation of the things of the mind the final task man needs to set about. The Aryan man is prone to think that here lies the final terminus of all his needful activities on earth. But this is not the Teaching of the Buddha. The Buddha's Teaching is quite positively that this is not the terminus, the consummation of human endeavour. He teaches that this is only a stage, albeit it is the last stage, on the way to what is the really final goal of man. When man has used his mind to the utmost in every direction, has thought and thought all he can, he is to remember not to make thought his aim, but to make it the means to his aim. He has to

Philosophy for him is always a means, never an end. He cannot, he must not, he dare not allow himself to be caught in the share of any Dithi whatsoever. He has to rid himself of that Asava also, Dithi-asava, if he would win the true liberation. He has to free himself, break loose from all attachment, even from attachment to the results of his deepest, most strenuous, most earnest thinking. Not that he is never to practise such thinking. Quite the reverse. This he must do; and more, go on doing it and doing it, and never stop until he has thought his way straight through thinking and out on the other side, for on that "other side" lies the goal to which the Buddha directs him. Not in anything on this hither side lies that goal, not even though it be the highest possible activity of man, the use of his intellect. The final goal, the heart of Buddhism, is the unshakeable deliverance of the mind and nothing less.

And here perforce we must stop. Useless to ask what is this deliverance and expect an answer in any ordinary form of words. In telling what this deliverance is, should any be rash enough to attempt such a thing, he would have to use—since there are no others at his disposal—the words of the speech of those who have not attained that deliverance. And what words are there, or can there be, in the language of the undelivered, to express with even an approximation to exactitude, what a Delivered One knows, has, is? Do, or even can, such words as 'knows' 'has' 'is,' as used by one who is undelivered, convey a true statement concerning the experience of one who is delivered with the deliverance that comes through wisdom? It is very unlikely that they do or can. Nay, it is certain that they do not, can not. Whatever a Lokika mind may think and put in words, for ever, in the nature of the case, remains Lokika, never is or can be Lokuttara. And whatever the Lokuttara mind might wish to tell of itself, in such telling would have to put into Lokika words, since there are no others; and so it never can tell, however it might wish to do so, the true story of itself.

And the Lokuttara mind never tries to do this, any more than a man with eyes would ever try to tell a man who only has ears, what a sunset or a rose sounds like. The only thing the Lokuttara mind can do is to indicate the way by which its experience may be attained to: it cannot do more. But this the first Lokuttara mind of our race does in His Teaching. Gotama the Buddha tells us very clearly and plainly all the stages of the way by which we may arrive at the deliverance of the mind, the whole method by which the passage may be made from Lokika to Lokuttara; and He encourages us with the spectacle of His own high success in first making this passage, as also with the spectacle of the success of many others technically called Arahans, who under his tuition have done the same. And here His task ends, because perforce here it has to end; and also because there is no real need that it should be carried any further.

When a guide has brought the travellers under his charge to the gate of the city to which he has been conducting him, he has done all for

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CHAPTER III.

The whole Island was in a state of pleasurable excitement, over the expected arrival of the Emperor's daughter. It was known that large numbers of people would be coming from all parts of the country, to be present on the occasion, and the king's ministers took measures to see that the highways were well looked after, so that the people may travel in comfort and security. A few companies of troops from the army were sent under the command of young officers on this duty: and Captain Sena called for his barbery Vira Sena ("Sena the valiant") was specially selected for the duty of policing the route from Wellassa and Bintenna. This officer visited both these provinces, interviewed those at the head of their governments, and politely requested them to make it widely known to their subjects that so long as he was in military command of the district, he would expect absolute obedience to the king's authority, and that any attempt at breaking the peace will be sternly dealt with.

The result of this admonition far exceeded his anticipations. He found himself looked upon as a deliverer, and both sides emulating each other to make his mission a success. But though he had nothing to fear from man, he found that the elements were against him. The rain came down in torrents for days on end, and all the streams were swollen and in full flood—said to be the work of the gods who always send down rain when they are pleased. The great bridge over the Mahaweli ganga, like other bridges in those days, had no railings; and as the pedestrian traffic was heavy, Vira Sena had posted a strong guard to regulate the traffic on this bridge. One day he was visiting this post when at a distance he saw the place in a state of great commotion. He galloped into the midst of the scene, and was horror-struck to hear that the Lady of Wellassa, young Padmavatee, who was travelling with her suite and was being carried in an open palanquin, had been swept into the stream by a gust of wind, palanquin and all. Men were running along the banks, shrieking, yelling and waving their hands in frantic despair, while the lady was being borne along by the current at a great speed. In a moment, Vira Sena had divested himself of all superfluous clothing and plunged into the middle of the surging stream, where some three or four yakshas were already struggling in the current and making heroic efforts to reach the lady. More muscular and agile than they, he soon shot ahead of them, and with the aid of the current was gaining on the lady, whose motion was now somewhat slackened by her having been swept to one side of the stream. Soon she came in contact with the branches of a tree, which had fallen from the bank, and there she got entangled in the foliage. In a few minutes, Vira Sena had reached the spot, and was stretching forth his hand to seize her, when, to his horror, she sank. He dived after her, and found himself caught in an eddy, which had sucked her down; but after a great struggle for his own life, he succeeded in securing her and bringing her to the surface. He was now thoroughly exhausted and was bound to perish, unless immediate aid arrived. This soon came in the persons of the Yakshas, who closely following him, had now

surrounded him. The most difficult part of the work having now been accomplished, it only remained to reach the land in safety. This was soon done with the aid of the Yakshas, the captain tenderly carrying his precious burden all limp and insensible.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Sena fondly thought that Padmavatee was in a state of suspended animation, while others pronounced her dead. An old Yaksha, a medicine man, however, stepped forward and said that he knew some charms which had often proved efficacious in restoring life if extinct in cases of drowning, and he asked the captain's permission to try the effect of his spells. This was readily granted as no harm could ensue in any case. The Yaksha then cut out the hollow stalks of some tall grasses growing by the river-side, and telescoping them into one another made a sort of long tube, over which he pronounced some of his incantations. One end of the tube was then inserted far into the gullet of the inanimate body, and after a further incantation the Yaksha put the other end of the tube into his mouth, sucked at it and let it free. To the surprise of all present, water began to flow at the

open end of the tube, the wonder being that it had to flow upward into the mouth of the body before flowing out downward. In nearly half an hour's time, about a gallon of water had thus been drained off, after which the Yaksha began to move the arms of the inanimate body upward and downward to the rhythm of a weird incantation. While still going on with this process, he suddenly put his mouth to the ear of the body, and gave such a shout, that those standing around were nearly taken off their feet. Truly it was a shout enough to awaken the dead, as now happened; for Padmavatee gave a start as if by a galvanic shock, opened her eyes, and in bewilderment asked where she was. She was assured of being among her loyal attendants, who were immediately summoned and began administering to her under the direction of the medicine-man. Soon she was recovered enough to be removed to a tent which had been hastily put up for her accommodation.

The lady having been removed, the medicine-man now began to receive the attention of the crowd, every one of whom tried to force some gift on him. The women-folk with tears in their eyes, offered him their jewels; the men their purses.



THE SACRED BO-TREE.

When King Devanampiya Tissa dedicated the Mahamegha Garden to the Priesthood, there was present Princess Anula, the consort of his younger brother, Mahanaga, the sub-King, with a retinue of 500 females. She requested the Monarch to permit her and the retinue to enter the order of Priesthood. He begged of the Maha Thera to ordain these females; but the Maha Thera replied that Priests could not ordain females and desired the King to send a delegate to the Emperor Asoka, requesting him to send the Priestess Sanghamitta and the right branch of the Sacred Bo-Tree. For this mission, Aritha, one of the Ministers was selected. Aritha went to India and announced the joint message of Maha Mahinda Thera and the King of Ceylon to the Great Emperor, who was willing to comply. Having procured the right branch of the Sacred Tree, the Maha Thera Sanghamitta, accompanied by eleven Priestesses and the Sinhalese Delegate Aritha and also a large retinue of males and females, embarked for Ceylon in a vessel specially provided for her voyage. After some days the vessel arrived at DAMBAKOLA PATUNA, the ancient harbour in Ceylon now known as Kankasanturai. On its arrival, the King Tissa chanting songs of joy, rushing into the waves up to his neck brought the Sacred Bo-branch along with other persons and deposited the same in a grand hall specially erected. From their it was again taken in procession to the spot where it now stands. This event took place in the afternoon of the day previous to the full-moon in the month of UNDUVAP, in 281 B. E. (December 308 B. C.).

But he politely declined all their offers declaring that the Yakshas practised the virtue of kindness for its own sake, and that if he deserved a reward, he already had it in the knowledge that a valuable life had been saved.

When the captain came out to speak to him, the Yaksha had with difficulty, extricated himself from the enthusiastic demonstrations of the crowd, and retired to the cool shade

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The Heart of Buddhism.

him that he needs to do. To know what is in the city now that he has reached its gate, all the traveller needs to do is to pass in. So passing he will know for himself the nature of the place to which all the time his guide has been conducting him. The traveller here will find that the benefit and advantage of the life he has led under the Buddha's guidance, the training to which he has submitted himself, the exercise of thought he carried through, is nothing so common as men's esteem and praise, good things as these are and not to be despised, and sure as they are to come to him as he follows the Buddha's way. He will find that it is not even excellence in virtuous conduct, good as this is, and bestowing wellbeing and happiness on himself and all belonging to him. He will find that the final meaning of his discipline is not even that wisdom, that knowledge and insight into things, which at times he may have been tempted to think was the highest thing accessible to man. He will find that the meaning of life is not even the very highest and finest results of mental culture, splendid achievement as this is on the way to the goal, but something to which all these, Virtue and Mind-control and Wisdom have only served as roads, as approaches. He will find that the goal itself is that final deliverance of the mind from all attachment to anything whatsoever, which can never again be lost, which is eternally and for ever unshakeable, being in fact the mind's deliverance from itself, from its own limitations, and its passage into the Limitless where no words of our poor speaking any more avail. "By what track will you track that Trackless One?" runs a rune. Runs another:—

"Measure there is not for him who has come to this end.

Name him however thou chooseth, thou touchest him not.

Where all that seems is removed, is taken away,

There all the pathways of speech too are taken away."

It is even so. The only speech that here avails is—silence! Not because there is nothing to say, but because there are no words in which to say it. Here we reach the heart of Buddhism, to which leads by near ways or far ways all that is best and fairest and finest in human life, and which yet transcends it all. For verily "the guerdon of religious life is not gifts and name and fame, nor attainment of virtue, or achievement of mind-control, or excellence of Knowledge and Insight. But the unshakeable Deliverance of the mind, this is the meaning of religious life; this is its core; this its goal." So, verily so, spake the Blessed One.

[By F. L. WOODWARD ESQR. M.A., F.T.S., &C.]

Chapter 9.—Evil.

- 116.—Haste to do good; thy thoughts from ill restrain;
Sloth in good deeds makes one for evil fain.
- 117.—If thou do ill, cease, and thy sin forego;
Take not delight therein; ill deeds bring woe.
- 118.—If thou do good, thy life in good employ;
Take thou delight therein; good deeds bring joy.
- 119.—Sinners see bliss while their ill deeds are green;
When the sin ripens, sorrow then is seen.
- 120.—Good men see ill while their good deeds are green;
When the good ripens, happiness is seen.
- 121.—Think not of ill, "it cannot be my fate,"
As drop by drop the water fills the pot,
So slowly good men good accumulate.
- 122.—Think not of good, "it cannot by my fate."
As drop by drop the water fills the pot,
So slowly bad men woes accumulate.
- 123.—Just as the lord of some rich caravan
Whose guard is scanty, fears the highwayman;
As one who loves his life must poison shun,
Be wise and guard 'gainst evil deeds begun.
- 124.—Thou mayest poison handle if thy palm
Contain no wound; whole skin no poison fears;
There is no ill for him that doth no harm.
- 125.—Who on a harmless creature worketh pain,
In whom no fault, in whom no ill is found,
Upon that fool his evil deeds rebound,
As fine dust cast i' the wind falls back again.
- 126.—Some men by birth a life on earth attain;
The wicked go to hell, the good to heaven;
But holy saints are never born again.
- 127.—Not in the air nor middle of the sea,
Nor entering a mountain cave to hide,
Nor anywhere on earth canst thou abide
Where from thy ill deeds thou canst set thee free.
- 128.—Not in the air nor middle of the sea,
Nor entering a mountain cave to hide,
Nor anywhere on earth canst thou abide
Where Death shall not pursue and conquer thee.

Chapter 10.—Punishment.

- 129.—All beings fear the rod, all fear to die;
Regard them as thyself; strike not nor slay.
- 130.—All beings fear the rod; all love their life;
Regard them as thyself; strike not nor slay.

Padmavatee.

of a tree in the open plain, under which he was seated to rest himself. The captain with great condescension went up to him and said, "Noble Yaksha, I thank thee in the name of my sovereign. Personally, and as the King's officer, what can I do for thee or thine?" The Yaksha mused for a while. Then turning to the captain, he said, "True nobility is stamped on thy face. Can I speak to thee freely?" A hundred suspicions now shot across the captain's mind; but betraying no signs of it, he said, "I shall be frank with thee. Thou mayest speak to me freely what thou likest; but if it has anything to do with Chora Sena, it were better not to take me into thy confidence." "I know nothing of Chora" ("the robber") was the proud retort of the Yaksha, "but my conversation may certainly have to do with Sena

the Prince. It is not proposed to take thee into my confidence; thou didst make an offer of service; my object was to see if it can be accepted." The officer felt the rebuke, which he had least expected; and much surprised he said: "Pray tell me, who art thou?" The Yaksha looked at him full in the face and asked "canst thou recognize me?" "We have met before at court." The captain looked at him for a while and in two seconds, said in a tone of dignified respect, "I am pleased to see Your Highness. But why in this guise?" So saying he too sat on the ground, as a mark of courtesy to his visitor. "I am obeying the behests of my nephew, the Prince," said the other. "He wants me to go about, see the country for myself, and put down lawlessness. Of course I have to go with my eyes open but myself not open to the eyes of others."

- 131.—Whoso treats pleasure-loving creatures ill,
When he seeks bliss for self he shall not find it.
- 132.—Whoso treats pleasure-loving creatures well,
When he seeks happiness for self, shall find it.
- 133.—Use not harsh speech; when harshly spoken to
Men may retort; painful are quarrellings,
And punishment may follow thy harsh words.
- 134.—If thou canst keep thy tongue from wagging off,
Silent as some cracked gong, thou hast thereby
Nibbana won; no brawling is in thee.
- 135.—As with a stick the herdsman drives his kine,
So death and age compel the lives of men.
- 136.—The fool in doing ill knows not his folly;
His own deeds, like a fire, the fool consume.
- 137.—He who offends the harmless innocent
Soon reaches one of these ten states of woe:—
- 138.—Sharp pain, disease or bodily decay,
Grievous disaster, or a mind distraught,
- 139.—Oppression by the king, or calumny,
Loss of relations, loss of all his wealth,
- 140.—His house burned by a thunderbolt of fire;
At death, poor fool, he finds rebirth in hell.
- 141.—Not nakedness nor matted hair nor filth,
Not fasting long nor lying on the ground,
Not dust and dirt, nor squatting on the heels,
Can cleanse the mortal that is full of doubt.
- 142.—But one that lives a calm and tranquil life,
Though gaily decked, if tamed, restrained, he live
Walking the holy path in righteousness,
Laying aside all harm to living things,
True mendicant, ascetic, Brahmin he.
- 143.—Who in this world is so restrained by shame
That, like a thoroughbred flicked by the whip,
He can think lightly of the lash of blame?
- 144.—By faith and virtue, energy, and mind
In perfect balance, searching of the Law,
Perfect in knowledge and good practices,
Perfect in concentration of your thoughts,
Ye shall strike off this multitude of woes.
- 145.—As cultivators guide the water-course,
As fletchers straighten out the arrow-shaft,
As carpenters warp timber to their needs,
So righteous men subdue and train themselves.

F. L. WOODWARD.

Captain: "Then your nephew is not the robber he is reported to be?" Yaksha: "By no means. I am sorry to say it is Sinhalese bandits, men of your race, who are committing these crimes and exploiting the name of my nephew to put the authorities off the scent."

Captain: "Then why does not your nephew come forward, and take his proper place in the world?" "His proper place in the world?" repeated the Yaksha, who as the reader may have already guessed, was the Regent of Bintenna. "Those words supply the answer. He wants to take his proper place in the world, and that is the reason for his not coming out so soon."

"I cannot understand you," said the captain desiring to be further enlightened.

"Well you see," said the Regent, "when my nephew left home, it was

with the view of saving his life from the machinations of our powerful enemies. But since then, his views have expanded and his ambition has grown. But here we are!" said he recollecting himself, "I am on most important concern of ours and apparently trespassing on your attention with my confidence."

"Pray your Highness, go on," said the captain; his interest now thoroughly aroused: "what is your nephew's ambition?"

Regent: "But can I speak to you freely?"

Captain: "With entire freedom. Every word will be held sacred."

Regent: "Thank you, my nephew's ambition is to win the personal esteem of the King, gain the friendship of your Sinhalese nobles, and free the Yakshas from the state of thralldom in which they now

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TIME WAS, IS, AND SHALL BE.



If we, searching for the beginning of time, throw our mental gaze a million years back, reason tells us that the beginning is not there. If we go back a billion centuries, a decillion aeons, it is no more removed from that point as it is from to-day. No! our search is fruitless; it is an impossible task. The further and further our mental vision penetrates, no nearer are we in getting a glimpse of the dawn. The infinity of time is a proposition that will be readily conceded.

Let us compare the age of this earth of ours, which we with our limited ideas of Time call "hoary." Science tells us of a Nebular Theory, of a mass of incandescent gas and vapour cooling in the lapse of time into the Solar System with the earth, moon, and other planets revolving round the sun which still remains incandescent. Therefore science is able to determine the beginning of the Earth:—whether it is a million years or a billion centuries ago is immaterial for the purposes of our subject. The religions which teach of a creator assigns a much shorter period to the life of this world. Buddhism dates the present cosmogony from the beginning of the existing Maha Bhadra Kalpa. Therefore the comparative age of the earth of ours is infinitesimally small; it is far less than a moment measured by the standard of endless time. As to what existed prior to the mass of incandescent gas and vapour and from what that mass was formed, or prior to the creation of the earth and all its concomitants, science and Christianity are silent. "Matter is indestructible" is almost the very first rule that science lays down. Inversely, it is true matter cannot be formed out of nothing: matter is formed out of matter. Change is of the essence of things, and to imagine that this gaseous mass prior to its transformation into the solar system had always been in that condition without its having resulted from some other matter is opposed to the fundamental principles of science. What that other matter was science does not pretend to teach us. Scientists with their limited human intellect have not been able to penetrate the mist.

If we turn to the Christian idea of a creator existing from all time, we are forced to the conclusion that this Eternal Being was dwelling in empty space in solitary idleness for countless aeons upon aeons until not a moment ago he suddenly conceived the idea of creating this universe. The innumerable creatures whom, regardless of their wishes, he has brought within this moment from Nowhere into this world, attest his manifold and ever increasing activities. Our Christian brethren who unknowingly cast the unmerited reproach of inactivity in the teeth of Buddhism have much material for reflection upon this aspect of their all perfect creator rousing himself suddenly to activity from a state of quiescence, co-existent with time and uninterrupted by the least exertion on his part. Such a Being is quite different from the Christian conception of God, ever-active and

vigilant. Nevertheless, if we take the Bible as our basis, what other conclusion regarding this Being can we arrive at?

True, the creation of Heaven is placed first. Let there be no cavil over this, or other immaterial questions, e.g. whether angels were created before Heaven, or whether they otherwise arose into existence. What we are concerned with is the Christian assertion of a creation at some definite point in the past, however far remote it might be from the present. What do we then find to have existed prior to such creation? Eternal Time and space and this Eternal Being. The duration of his prior existence is immeasurable, infinitely more than the period of time that has elapsed since the creation. His characteristics during that period of inaction still remain the same.



THE LATE BRAHMACHARIYA WALISINGHE HARISCHANDRA

A name which inspired the Buddhists throughout the length and breadth of the Island with enthusiasm. Born at Negombo in 1876, began his studies under Rev. Dhammaratne, High Priest. Later he studied Law, but in 1897 coming under the influence of The Anagarika Dharmapala he laid his whole life at the feet of Tathagata, and with untiring zeal, worked up to the time of his death on 13th September, 1913 at "Aloe Avenue." His death has caused a terrible loss to the Buddhist world. He was a man of indomitable energy, who took up all work that came in his way and did it. Breaking away from all ties that bound him to this world he took upon himself the self imposed task of meditation and strenuous toil, with a mind in harmony and unison with the word of Lord Buddha.

Calm and ever cheerful his infinite tact won for him the hearts and love of all his countrymen.

"All material things decay
This is the Law.
Being born they come to naught
Deliverance from this is happiness."

If it should, however, be contended that there were previous works of this Being of which there is no record in the Bible or elsewhere, then indeed our Christian brethren would be nearer to a correct comprehension of the Truth. There would arise before their mind's eye an endless vision of creation preceding creation, destruction of one universe followed by the creation of another. Each successive creation would involve the manifestation of previously assumption of a first cause of a created matter, the embodiment of previously created "souls"; for matter is indestructible, "souls" are immortal. But again we are forced back to the same line of reasoning. If we fix the

origin of matter, of "souls," if we discover the first cause, we fix a limit beyond which existed Time and this Eternal Being, both of incalculable duration. If, however, the series of creations is interminable, if the links of the chain of causation are numberless, if the first cause is found to be hidden however far back we may penetrate, then existence of "matter" and of "souls" is infinite. The beginning of existence is unascertainable, and the search for it, like the search for the beginning of time, is vain. We may follow up the chain of causation and fix upon a link a decillion Kalpas back, still the preceding links are infinitely more than those which we have traced and the first link is still unperceptible. We then realise that existence is infinite and that the assumption of a First Cause—of a creation—is groundless and the supposition of a creator—an originator of the so called first cause—still more mistaken. To imagine a beginning to time or to existence is a hallucina-

A Sinhalese Princess in Rajaputana.

[By MR. J. N. VETHAVANAM, M.A., B.L. & ADVOCATE.]



In the 13th century A.D. Mewar was the most powerful principality among the states of Rajaputana, and about the year 1275 A.D. Rana Kakum Singh, a boy of very tender years became the sovereign of Mewar. As the little prince was too young and unable to take the affairs of state into his hands, his uncle, Bhima Singh, was appointed Protector of the Realm. Bhima Singh, though a Rajput prince, had sought and won the hand of the beautiful Padmini, "the daughter of Hamir Sank (Cholan), of Ceylon." The glorious beauty of this Sinhalese Princess, her queenly accomplishments, her exaltation to power, her self-effacing devotion to the people of her adoption, and her final self-sacrifice, with other incidental circumstances, constitute the subject matter of one of the most popular traditions of Rajawara.

Towards the close of the 13th Century Ala-ud-din, who had taken possession of the throne of the Pathan Emperors at Delhi by treacherously murdering his uncle Julai-ud-din, was sacking with ruthless cruelty the Hindu cities of Rajaputana, and he was determined to assault and capture at any cost the almost impregnable fortress of Chitore, the Capital of the Kingdom of Mewar. With this object in view Ala-ud-din pitched his camp on the outskirts of Chitore and in skirmish outside the walls of the town he, by means of an ambush, managed to capture and make prisoner Bhima Singh the brave leader and defender of Mewar. The pathan Emperor thereafter made it known that the liberty of Bhima Singh was dependent on one condition, and only one, and that was the surrender of the beautiful Padmini into his hands. Despair and consternation reigned in Chitore when this fatal intelligence became known; the whole city was plunged in profound sorrow at the thought of the terrible fate that awaited the noble princess. When however the sad incident of the captivity of her husband and the one condition on which his liberty depended were brought to the knowledge of the devoted princess, she readily expressed her willingness to comply with the Pathan's demands in order that she might, with the sacrifice of her life, save that of her lord and master. Before she finally decided to acquiesce in the condition laid down by Ala-ud-din she had a consultation with the chiefs of her own clan of Ceylon, namely, uncle Gorah and his nephew Badul. These two chieftains, after long deliberation, devised a scheme for the liberation of their brave leader without hazarding the life or honour of their beloved princess. Messengers were despatched to the camp of Ala-ud-din with the intimation that on the day he withdrew from the trenches round Chitore the fair Padmini would be sent to him; but in a manner befitting her own and his high station. She would be accompanied by all her female attendants and hand-maids, not only by those who would follow her in her

APPAMADO AMATA PADAM.
X.Y.Z.

(Continued on page 29.)

Ahimsa (Non-Cruelty.)

BY
W. Dahanayaka.

"Then, craving leave, he spake of life, which all can take but none can give. Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep, Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each, Even to the meanest."



HEN Prince Siddhartha the Redeemer of the world, having abandoned the luxuries of his father's palace, was abiding in the joy and ease of emancipation, he one day chanced to meet some herdsmen, whose principal duty was to take charge of sheep and goats, feed them by day, and drive them home at eve. But the Prince observing that the flock was being led home at noon, a rather unusual hour, inquired as to the cause of it and learned that a hundred of these dumb creatures were to be slaughtered that night, by King Bimbisara, as a sacrifice in worship of the gods. Carrying a lamb that was hurt and lame, Our Lord proceeded towards the palace, along with the herdsmen. The populace, and the king, were alike filled with consternation on seeing a holy hermit, who, they thought, was bearing the lamb to crown the sacrifice. But not so was the intention of our gentle Lord. In the palace the soft notes of his voice fell like musical tunes on the ears of the king, and the Brahmins, who had come to aid him in the slaughter. He spoke to them of the heinous crime, they had so far been committing, in all good faith. And he pleaded in words that would have stirred the hardest and sternest of hearts, on behalf of the dumb beings, who are but subservient to the fancies and inclinations of powerful man. This discourse, coming as it did, as a surprise to all, was by no means a mere cry in the wilderness of humanity. The very next day the king issued a proclamation, edicting that no animal should be slaughtered in his realms, nay, not even for human consumption.

This was by no means the only occasion on which our Lord advocated the noble doctrine of Ahimsa. Numerous discourses dealing with the evils resulting from killing, and portraying its Karmic results, flowed from His gentle lips. In fact, so that erring man may not lightly pass it over He has laid it down as the first of His ten noble precepts. "All beings tremble at death, all beings fear punishment, remember that you are like unto them, and do not kill nor cause slaughter." What noble and wholesome sentiments embody these terse and crisp statements. If nothing can move a man; if no reasonable arguments can persuade him to be an observer or Ahimsa; let the thought that all living beings treasure their own lives dearest, move him to pity. Aye, for pity's sake, if not for anything else! So taught Lord Buddha, the brilliant radiance shed by Whose teaching is a consummate guidance, to enable men to cross the ocean of transmigrating existence, and reach the Other Shore (Nirvana).

One of the chief arguments we, as Buddhists, bring forward in the advocacy of Ahimsa is that, since Karma is the Law governing all, and since it is no respecter of persons, each man or woman is liable to be reborn in some lower form of being, as beast or bird, according as each deserves. Hence follows the self-evident and palpable conclusion, that in killing an animal, of however low form, it may be, that we are committing as great a sin as the murder of a fellowman of ours. It is a misunderstanding of this fact that makes the world more miserable than it would otherwise be. On the occasion narrated above, when our Lord condemned and censured the practice of sacrifice, in the glowing words of Sir Arnold, he taught

"How fair This earth were if all living beings be linked in friendliness and common use of foods, bloodless and pure."

The Karmic results, that a person has to undergo, by not obeying this precept and doctrine, are very serious though condign endless suffering in hell, rebirth in a lower form of being, (if born as a man) the deformation or lack of some organs of the body are a few, of the many results that a man brings on himself by killing, or even causing hurt. Hence, we find that, to walk in the Noble Eight fold Path of Virtue, a disciple of Buddha has to eradicate from his mind the passion and thirst for bloodshed and carnage, so often found in this world. It is perhaps not widely known, that the resolution or determination to kill, amounts to almost as much as slaughter itself, and does not escape the clutching hands of Karma. The measures, that one adopts, in depriving a being of life, also, in a great degree, determine the consequences that result therefrom. For example, the employing implements of torture is heavily punishable. This is one of the cruelest, if not the most, cruel wickedness that the officious and meddlesome hand of man has contrived or invented. The rack, the inquisition, the guillotine, are notorious examples that shock and horrify the student of history. It may not be out of place to mention the undeniable fact that this tendency towards cruelty is attributable to non-adherence to Buddhism, or any other religion with the same noble and elevated principles. The sublime Teachings of the god-like Nazarene leave such to be desired. "Christian Civilisation might profit from Buddhism" said Rev. W. H. H. Murray, at Boston, U.S.A., about 40 years ago. "And New England

might go to school in China and India. While old England and New England have used the rack, the cell, the dungeon, the inquisition and thousands of implements of torture, there have been twentyfour hundred years of Buddhism with not a drop of blood in its onward march; not a groan along its pathway. It has never persecuted; never deceived the people; never practised pious fraud; never appealed to prejudice; never used the sword.

Writing of bloodshed one notices that Europe has seen more slaughter, in its few centuries of so-called civilisation, than, the East in more than double that time. The recent gigantic and colossal struggle in Europe, the likeness of which had never been heard of or dreamed of before, nipped in the bud the youthful careers of an innumerable host of men. Its origin, we may without fear of contradiction say, was due to the hatred, international inter-racial that emanated from commercial rivalry, we read in the five hundred and fifty Jataka tales of how our Lord even in previous births showed an aversion for the very sight of blood, and all manner of causing suffering or hurt. As the commander of a great army, he, we are told, obstinately declined to fight against a comparatively weaker enemy who threatened the gates of the royal city. Should not all Buddhists hold fast to the same course of conduct that adopted by the Bodhisatta? Ought we not to strive and check an evil, monstrous in its effects and consequences, which has so far been wrongly termed a necessity?



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT PIRIVENA ENTRANCE.

The method of invoking the blessings of the gods, by sacrificing dumb animals, prohibited by Lord Buddha in the story above epitomised, was another cruel form of slaughter among the ancients. It was in vogue in almost every country, and every world empire of those dark and dismal ages. In Egypt, as one may read in the Old Testament of the Bible, slaughter for sacrifice was very common. The sins of all used to be laid on the lamb or goat, and with the assistance of priests, the innocent, harmless animal was slaughtered! Rome and Greece, which are now mere names, also, cherished this common delusion. How ridiculous of such people to attempt a reconciliation, between themselves and the gods, termed good, by means of the sight of gore, which deities hate!

With regard to Ahimsa and meat-eating, a question that has been mooted by learned Westerners, as well

as Easterners, we are confronted with a veritable problem. The question arises whether or not those, who eat meat, are observers of Ahimsa. The Teaching of the Buddha, however, is this. He does not forbid His disciples the eating of meat and fish, provided that they comply with three important conditions. The fish or meat must be awfully pure in three ways: unseen (adittham,) unheard (asutam,) and unsuspected (aparisaukhattam) to put it more explicitly, the monk, or disciple, must neither have seen that the being in question was slaughtered for his very sake, nor must he have heard so, nor must he entertain any suspicion whatsoever that it is so. Such meat is termed "meat already existing," as opposed to "meat purposely obtained." The consumption of the latter variety is contrary to the Buddha's precepts. Hence we arrive at the conclusion, as the Buddha taught in the Amagandha Sutta, that it is no sin to eat meat subject to the above conditions, nor does such an action involve any sort of uncleanness. But for us, who are weak, frail and human, would it not be more prudent to altogether abstain from meat-eating? Is not discretion the better part of valour?

We are supposed to be living in an age when civilisation is at the zenith of its lustre; when knowledge is not a lonely eremite, but a citizen, and a leader of citizens. Yet how often do we forget that we are far behind those ancient men of India, who prohibited the slaughter of any animal whatsoever! Has there been any attempt, may, thought, on the part of our civilised and up-to-date governments to stamp out from

find themselves, in varying degrees in various parts of the country."

Captain: "But the King's laws, as they are, make no distinction between Yaksha and Sinhalese."

Regent: "That is the theory. My nephew's ambition is to see that the theory is but the enunciation of the practice."

Captain: "A noble ambition! Has the Prince any hope of success?"

Regent: "His latest epistle to me is full of hope. He says we have a powerful friend already in a member of the royal family."

Captain: "Ah! I see. Prince Asela. He has already shown signs of it more than once. Now to our point. What can I do for you, noble sir?"

Regent: "We want no favours. If ever you happen to be in the presence of the King, see that His Majesty hears of us only what is true and just."

Captain: "That I will, on my honour."

After this both rose, kissed the hands of each other and parted. This exchange of the kiss of peace greatly scandalized Loku Rala, an attendant of Lady Padmavatee, who gave vent to his feelings in this wise:—

"Our misfortune is always the good fortune of these vile Yakshas. They now kiss our gentlemen. Whom next?"

Of course, he, received no reply to this question, and was proud of his hit.

CHAPTER V.

Lady Padmavatee took several days to regain her strength and vigour, and during those days of prostration, she was tenderly cared for by her women, the heavy dulness of the hours being often enlivened by the presence of Captain Vira Sena, who cracked jokes at the women, told them stories, played and laughed with them, and in a hundred ways, made the place bright and happy. Very soon, the women began to perceive that the mere presence of the captain did more good to their lady, than all their restoratives, and that his buoyancy of spirits was gradually communicating itself to her. So they invited him to come often, and tell those nice tales to which their mistress was no less an interested listener than themselves. They had perceived also that their lady's interest in the tales, and the great delight she experienced in listening to them was due not only to the enthralling character of the tales themselves, but also in some degree to a latent cause which was perhaps as yet unsuspected by the lady herself, yet, like a tiny spark, had come into being. They rejoiced at this, and in their feminine way, did everything in their power (and that was much) to fan the spark into a flame. Every story, every jest was now given a local turn and applied to present situations. Loku Rala was fitted in, as the hero of many a fine story, one of the women themselves taking the place of heroine, to the great disgust of that worthy gentleman, who protested against the liberty taken by girls of yesterday with his fine name of at

"Kill not, for pity's sake, and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its
upward way."

W. DAHANAYAKA
"Sri Bhavana"
Galle; 27-2-20.

least sixty years old! Then the women would most apologetically withdraw his name and substitute that of the captain, but wondering the while who should be the heroine in that case. Many a sly glance, with many a smile went in one direction, but neither the captain nor the party intended, was supposed to observe. For, in the East, there is no love-making direct between the parties interested, it being considered not good manners for a young man and a maiden to speak on *affaires du cœur*, or to indulge in talk tending in that direction. But it is a mistake to suppose on that account that there is no courting or making of love. These are there, only they are carried on by one or more intermediaries,



RUWANWELI DAGOBA AND THE MURA-GE (Guard House) See page 11.

who banter and joke and laugh on their own account as it were; but it is felt underneath the surface, that this is all done in the interest of the hero and the heroine, to make it easy for them to understand the feelings of one another, without offending against the rules of etiquette. Such was the case when the women of Padmavatee were having their fun and frolic with Captain Vira Sena. All their witticisms pointed to one idea, and when the point was too plain to be misunderstood, Padmavatee would feign to be angry and chide them for being so forward and naughty to the captain. One day the stories and the conversation turned on the subject of the Yakshas of Ceylon—a subject on which Loku Rala posed as a great authority. He was present and heard with great indignation the captain dwelling upon their heroic deeds and generous disposition. Padmavatee and her women were interested to learn that the Yakshas, as it appeared to be undoubtedly the case, were after all a race of human beings with many fine qualities worthy of admiration. But Loku Rala scouted the idea, declaring that they were "devils" pure and simple, fit only to be exterminated. The women pointed out that they had saved the life of their lady at the peril of their own.

"That is exactly my point" said Loku Rala with emphasis, "If they are allowed to live, they must serve us. Of course, not for nothing. In this case, they have had their reward in the honour of touching the body of

our lady, and left a large balance in our favour. In satisfaction of that balance, I hope His Honour the Captain here, will have one of them at least executed, so that the account may be squared, and that that tusk of theirs may begin operations again with a clean slate." After delivering himself of this oration, he looked around him so that the audience may see the triumphant expression of his face and be convinced in case they still had any lingering doubts. Fully impressed with the sage character of his conclusions, which however were above their wits, one of the women, from sheer curiosity, inquired who the tusk was. Loku Rala: "Why! that famous bandit Chora Sena, whom they call their Prince."

Woman: "Why do you call him tusk?"

Loku Rala: "Why! have not all those devils got tusks curving out at the ends of their mouths?"

Woman: "I did not see any in the devils that saved the life of our mistress."

Loku Rala: "Ah! they are a lower breed. But in the higher ranks, their tusks are enormously developed."

"Has Chora Sena, then, got tusks?" asked the Lady Padmavatee, unable to restrain her curiosity.

"My dear lady," said Loku Rala, in a tone of mingled humility and superior knowledge, "you can judge for yourself. The last time I saw him, how far do you think I had run before ever I stopped to look back, or take breath? A full half a mile I assure you. And why? Not because I was afraid, but because I did not want to receive a shock to my nervous system by looking at those horrible fangs and the rest of his dental apparatus."

Padmavatee's generous soul was moved with pity. She turned to Vira Sena and asked "Could all this be true captain? Is he really so hideous?"

Vira Sena: "Dear Lady, my friend here speaks with personal authority. Who could contradict such first-hand information?"

Padmavatee: "I am sincerely sorry. Enemy though he be by heredity and choice, I wish he were such an enemy as one may look upon without recoiling."

Loku Rala looked about him full of importance.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Padmavatee had made her appearance at Court, and created a tremendous sensation. The heads of the young nobles had been simply turned, and even the ladies acknowledged the irresistible character of her charms, which however they qualified by the remark that they were mainly due to the bloom of youth. Princess Anula, who was going to be a nun, was delighted to see a young relative who will take that place in court that she was vacating, where King and courtiers alike paid their homage to beauty. The Queen was glad that Princess Anula had been eclipsed after all. Every one was pleased. The young nobles wrote sonnets: even Prince Asela, who was known to be a man of the sword, rather than of the pen, was supposed to have tried his hand at an ode. In short, Lady Padmavatee was the one topic of the day, in the midst of thousands of other distractions attendant on the grand preparations going on apace for the reception of the Princess Imperial of India. Princess Anula, proud of her young debutante had however one anxiety; she was anxious, before she retired into seclusion, to provide for her young relative a powerful arm on which she could lean. Many envoys from various nobles had already come to her and

had had interviews. She was considering their proposals and was surprised to see that there was no message from Captain Vira Sena who was one of the most eligible young men of the day, having attracted the notice of the court and already rising rapidly. He was in sole military command of the Provinces of Wellassa and Bintenna, with the supervision of the high ways; and on his return to the city after doing signal service, had received the additional distinction of being appointed Deputy Governor of the city, under Prince Uttiya brother of the King, during the forthcoming festivities.

Princess Anula, with her cheek resting on her hand, thought for some time on the possible causes of his apparent indifference, and at the end of her musings came to a charitable conclusion. "Possibly he is a *novus homo*, as is alleged by the many enemies his success has created. He is afraid of getting a rebuff. But let me see if that should be a sufficient reason to shut him out, if the question comes up."

Very soon the upper circles of society at Anuradhapura had but one subject of all absorbing discussion, the contest for the hand of Padmavatee. It had now assumed the proportions of a state question, and apparently the king had to decide. There were many nobles in the field, backed up by high influence at court, and to the surprise of all they heard that the name of the Prince of Bintenna had been put forward as a competitor. What was still more strange, it was reported that in spite of all the exploits of that individual as a free-booter—exploits which had been ringing throughout the country for years past,—his suit was likely to prove formidable to the others.

(Continued on page 28.)

The Practical and Positive Aspects of Buddhism.



WHILE almost all the known religions of the world teach us to accept without proper reasoning and investigation certain dogmas on mere faith, it is only Buddhism that teaches us "to know and see things as they naturally or really are" (Yatha bhutan-passati janati), "and accept that which agrees with one's reason and consciousness, and leads to the well-being and happiness of self, of others, or of both self and others."

Several writers have said that Buddhism is an inactive and pessimistic religion. The celebrated verse in which all the teachings of Buddhism are summed up, as well as the other quotations from the Dhammapada will show that it is not so:—

"To cease from doing all demerits (vices),
To acquire and accumulate merits (virtues),
To purify one's own mind—
This is the advice of the Buddhas."

"Rise up! and loiter not!
Practise a normal life and right!
Who follows virtue rests in bliss,
Both in this world and in the next."

"No one saves us but ourselves;
No one can and no one may;
We ourselves must walk the path;
Buddhas merely teach the way."

The Law of Karma stands as a stimulant to activity and manliness, by teaching that each action, whether mental or physical, produces its results without the aid of gods or any other metaphysical beings, and thereby gives liberty to mould one's well-being by one's own hands according to one's own wishes without throwing one upon the mercy of a second being, on whose whims and caprices one has to depend for one's future, either in this life, or in a life beyond the grave.

It is true that Buddhism teaches the existence of Suffering in all the worlds, and all sentient beings including Devas and other deities are subject to this inexorable law of nature. For teaching this truth it is wrong to conclude that Buddhism is pessimistic. "The attainment of the Fruit of the first Path," says the Buddha, "is better than becoming the Emperor of the whole world, better than going to a world of Devas (which is replete with sensuous pleasures), better than sovereignty over all the worlds" (of the Sensuous Religions). Consequently, the Fruits of the other three Paths and of Nibbana must be higher and sweeter than the first. If such a teaching can be called pessimism, it is hard to conceive what optimism is.

Quite unlike the theistic creeds that promise for good deeds done a reward in a life beyond the grave, and threaten the evil-doer with punishment in an eternal hell after his death, the Buddhist ethical code, which is based on Universal Love, Universal Pity, Universal Sympathy, and Universal Neutrality, is simple, practical, fruitful, and devoid of

* The Kalama Sutta.

intercessions and metaphysical subtleties. In several Suttas the Buddha explicitly says that "His teachings produce visible results without delay, can be shown saying 'come here and look at it,' and can be verified by practice," (ayan dhammo sanditthiko akaliko chi-passiko &c.) The Dithadhamma-vedaniya Kamma, or the Kamma that produces its results in this existence, according to the Law of Karma, belongs to the category of Sanditthika Dhamma that produces visible results. The following quotations taken from the Pitakas show its nature:—

In the Dhammapada the Buddha says: "Those who inflict pain on the innocent and harmless, will, without delay, be subject to one of the ten

from gambling. They are:—(1) If the gambler be the winner, he becomes the object of others' hatred; (2) if he be the loser, he becomes a prey to mental pains; (3) his wealth is destroyed; (4) he is despised by his friends and relatives; (5) his word is not credited; (6) he is not recognised as eligible for matrimony, as a gambler cannot maintain his wife and children with respect."

The Sanditthika Sutta clearly gives the visible fruits of those who follow the teachings of the Buddha:—A certain wandering ascetic of the Brahman caste came to the Buddha and asked:—"Lord Gotama! Thou teachest that the results of Dhamma could be known by oneself practically. How could the results of Dhamma be known practically? Does it produce its results without delay? Could it be shown saying 'come here and look at this? Could it be approached or acquired? Could

from lust, he does not commit evil by his body, by his speech, or by his thoughts. Brahman! he who is dazed with lust, who is overpowered by lust, and whose mind is entangled in lust, does not perceive things that are beneficial to self, beneficial to others, or beneficial to both self and others. But when he is liberated from lust he perceives things that are beneficial to self, beneficial to others, or beneficial to both self and others" (Likewise with hate and nescience). "Brahman! thus could the results of Dhamma be known and seen by self practically, thus it produces its results without delay, thus it could be shown saying 'Come here and look at this,' thus it could be approached and acquired, and thus could the learned know it, and realize it themselves practically."

In the Majjhima Nikaya the Buddha advises the cultivation of the Four Infinities in this manner:—"Rahula! Practise the mental development of Universal Love, and it will dispel whatever ill-will is in thee; practise the mental development of Universal Pity, and it will dispel whatever weariness is in thee; practise the mental development of Universal Sympathy, and it will dispel whatever dissatisfaction is in thee; practise the mental development of Universal Neutrality, and it will dispel whatever displeasure is in thee."

The results of cultivating Universal Love are thus given by the Buddha in the Anguttara Nikaya:—Bhikkhus! He who develops Universal Love by practising it over and over, by practising it repeatedly, by making it his vehicle, by making it his support, by making it a thing that is done repeatedly with perseverance, by making it his habit, and by making it that which is perfectly well established, will be happy with the eleven good results that it produces. What are the eleven? They are: (1) He sleeps well, (2) wakes well, (3) is not troubled by frightful dreams, (4) becomes agreeable to human beings, (5) becomes agreeable to non-human beings, (6) is protected by Devas, (7) is not hurt by fire, poison, or weapons, (8) his thoughts are easily and readily concentrated, (9) his countenance becomes inviting, (10) he will be conscious in his dying moment, and (11) if he be one who did not enter into one of the four Paths of Tranquility, he will be born in an abode of the "Noble Ones."

Good results, visible to self and others, are produced when one, avoiding the two extremes known as Sensualism and Asceticism, to which all other religions belong, walks in the Middle Path called the noble Eight fold Path of (1) Right Knowledge, (2) Right Intention, (3) Right Speech, (4) Right Action, (5) Right Livelihood, (6) Right Energy, (7) Right Investigative Recollection, and (8) Right Concentration of Thoughts. Those devoted to higher mental development reap the following good results:—The ten Unpleasant Objects and the Recollection on the Physical Body produce the separation from the lust of life, lust of wealth, lust of position, lust of fame, and sensuous appetites; the Recollection on Inspirations and Expirations causes the destruction of delusive

(Continued on page 25.)

The Sangha In the West.



WHEN I was asked to make a contribution to "the Buddhist Annual," the one subject which came uppermost to my mind was the establishment of a permanent chapter of the Sangha in the West. This is one of the greatest needs at the present moment, which is the most opportune for this task. There are hundreds of people here who are dissatisfied with their religion, because it gave them no hopes and no consolation after all the suffering they had undergone during the past five years. They want a higher truth, which will apply to every individual case. No one can deny that Europe went through a terrible mental and physical strain, probably the greatest ever recorded in history, during the recent suicidal war. People have started to think for themselves, instead of getting others to think for them. They have begun to doubt the power and even the existence of an all-merciful and Almighty God, after the horrors they have witnessed. Hence the increasing desire to find out or know something else which will satisfactorily explain their helpless position. Mrs. A. asks herself why her husband should have been killed, and not her neighbour's. Miss B. wants to know why her lover has lost both legs, and not her friend's C's, etc. This kind of deep thought enters the minds of the vast majority of people who have lost some one or endured some other irreparable loss. They find that there has been something wrong in the life that they have been leading. Before the war, there was one religion in Europe, and that was materialism. A man reckoned time, not by the amount of knowledge he acquired, not by the amount of good he did to others, but by the amount of money he amassed by fair or foul means; in a word he counted his days, hours and minutes by pounds, shillings, and pence. His great ambition was to become rich quickly, no matter how he did it. As it was with the individuals, so it was with the nations. But now people have realised that money alone is not everything, that titles alone would not bring them true happiness, that life is too short for giving every person a fair chance to lead a good, contented and useful life. Hence the ever increasing belief in the West in re-birth, and the ever increasing thirst for Buddhist knowledge. The Sunday Meetings of the Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland help them only to a limited extent. This is not enough. A permanent Sangha alone can satisfy the demands. This want the people here themselves have keenly felt. Under the present

circumstances, when Buddhism is most urgently needed, when Buddhism will be the panacea for all the ills in the West, the establishment of the Sangha in England is an absolute necessity. The whole world will be grateful to us if we carry out this mission, for we ourselves know how grateful we are to the Noble Emperor Dharmasoka for having sent his son the great Mahinda and his daughter Sangamitta to give us the Dharma of our Master, Who taught us that the gift of the Dharma excels all other gifts. Therefore I appeal to my countrymen especially and to the educated Buddhists of all countries generally to accomplish this most noble and meritorious task.

A. W. P. JAYATILAKA.

Middle Temple,
London, E.C.

The Practical and Positive

ASPECTS OF BUDDHISM

ideas and metaphysical speculations; the Recollection on transience produces the isolation from ninefold pride; the fourfold Jhana causes the acquisition of Abhinna, or the super-normal power of performing wonderful phenomena: the Recollection on the

impermanence, suffering, and delusion of the "I am I consciousness" leads to the attainment of the special knowledge that leads to the Nibbana: the suppression of conception, reflection, joy, &c., causes the attainment of Nirodha Samapatti, or the enjoyment, Nibbanic bliss in this world and in this life. Further it is distinctly stated that the cultivation and development of Vipassana or the Special Knowledge eradicates cravings, dispels doubts, subdues passions, generates mental activity, dissipates speculations, curbs the pursuit after vanities, destroys pride, hate, and avarice, develops knowledge, and leads in this life to a state of purity, serenity, and tranquility.

The practical nature of the acquisition of Abhinna is thus spoken of by the Buddha in the Akhankheyya Sutta of the Majjhima Nikaya:—If a Bhikkhu desire to acquire the Knowledge of Abhinna and to assume many forms, to become visible or invisible, to go through walls, ramparts, or mountains as if through air, to sink into the ground as if in water, to walk on water as if on solid ground, to travel through the air like a bird, to go from this to other worlds, or if he desire to read the thoughts of others, or to know his previous existences, whether they be one hundred, one thousand, a hundred thousand or more, with such

particulars as his name, the names of those amongst whom he was, as well as the names of places he was born in, or if he wishes to acquire clear hearing or clear vision of sounds and objects that are afar, or if he wishes to attain intellectual development, then, he must be perfect in the observance of moral precepts, must be able to concentrate thoughts, and bring them into perfect tranquility, diligently practise Jhana, and attain Abhinna by being a frequenter of solitary and lonely places."

Regarding the breaking of the Ten Fetters called the Delusion of self, &c., and entering the Paths, the Buddha in the Maha Vaga says thus. "The learned and noble disciple, perceiving that this is not mine, I am not this, this is not my ego, is disgusted with the physical body, sensation, perception, mental syntheses, thoughts, and consciousness. When disgusted, he is freed from thirst. From the absence of thirst, he becomes free, and when he is free, he knows practically that he is free. He then knows that his rebirth has ceased, that he has acquired the Higher Life, that he has done what he ought to have done, and that he has nothing more to do for his tranquility."

In the Sanyutta Nikaya the Buddha thus says about the *Samman* bonum:—"When *Vimana* is void of a resting place, it does not develop and accumulate Karma, and becomes free. When free it becomes tranquil. When tranquil, it becomes blissful, it does not agitate, and acquires Nibbana by itself. Then it knows that its re-birth has ceased, that it has entered the Higher Life, that it has done what ought to have been done, and that it has nothing more to do for its Tranquility."

Such quotations as the above mentioned may be multiplied a hundred-fold, but this much will suffice to show the Practical and Positive Aspects of Buddhism. For further particulars the reader may profitably consult the Sigalovada Sutta, Samanna-phala Sutta, &c.

J. WETHA SINHA.



STATUE OF
KING DUTTHA GAMANI or DUTU GEMUNU.

calamities known as (1) acute physical pains, (2) losses caused by others, (3) injuries to body, (4) affliction from painful disease, (5) mental derangement, (6) punishment by rulers or magistrates, (7) serious accusations, (8) loss of those who are dear and near, (9) destruction of wealth, (10) destruction of residence by fire."

In the sermon on the Lay Morality called the Sigalovada Sutta the Buddha says:—"Six evils result from the addiction to intoxicating liquors and drugs that cause delay and procrastination. They are:—(1) waste of wealth, (2) entanglement in quarrels and disputes, (3) affliction from various diseases, (4) loss of reputation and honour, (5) exposure of the person, and (6) mental ineptitude." In the same Sutta, regarding gambling the Buddha says: "Six evils result

the learned know it themselves positively by practice?" The Buddha, whose principal teaching is the separation from lust, hate, and nescience, replied thus: "Brahman! He who is dazed (literally heated) with lust, who is overpowered by lust, and whose mind is entangled in lust, thinks of things that are dangerous to self, dangerous to others, dangerous to both self and others. He feels mental pain, and he is unhappy. When lust is eradicated from him, he does not think of things that bring evil on self, evil on others, or evil on both self and others. He is neither unhappy, nor is he subject to mental pain. Brahman! he who is dazed with lust, who is overpowered by lust, and whose mind is entangled in lust, commits evil by his body, by his words, and by his thoughts. But when he is liberated

ASOKA EDICT.

No degrading of other sects, no depreciating of others without cause; but, on the contrary, a rendering of honour to other sects for whatever in them is worthy of honour! By so doing, both one's own sect will be helped forward and other sects benefited; by acting otherwise, one's own sect will be destroyed in the injuring of others.



THUPARAMA DAGOBA AND DALADA MALIGAWA RUINS.

ODE TO THE LORD BUDDHA.

WHEN chaos gave his sceptre up to Light
Not all the splendors of the noontime bright,
Nor those gay rovers of the air
The burnished humming birds that dart
Their keen stiletos to the heart
Of the red rose that bloometh passing fair;
No whispering trees, nor sunset's fervid might,
Melting to stars' neath kisses of the night:
Not all the burning gold that fell
On hapless Danae as she lay,
Ere matched the radiance of that May,
The charm, the beauty of its magic spell.

Stern Force from out the ocean bed did tear
The rocks and mountains that were slumbering there
And with titanic hand it hurled
The granite to the startled skies.
While godlike anthems did arise,
"Love and compassion cometh o'er the world.
The age of strife shall pass; a better day
When the white beams of Truth shall have full sway
And Buddha in His glory reign.
His gracious influence shall be
Felt o'er the earth from sea to sea
The Holy One, The Perfect, free from stain."

In streams of fire the heavens blazed His fame,
The stars did cry aloud this deathless name
"Hail to the coming light," they cried
"The welcome One shall set men free,
From sin, and shame, and misery,
And teach them in their own strength to abide."
And at those words the earth poured forth in glee,
Such wealth of flowers, such woodland minstrelsy,
That to the star worlds she did seem
A ball of blossoms floating there
In clouds of incense rich and rare,
A mystery, a marvel, and a dream.

And music sweet from heaven's brilliant Lyre
Did breathe such glowing and immortal fire,
That spirits also with one voice
Did sing, "a wondrous God is born
Fair as a golden summer morn,
Bearer of Peace to make all things rejoice;
Ye stars fling now your splendid banners out
And waterful Draco, rise, uncoil and shout
Sin's forces to darkness have fled,
Reborn from the Tusita fair.
He comes sad mortals' griefs to share
With truth's laurel crown adorning His head."

And boreal lights danced softly from the Pole
In silv'ry waves full silently they stole,
Athwart the blackness of the night.
Their robes of red and gold were trailed
O'er violet depths that softly veiled
The stellar glories of the fields of light,
The rainbow sprang to life at thought of Him
And moon beams sliding softly o'er the rim
Of the glad beauteous world beheld
The gracious new-born Lord, benign,
Great India's son, godlike, divine,
The Bleasted One, the Wise One, Unexcelled.

Thy Name was written on eternal hills,
By flowery fingers; and the sparkling rills
Did leap to greet it joyfully,
The happy East burst into flame
And rare and lovely colors came
That formed a radiant halo around Thee,
Thou art, O Lord, the golden calm of eve
And round Thee, peace her tranquil spells doth weave.
Immortal Friend of hapless man,
Our hope, our stay, our refuge here,
No longer is life's journey drear,
With Thee, our Leader of the Caravan.

Who takes Thy ideal hath not lived in vain.
Greater than warrior's meed shall be his gain.
Enlightened Son of ruthless time
As the majestic Moon doth draw
The ocean tides by nature's law,
O Lord, approach us, crowned with light sublime
Raise us above the quicksands of dread sin
To reach the heights that through Thee all may win
And dwell with Thee in purity.
Lo, from the depths our voices cry
In pain, and grief and agony,
From the abyss, O Lord; draw us to Thee.

O Thou, of wisdom and of truth supreme
What if life's morn were dark, and o'er its stream
The chill and bitter rain fell fast?
And youth's red smiling lips did taste
The Dead sea fruit of life's drear waste
The fruit from which sad mortals shrink aghast?
What of the morning, so the eve be sweet,
When near the residing place for weary feet,
Our tear dimmed eyes behold the Lord,
As welcome as the Moon's pure ray,
Parting the clouds to show the Way,
The Perfect One, the Conqueror, the Adored?

IRENE TAYLOR.

A Short Historical Sketch of the MUSÆUS BUDDHIST GIRLS' COLLEGE

And An Appeal.



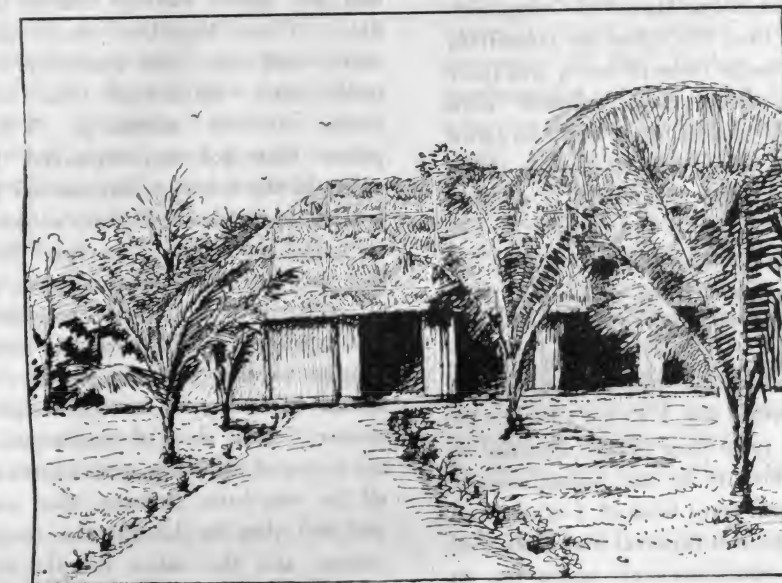
TWENTY-EIGHT years ago at the request of the late Col. H. S. Olcott, President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, who helped in the revival of Buddhism in Ceylon, Mrs. Musæus-Higgins arrived in this Island. She founded the Musæus Buddhist Girls' College. It began its work in a very simple and modest mud hut, which served both as living and teaching quarters.

This temporary hut was soon replaced by a small solid brick-building to accommodate the growing School. That was in the year 1895. It was a remarkable year for then a kind friend, Mr. Wilton Hack, who was passing through Colombo to Australia from London called to see Mrs. Musæus-Higgins, a Fellow-Member of the Theosophical Society. The visitor was soon impressed with the nature and the value of this educational work and the possibilities of its development. It was education on indigenous lines, an education to bring East and West together to work in friendly co-operation.

Mr. Hack offered to help. He saw the needs of the struggling School and through his generosity a substantial two-storeyed building was put up.

to its aid and a fine teaching hall was built with an upper storey to serve as dormitory. Mr. Cull was delighted when he came again and saw the hall and he consented to hold its first examination. And so the first grant-in aid was earned.

The results of the work of the School were encouraging. It competed with other English Girls' Schools in all the Public Examinations with much success. The year



Our "Mud Palace" at Rosemead Place, where we lived and opened our School.



Play Ground and the Practising School.

With the increased accommodation the number of resident-pupils began to grow and still it was found that more room was wanted.

The fact of insufficient accommodation for class-rooms became increasingly evident.—Good Mr. Cull, the Director of Public Instruction, smilingly shook his head every time he visited the school and said, "Mrs. Musæus Higgins, build a School Hall then I will give you a Grant."

It was an anxious time indeed? Kind friends from abroad and in Ceylon, who were watching the and progress of the school, soon came

1897 noted the first success of the School in the Junior Cambridge Local Examination. Since then the School has continually presented successful candidates for the Cambridge Local Examination, the E. S. L. C. and the Royal Academy of Music Examinations.

In 1902, one of the Students joined the Colombo Medical College. She was the first Sinhalese woman to study Medicine and she was awarded the Jeejeeboy Scholarship by that College.

Another cycle of progress dawned in 1903, when a few of our Students passed their Teachers,

Examinations and obtained their Licenses, some to teach in English (in English) and some in Sinhalese Schools. In the preceding year these Students had qualified themselves in Drawing and passed in that subject in the Examination, held by the Government Technical College. These passed Students joined the Teaching Staff of the School and helped in its work for several years till they returned home to get married.

The demand for Women Teachers for Sinhalese Buddhist Girls' Schools being very great, Mrs. Musæus Higgins was approached by the Managers of these Schools to open a Training College to train women students as school teachers. This work was begun in 1908, with the approval and sanction of Govern-

ment. This College is sending out annually a number of Trained Teachers as Head Mistresses of Buddhist Sinhalese Girls' Schools all over the Island.

There is a Vernacular Free School attached to the Sinhalese Training College, where the Students practise teaching. This is also the means of giving a free education in Sinhalese to the poor children in the neighbourhood.

Thus it will be seen that the work of the Musæus Buddhist Girls' College is organized into three sections.

- The English College (comprising classes from the Kindergarten to the Cambridge Local Classes.)
- The Sinhalese Training College for Teachers.
- The Sinhalese practising School. (Mrs. Musæus-Higgins hopes to add an Industrial Branch to it.)

From the above short Historical Sketch of the Musæus College it will be seen that steady and progressive work is being done in it among a colony of over two hundred students. The efficiency of the work is recognized by the Government of Ceylon. Still more gratifying testimony to its practical worth is realized when former pupils bring their children to be educated in the school of their own youth and when Managers of Schools express their appreciation of the competency and devotion of past Students of the Training College, employed by them as Head-Teachers.

The growing work of the Musæus College needs more accommodation. To meet that demand it has been decided to add a few new buildings. Plans and Estimates have been prepared for:

- Quarters for the European Staff.
- A three storeyed Block with dining and dormitory accommodation.
- Kindergarten Extension.
- Domestic Science Block.

A generous friend (who wishes to remain anonymous) has undertaken to build at his own expense Block A.—To complete Blocks, B, C. and D, a sum of Rs. 38,000 is needed. The Board of Trustees appeal to the generosity of friend and sympathisers for moral and material support to put up the proposed buildings.



Training College.

And moneys over this amount will be applied to form the nucleus of an Endowment Fund for the College.

Contributions will be thankfully received by any of the following Members of the Board of Trustees of the Musæus Buddhist Girls' College:—

In Ceylon by Mrs. Musæus Higgins, Musæus College.

" " Mr. Peter de Abrew, Cinnamon Gardens.

In England, Mr. F. E. Pearce, Harpendon-Herts.

In Australia by Mr. Wilton Hack, Perth, Western Australia.

In India, Mr. A. Schwarz, Adyar, Madras.

In New-Zealand by Mr. F. L. Woodward, West Bay, Launceston, Tasmania.

On hearing of these various items of news Padmavatee was in despair. In the first place with regard to the nobles, what were they to her in comparison with the one man whose image was getting to be more and more present to her mind? In the second place, why was he neglectful of her—her whose life he had saved and whose heart he had made so happy? In the third place who could think with equanimity of this horrid monster whom people called the Prince of Bintenna, the son of her father's enemy and the enemy of her father's house? "No, no," she said to herself: "I will never be his bride. I would much rather die now, than die of fright by looking at his fangs." She was thinking in this vein when Princess Anula came, apparently with serious thoughts on her mind, and sat by her side. "Dear child," she said going straight to the subject, "before going into retirement, I wish to see you settled in marriage. There are many candidates for your hand. Whom will you choose?" Here she gave the list of candidates including the Prince of Bintenna; but as Padmavatee had already anticipated, she found to her bitterness that the name of Vira Sena was not there. After a moment's pause, she said in a tone which betrayed no signs of emotion, "Thank you, my noble relative. I shall not marry. I wish to be a nun and go into retirement with you." The Princess thought that she detected a tinge of bitterness in her tone. She took her hand and said gently, "My dear, be frank with me. Do you feel hurt at a seeming neglect?" Padmavatee raised her eyes to those of the Princess and with a tear gathering in each, dropped them as the only reply. The Princess said to her soothingly, "My dear, it is not neglect I assure you. But now that I know your mind, cheer up and leave the rest to me."

It was soon announced that the King had decided to hold a council of princes and nobles to advise His Majesty in the selection of a suitable husband for Lady Padmavatee of Wellassa. Many names had been submitted, but it was known that Captain Vira Sena of the King's army and the Prince of Bintenna were the foremost candidates. The former was known to be supported by Princess Anula, and the latter by the great influence of Prince Asela, who supported him, it was said, for reasons of state.

CHAPTER VII.

The reception given to Sanghamitta, Princess Imperial of India, coming out as High Priestess of Ceylon, was one of the grandest and most imposing of state and national functions ever beheld in Lanka. For weeks together, men and women, in thousands, had been coming from various parts of the Island, and not only was the great city of Anuradhapura full to its utmost capacity, but its environs for miles around, presented the appearance of a vast encampment. On the day the ship touched port at Jambukola, on the Northern coast, the king, arrayed in his robes of office, and attended by all his ministers and nobility, went out and received

the august visitors at the landing jetty together with the branch of the sacred Bo-tree, brought by the Princess, planted in a vessel of gold. The procession to the city was a most gorgeous spectacle, in which millions of men and women took part. The festivities held in honour of the relic and of the visitors baffle description. They lasted for several days, during which perfect order was maintained by the officers and men acting under Deputy Governor Vira Sena, who with his personal staff, was almost everywhere, looking to a hundred things which require attention where large crowds remain assembled for days together. The sacred Object was planted amidst due adoration in the Mahamegha Park, outside the southern gate of the city where it still endures a venerable monument, and in order to ensure its proper care, two officers were appointed, one as Master of Ceremonies to the tree, the other as Guardian, with a large force to carry out their orders. Both these officers were maternal uncles of the Princess Imperial, and it was resolved to make them permanent citizens of this Island in the service of the tree, by getting them settled in domestic life—rooted to the soil, as it is picturesquely recorded in the books.

Two royal maidens who had accompanied the Princess were selected to be their brides, destined in later times to be the ancestresses of two of the royal lines of Ceylon; and before the last carnival had quite died out, preparations were again set on foot on a magnificent scale, to celebrate the nuptials of these happy couples.

The king's attention being thus given again to the question of marriage, he now called the council of peers which he had intended, to advise him on the choice of a husband for lady Padmavatee of Wellassa. The meeting assembled in a spacious hall of the palace, with a dais at one end covered with cloth of gold, on which were placed two ivory chairs for the king and the queen, with two foot stools of the same

material for Their Majesties to rest their feet upon. Below and next to the dais, sat prince Swarnapinda who was to act as secretary; next sat other princes and nobles, according to their rank, with the peeresses who were also present. In front of the secretary was a table on which were a golden stylus pointed with steel, a few silver leaves, a gold bangle flashing with a large ruby, and a gold basin containing saffron water. In the assembly was Princess Anula with Padmavatee, on whom all eyes rested, partly in admiration of her beauty, and partly with diverse feelings in view of the uncertainty attaching to that all important step, which was presently going to decide the whole future of her life. Princess Anula was visibly agitated and the other peeresses seeing her dejection were depressed more or less. Presently, the whole assembly rose, the king and the queen having entered the hall. Their Majesties took their seats, and after the assembly had made their salutations the king looked at the secretary. That prince then got up, explained the object of the meeting, emphasized the great importance His Majesty attached to it, and concluded by saying "Since the lady for whose happiness we are all so anxious to provide, belongs to our nobility, I call upon a senior member of that order to say how he advises His Majesty in this weighty matter." The chief of Sandungama, the doyen of the peers, who had come all the way from Ruhuna, then rose and said that he thought the easiest course, and the safest for the consciences of all, was to ask the lady herself to choose her partner from among the names submitted to His Majesty. A hum of approbation passed through the hall, and Princess Anula seemed greatly relieved. The secretary looked at the King who nodded him to proceed. Then addressing the meeting the secretary asked if any one else wished to make any other suggestion. There being silence the secretary again looked at the king, who again nodded. He then proceeded: "The king is highly pleased with the advice tendered, which

coincides with His Majesty's own views. This lady will now be informed of the names of her suitors who will please answer to their names when I call them out." The names of half a dozen suitors were accordingly called out and duly answered. Next came the name of the prince of Bintenna in answer to which prince Asela stepped forward and said, "My liege, he is present in this hall, but answers by proxy." "How so?" asked the secretary, speaking for the king. "My liege," said Asela, who was expected to address the king direct, "the Prince of Bintenna is supposed not to be well-favoured; it is said that he has fangs which might frighten the ladies: and my sweet sister here, Princess Anula, thinks that he had better appear by representation."

Secretary: "He is in this hall, you say?"

Asela: "Yes."

Loku Rala who had in some way wedged his way into a corner of the hall, had now no doubt in his mind, that the hideous monster, in addition to other devilish qualifications, had also the power of invisibility.

The secretary, after looking at the king and receiving a nod to proceed, said to Asela, "Be it so. You answer as his proxy?"

Asela: "I do."

This being settled, the secretary called out the last name on the list that of Vira Sena, who, towering high among his competitors, with head erect, and demeanour calm, answered to his name "Present." Every one looked at him, admiring his stalwart figure, his handsome form, his noble bearing, and his beautiful features, the ladies especially, though directly interested in their own candidates, wishing in their hearts that he should be the successful suitor.

Every candidate having thus been introduced by name with a short account of his qualifications, the

(Continued on page 31.)

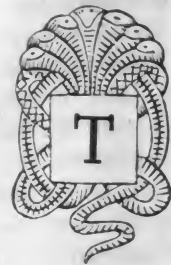


LANKARAMA DAGABA.

THIS EDIFICE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED BY THE QUEEN OF MAHASENA. THIS IS ONE OF THE SMALLEST OF ITS KIND. THE BEAUTIFUL PILLARS WITH EXCELLENTLY SCULPTURED CAPITALS, THAT STAND AROUND THE REMAINS OF THE SHRINE, ARE SOME OF THE MANY THAT WERE SET UP TO SUPPORT THE ROOF THAT HAD BEEN ERECTED OVER THE DAGABA, AS IN THE CASE OF THUPARAMA. THERE ARE ABOUT 34 PILLARS AT PRESENT. ITS CIRCUMFERENCE IS 140 FEET AND THE HEIGHT IS ONLY A FEW FEET, THE WHOLE OF THE TOP AND A GREATER PORTION OF THE DOME HAVING FALLEN DOWN.

The Power of Buddhism

AS SEEN IN THE PERSONALITY OF THE BUDDHA.



HE personal power of the Buddha can be spoken of in a two-fold way. Firstly His personal character or personality was impressive to all those who came

in contact with Him. His very presence was such as put Him above the average. Whether this can be explained or not by the profound character of His religious experience is beside the question here. The fact was that He impressed others as being some one more than ordinary—the purity and spotless sincerity of whose life shone out in His very presence. It was not so much in what He said or what He taught that we can find the power of the early days of Buddhism. It was in the Teacher Himself who drew others to Him with irresistible force when other ascetics and theorists failed to have any permanent effect. Later Buddhist psychology has tried to explain this fact by its division of men into four distinct classes. These classes are:

(1) Those who are attracted by beauty of form; (2) Those attracted by popular approval; (3) Those attracted by the value of doctrine; (4) Those attracted by asceticism. In contrast to the other teachers of His day,—each of whom could be put into any one of these classes, the Buddha stood above them and yet possessed all those characteristics. His was the attraction by which one personality draws lesser men to it so that they can partake of some of its strength and qualities.

The second way in which this power can be spoken of is by the oft repeated and much misunderstood phrase, that the Buddha was the manifestation of the Dhamma. The term Dhamma has many equivalents in English—not one of which adequately expresses its significance to the Buddhist. In this connection the meaning can be made clear by saying that He was in His personal life the embodiment of all that He taught. It is one thing to teach a doctrine, it is another to practise it. But also it is one thing to teach and practise a doctrine and another thing to understand that it is the personality who teaches and practises, who gives life to both doctrine and practice. In this sense only can the real influence of the Buddha upon His immediate disciples be understood. Later writers may theorise on the metaphysics of this fact just as later writers have done about the prophet of Nazareth but the fact itself is its only explanation.

Many lesser things no doubt helped in creating the new order, such as the renunciation by the Buddha of His earthly kingdom, family and wealth. The very robe which He wore was the symbol of that renunciation and the deep and calm contentment on His face never failed to draw to His hearers' minds the contrast of what He might have been in the

matter of worldly power and ease, and His present state. Again those who were attracted by the ethical or moral culture, those who sought for profound doctrine, those whose hearts were touched by compassion, all found in Him an irresistible and strong leader.

As a result of these factors the number of the followers of the Buddha increased by leaps and bounds. Among the rich and the poor, the influential and the weak, the aristocracy and the peasantry, the Buddha was the Leader, the Sublime, Refuge and the Universal Guide. His teaching greatly appealed to them because it was practical and conducive to visible happiness in this world and the next. He adopted a refined and undogmatic system of practical ethics, paternal love and care towards children; filial love and respect towards parents, teachers and those in authority; the mutual duties of the husband and wife; the duties of master and servant; tenderness and pity for the old and sick; hospitality towards kinsman, stranger, and traveller; respect and loyalty to the rulers; sympathy and fellow-feeling for all living beings indiscriminately; truthfulness and honesty in word, thought and deed; toleration for the beliefs of others, liberality and charity even to the other religions, self-control and self-exertion, avoidance of all evils, acquisition of all good, purity in thought, word, and deed, for such are the features of His doctrine.



MIHINDU GUHA AT MIHINTALE.

It is indeed no marvel that the Buddha by His personal virtue, His splendid wisdom and His practical system of teaching excelled all other religious teachers of His day and became the foremost teacher of religions throughout India.

As the people's faith in the Buddha increased the other teachers sustained a diminution in the number of their respective followers. Eventually they lost the respect and support of their devotees. They lost their influence and hold upon the people. Their lights faded like that of the firefly on the rise of the sun.

SURIAGODA SUMANGALA.
Manchester College,
Oxford, 26. 2. 20.

A Sinhalese Princess in Rajaputana.

suite to Delhi but by many others who wished to pay their beloved princess this last mark of reverence and devotion. Strict commands were to be issued to prevent prying-curiosity from violating the sanctity of female decorum and privacy. Ala-ud-din, in his lustful greed for the possession of the beautiful princess, readily gave his consent to this proposition, and on the following day seven hundred covered litters proceeded to the royal camp. In each of these was placed one of the bravest of the warriors of Chitore, and the litter was borne by six armed soldiers disguised in the garb of litter-bearers. In accordance with the request that strict secrecy should be observed to prevent all inconvenient curiosity, the royal tents were all enclosed in Kanats (walls of cloth). In due time the litters in proper ceremony arrived at the camp of the Pathan and he condescended to grant a half hour for a parting interview between the Hindu Prince and his bride. Some of the devoted followers of Bhima Singh took advantage of this respite to place him in one of the litters and bear him away, while the greater part of the supposed damsels remained behind for the purpose of accompanying their mistress to Delhi. But Ala-ud-din, who had no intention of permitting Bhima Singh's return, becoming jealous of the long inter-

the noblest sentiments devoted themselves to destruction for the deliverance of their chief and the honour of their Queen and "few were the survivors of the slaughter of the flower of Mewar."

For a time the Pathan assaults were beaten back but Ala-ud-din who had set his heart on the conquest and capture of Chitore, was not to be deterred by anything. He renewed his attacks and within a very short time almost all the Rajput Chiefs of Mewar were slain in the field of battle. When the news that the princes of Chitore had laid down their lives in defending the sanctity of their homes and that the Pathan was finally victorious, reached the place, Padmini with her maids and attendants came out of their Purdah determined to perform the sacred rite of Sati to preserve their person from pollution and captivity. This act of self-immolation by Padmini and her faithful followers is described by a historian in the following graphic words:—"The funeral fire was lighted within the great subterranean retreat in chambers impervious to the light of day and the defenders of Chitore beheld in procession the Queen, their wives and daughters to the number of several thousands. The fair Padmini closed the throng, which was augmented by whatever of female beauty or youth could be tainted by

their head, who being animated by Tartar lust. They were conveyed to the cavern and the opening closed upon them leaving them to find security from dishonour in the devouring element."

WARRIORS!

"Warriors, warriors, Lord, we call ourselves. In what way then are we warriors?"

"We wage war. O disciples therefore are we called warriors."

"Wherefore, Lord, do we wage War?"

"For lofty virtue, for high endeavour, for sublime wisdom, for these things do we wage war; therefore are we called warriors."

Anguttara Nikaya.

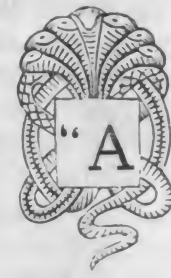
Ahimsa: Non-Hurting.

All tremble before punishment, to all life is dear. Judging others by yourself slay not, neither cause to slay.

Dhammapada.

As life is dear to oneself, it is dear to other living beings; by comparing oneself to others, good people bestow pity on all beings.

Hitopadesa.



HIMSA is correctly rendered "non-hurting," as *hinsa* comprehends all kinds of pain both physical and mental. It is essentially an Eastern Aryan doctrine emphasised chiefly in Buddhism and Jainism. The semitic teacher Jesus Christ placed a premium on killing by blessing the nets of his disciples on the sea of Galilee, in sharp contrast with the example of Pythagoras—the Indian Tavana chariya—who brought and set free all the fishes caught in a net by fishermen. The Jains however push the teaching to extreme lengths, so as to reduce it to an absurdity. Jainism forbids flesh-eating and even the use of silk, wool and honey, "as each drop of honey is won by the murder of innumerable creatures"—"The guilt of vegetarianism is as big as an atom, but of meat-eating is as big as Mahameru." Strange to say Jainism does not forbid the milk of animals as food, though in a land where starving cattle are so common.

Buddhism characteristically confines *Ahimsa* within reasonable limits, exactly in keeping with its doctrine of the golden mean *Majjhima patipada*.—The Bhikkhus were strictly enjoined not to injure life.

The rule was not applied in all its vigour in the case of the laity. A Brahmin once introduced himself to the Buddha: "I am Ahimsaka, O Gotama!" To whom the Buddha replied: "As the name so may it be, be thou a non-hurter by body, speech or thought." The layman has to observe the spirit of the injunction though not to austerity.

Ahimsa has a direct bearing on the ethics of flesh eating. Flesh is permissible if it is *parata mamsa*—"already eating meat," as opposed to *uddhissakata mamsa*—"prepared for one's use." One must not have seen, heard or suspected that an animal was killed for one's sake, thus the flesh becomes *tikoti parisuddha*. That the master who taught Ahimsa should not have prohibited flesh-eating has been an eternal puzzle to critics of Buddhism. The explanation seems to be that the Tathagata was not a supporter of extravagant practices thus avoiding the *Antas* (extremes) but taught the doctrine of the middle-path. In the *Amagandha Sutta* He clearly laid down: that it is killing, lying, theft etc, that defile man, and not the eating of flesh. Ahimsa, complete in its essentials, is to be found in the Dhamma, and *Abhaya* (fearlessness), full and universal, was offered to a trembling world by the Lord of Compassion.

In other systems of religion and laws, killing admits of such glaring exceptions that it completely loses its force and effect as an ethical precept. In Hinduism, Christianity, Islam etc., even homicide is permissible under certain conditions. All systems of Municipal Law permit the infliction of pain, even to the extent of causing death, in private defence of person and property. The Buddha-Dhamma precludes all exceptions whatsoever. The doctrine loses its value as a virtue almost completely, once it is deprived of its universal applicability. Certain religious systems tolerate killing in warfare, as punishments and in self-defence.

En passant, I hereby offer a present of Rs. 15 to whosoever will quote a passage from the *Tipitaka* in justification of such an opinion. The reason is not far to seek—Buddhism is universal in ethical doctrine, whereas other religions are only *opportunistic*. The jesuitical teaching—"the end justifies the means"—can never find a place in the moral code of Buddhism. The hideous dogma, that



MAHAPADUMA PIRIVENA & SUNHATA PIRIVENA.

violence may be used for propagation of religions is responsible for seas of blood that have stained the path of all religions, save and except Buddhism. The recent titanic conflict between *might* and *right* has completely discredited the gospel of violence. That eminent journalist Mr. A. G. Gardiner lately editor of "London Daily News," in a recent sensational article headed "The False Bottom" has completely exposed the hollowness of the foundation on which the whole fabric of social policy is based.

සත්වයෙකුගේ වෙරළේ දේ, ඉතො ධේව පිනොධායි, and ජනා.වෙර. පස වඩි දුකට. සෙසි පරා ජිනො—are golden maxims which have been triumphantly vindicated by the tragic experience of recent years. Kings and statesmen who directed their policies relying on the strength of their armaments, have been humbled in their pride of power and obliged to acknowledge the absolute futility of

force. A great and marvellous transformation has been brought about in the thinking of mankind. The doctrine of the Superman—the fetish of German *Kultur*, is an exploded folly. The cruel idol of force has been overthrown in the dust and in its place is now enthroned the goddess of Love. The League of Nations is the logical outcome of this change in ideals.

A materialistic world scoffed at the doctrine of "non-resistance" taught by Count Tolstoi. But the Russians have been soon overtaken by Nemesis for rejecting their great prophet. Bolshevist anarchism has devastated the country that prosecuted its greatest son.

Certain critics hurl the reproach at the Buddhists that they ill-treat their draught animals. But the facts do not accord with the charge. Kindness to animals has been practised in the East even to the extent of establishing hospitals, dispensaries and drinking troughs. The modern Humanitarian Movement, in the West, is only an echo of this traditional solicitude of Eastern peoples, for their dumb fellow-beings from time immemorial. The reformatory movement in schools, jails, penitentiaries, and abolition of capital punishment, are signs of the times.

The Satyagraha movement recently initiated by Mahatma Gandhi

I shall confess my error and stand refuted if our critics will pursue their view to a logical conclusion by applying the rule to their old and infirm parents and other dear ones.

Another class of critics is fond of putting the poser: "What will you do if a cobra is going to attack Mr. A? will you not kill the cobra and save Mr. A's life?" They rub their hands in glee that they have impaled the Buddhist on the horns of a dilemma. But the Buddhist replies in this wise: "My Dear Friend, who made thee Judge over life and death? How can you be sure that the cobra will kill A? There may be a 1000 chances of escape for him, without the alternative of killing the cobra. Mr. A in this life is a human being, but the cobra may be a Bodhisatta or an Arhat in his final stage of evolution. Ah, Mr. Critic, do please cultivate a little humility—Be slow to assume the role of a Lord of evolution. There are more things in heaven and earth, my friend, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." The Buddhist must not only guard his action but also keep constant watch over his words and thoughts, lest they offend brothermen. Slander and libel can assassinate character—a crime sometimes just as heinous as murder. Cruel thoughts vitiate the atmosphere and predispose to hatred and violence.

Though the doctrine of Ahimsa is enunciated in a negative form, as a *virati* or abstinence, Buddhism, at the same time, lays emphasis on its positive aspects—in the form of *metta* love or kindness *karuna* pity, and *mudita* sympathy. These virtues have to be cultivated to a high degree in all details.

It is an interesting fact that the opinion of the Western World is veering round to the Eastern point of view, that violence, drink, gambling etc., are evils prolific with disastrous consequences to society.

But absolute Ahimsa is impossible in practice even to the strictest ascetic. This is not a recent discovery, as some wiseacres assume for

we read in the Mahabharata the story of the "pious butcher," the conclusion of which is that since nobody can avoid destroying innumerable animals in walking, sitting, lying down, eating &c., nay in every thing he does,—there is not a single "non hurter" in the world *සාසදි අසංඝට්ඨා*. This is certainly a truism. It is the tragic fact of life that, in order to live, one has inevitably to cause death. The only possible exception is that of the Ariyas who, by exercise of *iddhi* power can prevent injury by body, word and thought. Hence the great consummation, devoutly to be wished is the attainment of this *Lokuttara* state, when one shall no more cause injury to fellow-beings.

Until we *puhujjana* attain to such heights, it should be our endeavour to avoid giving pain, and alleviate suffering, remembering the words of old Bhishma: "Neither was there, nor is there, a higher gift than the gift of life." *ප්‍රාණදානය උරමි දානමි චතුරමි චක්‍රිමයයි*—(Mahabharata.)

ARIYADHAMMA.

secretary next called upon Padmavatee to come forward, which she did with Anula, her face flushed, her eyes downcast with modesty, and her heart going pit-a-pat with the greatest agitation. The secretary handed to her the bangle of the flashing ruby (which stone "padmaraga" "lotus coloured" had evidently been selected in compliment to her name) and addressing her, he said, "Padmavatee, Lady of Wellassa, the king presents you with this bangle as a mark of royal favour, to be by you presented as a pledge of betrothal to the man whom you will presently choose to be your husband. Hold this bangle over this basin of saffron-water, and when I call out a name see if you approve of the man. If you do, drop the bangle into the water, if not hold it fast. Once the bangle is dropped know that your choice is made, and the decision is final."

After this admonition, the names were again called, in the same order as before. One by one, Padmavatee though greatly agitated, held the bangle fast. Six names were thus disposed of. The critical stage had then arrived when the names of the two strongest rivals remained to be called. Every one in the hall began to feel anxious, and Padmavatee was visibly nervous. "For whom will she decide?" was the question now agitating the minds of all. On the answer to that question hung great issues, and the answer seemed doubtful. On one side was high birth and great fortune, apparently rising again under the bright star of royal favour, the difference of race notwithstanding. On the other, there was sterling merit and solid worth coupled with all the high qualities which ennoble man also winning royal notice, and with no race-question at issue. The qualifications seemed about equal and the tension on the minds of all was getting to be acute. The King alone sat impassive, while prince Asela seemed unconcerned. On the faces of all the others, the strain of expectation was distinctly visible. Dead silence reigned and the ladies were almost beginning to hear their hearts beat when the secretary rose and solemnly said "My lords and ladies, we will proceed. Lady Padmavatee attend." Then in clear tones and a silver voice he called out the name "Sena Prince of Bintenna." Expectation was on tip-toe when the words were being uttered, and as they ended a shudder passed through the frame of Padmavatee, her hand shook, and the bangle—fell! There was consternation in the assembly, and Princess Anula had turned pale. Padmavatee seemed wonderfully collected, though in truth she was stunned. Though in the royal presence, some of the peeresses in the hall could scarcely restrain their emotions; it was with difficulty that some of them could stifle their sobs. After the sensation had partly subsided, the secretary again rose and called out "Sena Prince of Bintenna, and now Lord-elect of Wellassa by a right shortly to be conferred, come forward in thine own person and seal the compact." All looked for a frightful apparition, the ladies prepared to faint. Padmavatee covered her face with her hands.

To the wonder of all, Vira Sena walked majestically forward and saluted the king; and seeing Padmavatee about to fall, seized her in his arms and whispered in her ears, "Dearest, fear not. There are no fangs." Those accents were familiar, and the effect on Padmavatee

was instantaneous; she opened her eyes, and saw herself leaning on the stout arm of her own beloved. "Oh! why did you not come earlier?" she murmured. "Dearest lady," he said (for he was now speaking in public) this is the first opportunity I have had of coming in my own true character."

This explained all, and there was general rejoicing in that great assembly. "Let the maiden be seated, we command it" said the King now speaking for the first time; for as it appeared, Padmavatee was now more uncomfortable than before, overcome by the sudden change of situation, from the lowest depths of despair to the highest pinnacle of happiness.

The ante-nuptial contract was soon drawn up on silver leaf, and signed by Sena and Padmavatee,

Prince Asela was one of the last to offer his congratulations. He had waited until he could approach the couple without inconveniencing the others, and the moment this was possible, he approached and heartily wished them joy, adding that he hoped their united life will be one of continued happiness. Then in the hearing of all, he said addressing Sena, "Prince, tell me truly, who saved my life?"

"My gracious Prince," said Sena "if I saved your life from that infuriated beast, as a duty, as I told you at the time, have I not been rewarded a thousand-fold, by the happiness I have come to this day, which I owe entirely to your Royal Highness's favour?" "Tut man!" said the prince laughing, "thy happiness greater than the life of thy sovereign's

WESAK.

*Said the Great One as He sat under the Tree,
"I will not rise until My one aim is fulfilled."
And lo, 'en as the sun was dawning behind,
The giant hills that bounded Bimbisara's land,
On the day of the full moon of the month of Wesak
He attained Buddhhood—World's salvation was solved—
The task for which he had laboured aeons
And aeons of years—The sacrifice He had made
High as immensity, vast as infinity—
Ah me! on that day bore the golden fruits.
The earth shook, the heavens rejoiced, the Mara shrank;
And the Great One kept sitting there one full week
Calm, serene, majestic,
Living on the mighty bliss of that World's greatest act—
Strange coincidence—nay, so decreed by fate
His birth had taken place on this very same day,
When Maya, his royal mother, in the delightful
Lumbini Gardens
As the morning breeze was blowing over the fragrant trees
Without travail, without one pang, bore the Prince.
And His death, on this same day
In the Sal Gardens of the Mallawa Princes
With the mourning of the heavens, with the quakings
of the earth
Yet in bliss most serene—
Rejoice, on the great day
The greatest that ever was, is, and shall be.*

K. S. FERNANDO.

the King confirming it by placing his finger on the auspicious word "Sri" on the left hand corner of the document. The secretary announced that the marriage will take place shortly, on the same day as the marriages of the two princes from India, and the council being closed the king retired. Peers and peeresses pressed round the betrothed couple, to offer their felicitations. With tears in their eyes, the dames kissed the beautiful girl, blushing before them. The lords bantered the erstwhile Vira Sena, and asked him how he had managed to get rid of his fangs. But Loka Rala was now in full glory. "Did I not more than broadly hint," he said, "that Yaksha nobles will soon be kissing Sinhalese ladies? And what is this happy consummation but the result of the law, that a good prophecy is its own fulfilment?" Thus the whole thing being due to him, he carried his nose higher than ever.

brother!" Then seeing Princess Anula approach, he said "See sister, he would give all the thanks to me. None for you!" "That is right," said Anula, full of happiness: "he has lost his fangs in receiving my darling girl; a fair exchange, no thanks due. Anyway from captain Vira Sena I expect love and filial affection, if only for my good intentions." Both Sena and Padmavatee fell at her feet, the latter sobbing profusely. The Princess looked affectionately on them and said, "Children, rise. Live happy, serve the king."

CHAPTER VIII.

Little more remains to be told. The Indian princes Bodhigupta and Sumitra, brothers-in-law of the Emperor Asoka, and commanders of the contingent which had accompanied the Bo-Tree to Anuradhapura, were married respectively to Princesses

Sumanda and Sumana, under circumstances of great pomp, King Devanampiya Tissa himself celebrating the marriages as Registrar. On the same day and before the same august assembly was also solemnized by the King himself, the marriage of Sena and Padmavatee at which prince Asela acted as best-man and was assisted by six groomsmen in the persons of the young nobles who had competed for the bride's hand and lost. The marriage proved to be a most happy one and as prince Asela had foreseen, a blessing to the country. The provinces of Wellassa and Bintenna, which had been so continually at war, were now united into one principality under Prince Sena and his sweet Princess. Under their benignant rule their subjects lost their racial hatred, and gradually, all traces of racial distinction, both Sinhalese and Yakshas meeting under the common appellation of Sinhalese. Their example affected other parts of the Island also, with the result that in a few decades the whole population of Ceylon had got welded into one compact nation.

King Devanampiya Tissa, after a glorious reign, was followed on the throne by his brother Uttiya, and he in a few years by Maha Siva, who was similarly followed by Sura Tissa the same as the prince Swarnapinda whom we have already seen acting as secretary to the meeting of the Council.

This last king was murdered by two Tamils Sena and Guttika who, having been entrusted with commands in his cavalry, successfully headed a mutiny and surprising the capital seized the reins of government. Prince Asela with whom we are so familiar already, was the next surviving heir to the throne, and in danger of his life fled to the court of Bintenna. He was received with all loyal devotion by Prince Sena and his Princess, who immediately recognized him as their suzerain and got him proclaimed as King. This was one of the crises in the fortunes of the house of Pandukabhaya that had been foretold. The friends and adherents of the King began to gather around him daily. The army of Wellassa and Bintenna was put on a war footing, and with other forces daily brought in by loyal nobles, the King was soon in a position to take the field against the usurpers. These tried to detach the Prince of Bintenna from the royal cause by offering him independence with additional territory. Their offer was rejected with scorn and they were told, foul traitors, that they were, to be prepared for the worst. They too knew the impetuous courage of Asela and the cool but daring generalship of Prince Sena. If the two combined they knew that their fate was sealed. But they set to work with grim determination, to keep what they got or to die. With the advantage of the navy, the treasury, and the machinery of government in their hands, the traitors were able to hold their own for a number of years. But Asela and Sena were as determined as they, and their dogged perseverance at last began to tell. In a final pitched battle the two traitors were overthrown though they died fighting, and King Asela was duly crowned in the capital of his ancestors, Anuradhapura, where in the ceremonies attending the occasion the Prince of Bintenna was given the place of honour next to the king, while his Princess took rank next to the Queen. By the event thus celebrated the first part of the prediction with regard to the destiny of Asela had been fulfilled.

THE END.

Some Buddhist Ruins of Ceylon.

DIGHAVAPI.



HERE stand not far from Sengapadi and Virayoli anicuts in the wilds of the Eastern Province, about 15 miles S. S. W. of Kalmunai, this renowned Dagoba, the site of which the Buddha had sanctified on the occasion of his third visit to Lanka. This dagoba popularly known as Nakha Vchera, a term derived from the relics of nails of Gautama Buddha having been enshrined there, has now become a desolate and neglected spot left to the tender mercies of the wild animals, whereas it had been in the days of old a popular centre of worship with a petty kingdom around it. About three miles from this Dagoba lies the "Digha Vapi" or the "Long Tank" which had been in existence since the Ruhuna suzerainty. Its importance in those pre-Christian times can be judged from the fact that Kavantissa's 2nd son, Tissa, was specially stationed there to direct the work of the harvest in progress, and also to guard the open country from the invasions of the Tamils. Prince Tissa's early days had been practically spent here and it may be that he was the Viceroy of the place.

After the demise of King Dutugemuni, Prince Tissa succeeded him to the throne of Lanka under the title of Saddha Tissa, and immortalized his name by erecting a good number of Dagobas and Vihares, the chief of which is the one under reference. The track leading to this spot is far from satisfactory. In fact it is no track, and visitors have to make their way cut through nauseating boggy marshes and thorny jungle; inhabited by wild animals. As one emerges from the marshy jungle after a weary trudge of about 2½ miles from the Irrigation Bungalow at Sengapadi, there confronts his anxious eye the form of a large hill overgrown with thick forest. This is the Dighavapi Dagoba. The present condition of the dagoba is deplorable. But for the handful of devout Buddhists at Kalmunai, the state of affairs would be much worse. There are sure indications that stone work such as pillars, pavements, etc., had been there in abundance, but there remain now only a stray piece of a pillar and a stone slab, the rest having been unfortunately removed for the use of the irrigation works in the anicuts. It may be that much material of archaeological value had been ignorantly utilized for the irrigation works, rendering the historical aspect of the Dagoba obscure.

The stone pillar is of peculiar interest, the like of which is not to be found in Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa. It is about six feet high, well rounded and tapering towards the top, with three borders running round it. It has more or less the shape of a Low-country wooden pillar of the Dutch times. This may assuredly be of archaeological interest. The stone slab represents one of the many well-cut slabs used for paving the Maluwa round the dagoba.

The circumference at the base of this dilapidated dagoba is about 1070 feet and its present height is 150 feet. On reaching the summit, glaring

instances of mischief that had been wrought to the dagoba,—pure vandalism, can be seen. Two deep pits at two different spots of the surface have been dug to a considerable depth reaching the main garbha of the dagoba. These clearly show that some treasure hunters have wantonly done this with the object of thieving the priceless treasures deposited in the Dagoba.

It is high time that the Buddhist Public thought seriously of this worthy but neglected spot, with a view to making the place acceptable and easily accessible.



THE REV. BHIKKHU SILACARA.

SERUVAWILA.

Sixteen miles' walk from Trincomalee along the Batticaloa road or 4 hours' sailing across the Trincomalee harbour in a "Vattal" boat brings us to Muttur, a Coast-Moor village where the Knox's Tree is situated. Seven and half miles beyond, stands another Coast-Moor village called Toppur. The Irrigation Bungalow at Toppur, occupied by the guardian of the Allai Tank, gives shelter to the pilgrim. After two hours' toilsome journey from Toppur along the marshes and swamps we reach the Seruvawila ("lake infested with teels"), now

known as Allai Tank. This large expanse of water covers a very large area and it now irrigates about 1500 acres of paddy land. A small rivulet of Mahaweliganga known as Killivetti Ara runs through the jungle and empties its waters into the lake. It is said that small canoes ply from Kottiar to Seruvawila on this river.

Through the thick forest bordering the lake runs a thorny track for about 600 yards terminating at a small cave from where the Seruvawila Dagoba comes to view. As we go nearer, we come to a raised platform (a maluwa) encircled by a stone pavement now in a dilapidated condition. On four sides of this circular pavement are four entrances marked

by a seven-headed Naga (cobra) in stone on a small pedestal. Several other broken images are also to be seen close by. Evidently for want of a receptacle to offer flowers etc, pilgrims have collected these images found here and there in the vicinity, and made an open altar for the purpose. Broken images of the best designs, "makara" carvings, and stone pillars are found in plenty. The lower premises of the dagoba, situated in the thick jungle are rich with stone pillars, "makara toranes," various images of exceptional grandeur, elaborately carved doorways and so forth. But it is unfortunate that the surroundings are not cleared, in order to have a careful survey of the place. Just at the entrance to the Maluwa, is found a stone well, having the shape of an oblong tub.

The presence of thousands of pillars and fragments of other stone work, scattered in this jungle, shows that many more interesting valuable and authentic matter could be assuredly had, if clearing and excavations are carried on. The stone pillars found here are larger and thicker in size than those found at Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa. The entire premises of this Dagoba seem to be extensive, covering about 10 acres of jungle land, and vestiges lying there have become the abodes of the wild animals.

There is nothing here at present to attract the special attention of the visitor except this ancient dagoba in which were enshrined the forehead and hair (lalata and kesa) relics of Buddha. But if this is excavated and restored it is certain inscriptions and other valuable matter will be found here to supply the missing and doubtful links of our ancient history. This locality though regrettably untouched by the Archaeological Department, will afford a fine and extensive field for Archaeological research works.

In the Dhatuvanse, the only work extant, having a full account of Seruvawila, it is said that the Dagoba was constructed by King Kavantissa of Ruhuna, father of King Dutugemuni (2nd Century A.B.). The Dagoba was constructed to the (Bubhulakara) bubble-shape design. Several Vihares, richly painted with Jataka Stories were, it is said, built around it. When the whole temple was completed, the King in presence of the Devas, Monks and thousands of laymen, offered the Dagoba and Arama to the Priesthood under the auspices of Rahat Chulla Pindpathika Thera, after the usual ceremony of pouring water on the Thera's right hand.

It is rather curious that the Archaeological Department did not extend its survey towards this venerated site. According to Dhatuvanse, this Dagoba ranks as one of the chief and oldest in Ceylon. Most of the Anuradhapura Dagobas and all the Polonnaruwa places of worship were, from an antiquarian point of view, constructed far later than Seruvawila Dagoba, and as regards the relics enshrined there, it possesses some of the noted relics of Buddha. But considering the dilapidated condition of the site and its premises, it is but unfortunate to observe that this dagoba has not received the veneration and enthusiastic care it deserves from the Buddhist Public and from the Archaeological Survey Department. Nevertheless, hundreds of pilgrims go there during the season (May and June), regardless of the great difficulties they have to undergo due to want of proper path and of food facilities.

On one side of the Maluwa we find a *mal asana* and a small but graceful image of Buddha, canopied

Nibbana.



HERE is no topic in the whole of the TriPitake Pali Canon of which the average Buddhist displays such painful ignorance as Nibbana. That Nibbana is our "Summum Bonum" is tolerably well known, but beyond that its conception is hazy.

True it is that Nibbana is recondite and difficult of understanding but to the intelligent mind nothing seems less difficult to comprehend. The more we are dense with regard to this profound doctrine, the more distant are we from its realization. For this reason, therefore, those of us who seek emancipation from the thralldom of *Samsara* should strive and comprehend what the Master meant by the third Aryan Truth.

Nibbana in Pali, or Nirvana in Sanskrit, means extinction. The extinction here referred to is the extinction of neither what is popularly known as the soul nor the breath, but it is the total eradication of that kinetic karmic energy, which has been responsible for your creation and the sufferings incident thereto in ages past, and which possesses a potential energy to hurl you into the devastating machinery of existence hereafter.

It is fairly easy for the mortal to picture to himself the wonders of a wonderful world; but when ultra-mundane aspects are presented to him, that imaginative faculty no longer survives.

The Buddhas have repeatedly discouraged speculation as to conditions existing in Nirvana, for such bootless enterprise brings His disciples no nearer the Goal. The mortal is blind, his vision is blurred by abject ignorance *avijja*, and unless and until the scales are dragged from his deluded eyes, by grasping the three fundamentals, *Anicca* or impermanence, *Dukkha* or sorrow, and *Anatta* no soul, the bedrock on which the teachings of the Buddhas rest, the chances of attaining the desideratum are well nigh negligible.

The lay vocabulary is so limited that it can neither find words to interrogate as to conditions in Nibbana, nor is it capable of interpreting answers received thereto. It is obviously irrational to ask where the Buddhas and their *Arahans* are, the more so, to inquire whether they have a conscious or unconscious existence any where. To see Nibbana, to enjoy its peace and radiance, it is necessary to walk along the Noble Eightfold Path delineated by the Master, until the blinding fog that veils our limited mental horizon is totally removed.

Nibbana remains the undescribed because the *undescribable*.

The *Arahans* enjoy the bliss of Nibbana here on the attainment of *Arahatta* and hereafter in physical death *Parinibbana*, and it is clear and superabundantly so, that mere physical death does not disturb the peace the *Arahans* felt at the threshold of beatitude.

W.B.N.

The adept Brothers have passed from this world—*Lokiya* to the other *Lokuttara*; they have tasted of the ambrosia of Nibbana, passed from this Byss into that Abyss and vice versa, and sing its praises.

"Even as the high-bred steer with crested back lightly the plough adown the furrow, so lightly glide for me the nights and days, now that this pure untainted bliss is won."

Nibbana is not a state of mere nothingness. If that were so, the Buddhas and their Saints would not have toiled to attain to a state of mere nothingness. Nibbana is a state which IS, where there is peace and tranquillity and perfect spiritual repose. It is a state of extreme beatitude, which is the annihilation of all that is craving, of all that is hatred, of all that is blinding but it is not the annihilation of all that is pure, of all that is love, of all

that is light, above and beyond the clutches of death, decay and dissolution.

It is the passing away, of the passing away, from impermanence to eternity, from darkness to light.

The golden portals of Nibbana are open to all sentient beings without exception. To some the journey thither is long, to others short; but the destination is sooner or later inevitable.

There is nothing that belongs to me. All selfish desires must be ended. There cannot remain in the heart the slightest shadow of a separate self. Then comes the absolute silence of the heart in the kingdom of Nirvana.

It is the writer's wish that you too may seek release in Nibbana, and in Nibbana's perfect peace find eternal rest.

N. H. M.

Temple,
London, E.C.



MR. E. W. PERERA, Bar-at-Law.

HAPPINESS.

Happy is the Buddhist's fate,
For his heart knows naught of hate.
Haters may be all around,
Yet in him no hate is found.

Happy is the Buddhist's fate;
He all pining doth abate.
Pining may seize all around,
Yet in him no pining's found.

Happy is the Buddhist's fate;
Him no greed will agitate.
In the world greed may abound,
Yet in him no greed is found.

Happily then let us live!
Joyously our service give!
Quench all pining, hate and greed!
Happy is the life we lead!

Dhammapada.

(DR. PAUL CARUS.)

From the Hills.

[By DR. T. B. KOBBEKADUWA,
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HAVE been asked to write a few words for *The Buddhist Annual* by way of a Message to my Countrymen. My Message sounds nothing new or original nor is it a novel interpretation of the Dhamma. Mine is the plaintive cry of the man suffering from painful thoughts—of fear at the prospect that the foundation of the pinnacle that has supported the Lamp of the World amidst us for so many generations would sink to a depth lower than it has already done, but not fear of the Light of Truth, the Word of Gautama, the Lord Buddha, being dimmed. Signs are not wanting of this great and threatened calamity.

When the primitive man raised himself to the dignity of the civilized state, we have found and find that that sentiment resolved itself into three main sense-ideas:—

- sense-idea of religion,
- sense-idea of society,
- sense-idea of government.

I need here trouble you only with the first, namely the sense-idea of religion. I propose not to sound the depth of the conception of the idea of religion, nor descant on the observance of religion, nor labour with a commentary. Mine is the task of requesting my co-religionists before they divorce themselves from Buddhism to abstain from such estrangement until such time as they will have provided themselves with the necessary knowledge and information to discriminate ours from another. To bring about such estrangement rashly is unfair, to say the least, not only to the memory of our forebears who have handed down to us this heritage, the clear word of the Tathagata, but also to those who decoy them for the sake of the furtherance of their own selfish ends.

Religion, like everything else, is bound to be affected by the expansion of man's mind. How few of us have realised that natural law? We have been and are clamouring for reforms in the realm of politics. That clamour is, we are glad to find, taking shape. In the domain of religion too there should be reforms from time to time in consonance with the onward march of man. And here reforms must necessarily be not of the foundation but of the super-structure. The great task before us is to bring up-to-date the present form of worship. It should indeed be done almost immediately, for the outlook for the future is by no means encouraging. With the adoption of Western ideas and institutions in our daily life most of us have trained ourselves to find the practical wisdom in all departments pertaining to man's activities. I mean it is inevitable under the circumstances we are placed to-day. Hence I put before my liberal-minded countrymen the idea of supplementing our *Viharas* with *Dhamasalas* under the guidance

Concerning Nibbana.

[BY REV. BHIKKHU SILACARA.]



AN old gentleman of China who lived and died there some time ago, left to mankind as his legacy a brief treatise on what he called the "Tao," wherein he approached his subject with these significant if somewhat intriguing opening words: "The Tao that can be named is not the veritable Tao. The Tao that can be spoken of is not the eternal and enduring Tao." In somewhat similar fashion, one who essays to utter anything in speech or writing about Nibbana, if he would be entirely accurate and mislead none, is bound to say before he says anything else, that the Nibbana he names and speaks of must not be taken for the genuine, the eternal enduring Nibbana. For this is only another way of saying that Nibbana being what it is, an experience unique, sole, entirely different from every other experience man knows, it is quite impossible to say anything about it that will be really true, in the only words we have at our disposal, the words we use in the traffic and business of common, ordinary experience. It is only another way of saying that when we suppose ourselves to be speaking about Nibbana, what we really are speaking about—precisely because we can do nothing else—is our own particular notion or idea or conception of Nibbana, not the real, true Nibbana itself.

It would seem, then, a rather hopeless undertaking to attempt to say anything at all about what Nibbana really is. Yet the matter is not as entirely hopeless as thus it would seem. Happily there is an experience open to men—to some men at least—which bears a fairly close analogy to the experience, Nibbana, if indeed it might not be called a kind of Nibbana itself, a sort of little Nibbana, as it were. The members of the race to whom this experience is possible are those we call artists.

To every real artist, by which term one does not mean every one who has acquired some facility in the manipulation of pigments on plane surfaces, or in working clay or marble, but one who more or less clearly and vividly perceives in visible objects the Idea—see Plato—lying behind them of which they are the visible expression,—to every such man there comes some time or other in his life, and if he is fortunate, perhaps more than once, a moment when, in the contemplation of some object of beauty, suddenly a strange thing happens. All at once there bursts on him an extraordinarily intense perception of the beauty of the object. Its colours brighten. Its outlines become more lovely and gracious. The thing or scene becomes as though he had never seen it before, as though it were something he now were beholding for the first time in all its wonder. And along with this miraculous change, and strangest of all, there goes this other, that he, the person beholding this spectacle of beauty, disappears, is no longer there. The beauty exists there alone, untainted by the presence of any one beholding it. An object of beauty is seen, but there is no one seeing it!

And this peculiar experience is not, as might be imagined, accompanied by anything of unease or apprehension or fear, but on the contrary by a sense of such serene, such perfect well being, that the individual feels as if he could ask no higher happiness than to remain thus always. Of course, he does not so remain. The experience departs almost as suddenly as it came. The current of ordinary life resumes its empire over him. The artist falls back into the region of common day. But having had such an experience, henceforth all his effort in the practice of his art is effort to paint or carve, if only it might be granted him, what will reveal to his fellow-men some hint, some gleam however flying and remote, of what himself has experienced, something that may contribute to bring them, if it may not be

where reason is not at all the master, but if it comes in at all, comes in only as servant to do dull so-called labour for us as required, after the master has come to his decisions. In plainer language: Here as everywhere, the facts come first, are what they are; and logic and reason must come after them and accommodate themselves to these as best they can—and must.

But besides artists, there is another class of men who are able to touch a region of experience where the normal sense of self we all usually work with, is removed; and these are the class of men whom we call saints, of East as of West. There is this great difference, however between them and the artists in their experience of the loss of the sense of self, and that is that the artist's experience happens as it were by a sort of happy accident; it is an experience over which he has little or no control in the way of power to bring it about when he would wish. In addition,

him at will at any moment he pleases. Those who, in the Buddhist system of spiritual training, thus attain this experience in its full, complete, perfect form, are called Arahans; and the full, complete, perfect, experience itself is called Nibbana. And just as the artist, as result of his momentary and almost accidental experience, is able to give the world surpassing examples of Beauty in colour and line and contour, so the Buddhas and Arahans, as result of their deliberately achieved, fully mastered experience, present the world with examples in the highest class of what the world calls Holiness, which is Whole-ness—the two are the same thing—and henceforth radiate upon their fellow-men such powerful influences for good as history records attended the appearing of Gotama Buddha and His Arahans wherever they appeared in the course of their wanderings. In this connection readers of the Therigatha will remember the song of joy of the common harlot who, hearing the Buddha's word, became a totally changed woman, as well as other instances of similar import.

But now let us distinguish, as Thomas Aquinas would say, that the enemy may have no occasion to blaspheme. This experience, Nibbana, is beyond the sphere where normally acting reason and its rules of logic hold good; and that means that it is beyond the sphere where those tools of reasoning, words, are of any avail. (In our present attempt to suggest it in words, we have just been guilty of the absurdity and impossibility of asserting that a thing can be seen and nobody be there to see it!) Hence it follows, as already said at the outset, that in all that is asserted or mooted or suggested, or ever in any way can be uttered in any form of words, subtle or plain, about Nibbana or Nibbanic consciousness (if one may even use such a word as 'consciousness' in connection with it!), we are not actually describing the real, true Nibbana, but only so much of it—necessarily mutilated and distorted in the process—as we are able to drag somehow through the narrow doorway of our normal acting brain-consciousness, and in one fashion or another, well or ill, *tant bien que mal* as the French say, fit with a form of words that will have some validity for such a consciousness. It is of this fragment, this twisted, torn-off piece of the true Nibbana, this accommodation of its supreme actuality to the possibilities of a consciousness that can only work with appearances, and the instruments, words, which this consciousness uses for describing its own processes,—it is of this and only of this that we are speaking when we suppose ourselves to be speaking of Nibbana; it is never of the true, genuine Nibbana that we speak. Of this no words whatever that we can use are valid. No terms at all that have meaning for a brain-consciousness can at all apply to it. If in desperation we persist in endeavour to put the genuine Nibbana in words, we shall only find ourselves talking, can only find ourselves talking, absurdities.

In the end there is really only one thing to be done about Nibbana, and that is to get it,—or to let it get us, whichever way we please to put it. Perhaps the latter is the more correct mode of expression. For, since the

(Continued on page 35.)

The Vesak of 1920.



THE Buddha was born 624 B.C., near Kapilavastu, in the Lumbini Grove (the exact site of the birth place was discovered on December 1st, 1896 by Dr. Fuhrer, led by the inscription on the Asoka Pillar at Rummidei, near Bhagawanpur, in the District of Gorakhpur), on the full moon day of the lunar month called Vaisakha (Sanskrit), or Vesak (Sinhalese.) The Surya Siddhanta measures time as solar, lunar, sidereal, and civil. The rule given there for the lunar time in Chap. XVI verse 15 is as follows:—

"Nakshatra namna masast,
Gneyah parvanta yo gatah."

This means: The months are known by the names of asterisms according to the conjunction at the end of a lunar period (parvan). The commentator adds:—

"Vaisakha anuradhabbhyam
vaisakah,
Jyestha mulabbhyam
jyaistah."

This signifies that the full moon period that ends in the asterism Vaisakha (Iota Libræ, long. 211°, 0' lat. 1°, 48' s.) or in the asterism Anuradha (Delta Scorpionis, long. 222°, 34', lat. 1°, 57' s.) is called, Vaisakha; and the full moon period that ends in the asterism Jyestha (Alpha Scorpionis, Antares, long. 229°, 44', lat. 4° 31' s.), or in the asterism Mula (Lambda Scorpionis, long. 244°, 33', lat. 13°, 44' s.) is called Jyestha.

According to the Sinhalese Ephemeris, which has been found generally to agree with the Indian Ephemeris—of Hariprasada Bhagiratha Ji of Bombay, of Pandit Sri Gangadhara Upadhyaya Sastri of Benares, of Sri Dhara Sivalal of Bombay, &c.—when the slight difference in time is taken for the difference on the longitude (desantara), the full moon period of the Vesak of this year commences at 5-45 a.m. on the 2nd May, when the moon is in the very verge of the asterism Citra (Alpha Virginis, Spica, long. 183°, 49', lat. 2°, 2' s.), passing the asterism Svati (Alpha Bootis, Arcturus, long. 184°, 12', lat. 30°, 57' s.). The full moon period ends when she is entering the asterism Vaisakha. Hence, this month is called Vesak.

It may not be out of place to mention here, that those acquainted with the English Ephemeris will be inclined to believe that the position of the moon according to the Sinhalese Ephemeris is inaccurate, noting that on the 2nd May at 5-45 a.m. she is in

Libra 29°, 11'. The astronomers of the West take the sign Aries from the equinoctial point, which is near about the asterism U. Bhadrabada (Gamma Pegasi and Andromeda, long. 349°, 8', lat. 25°, 41', s.) in the sign Pisces, whereas the Hindus reckon the first house of the zodiac (Mesha) from the stellar sign Asvini. When twenty two degrees are deducted from the longitude given in the English Ephemeris, the moon will be in the seventh degree of Libra, that is in the first Pada of the asterism Svati as given in the Sinhalese Ephemeris.

Those who are not acquainted with Hindu astronomy believe that the full moon of the 31st May is the real Vesak. This full moon begins when she is in the asterism Anuradha, and ends in the asterism Jyestha. Hence, according

tenth house, Aries, and the full moon in the fourth house, Libra, as the following shows:—

"Vaisakhe masi radhe ksiti-sula
divase gispatishe kulire,
Minc sukre sa samye dasa sata
kirane mesage vyomni madhaye,
Purne candre tulaya mapara disi
mrug mangale kumbha gerkan,
Sarvagnah sarva vandyah sila
Kapila pure jatavan Sri
Munindrah.

On the 31st May the sun is in Taurus, the eleventh house, and the moon is in Scorpio, the fifth house, which do not in any way agree with the horoscope of the Buddha. Therefore, 31st, May cannot be taken as the Buddha Day.

J. WETTHA SINHA.



QUEEN MAYA AND HER ROYAL BABE.

to the Sinhalese as well as the Indian Ephemeris, the month is called Jyestha, or Poson in Sinhalese. Moreover according to the horoscope of the Buddha, the sun was in the

SOBRIETY.

Ought not the pleasure of sobriety to have as great charms for us as the pleasure of drunkenness. And can I not better enjoy every pleasure when my understanding is clear and my brain vigilant. Simply out of desire for increased enjoyment, ought we not to become sober and shun drunkenness.

Concerning Nibbana.

essence of the experience so far as we can suggest it in words at all, is the disappearing of the sense of ordinary self-existence, it is hardly commendable to speak of a self securing it. (Another example, this, of the difficulty of saying anything about Nibbana that will not border perilously on nonsense!)

One thing certainly we must avoid. We must avoid attributing to real Nibbana anything whatsoever of the notions, ideas, concepts which run

their course inside these heads of ours. We must recognise that all such notions, ideas, concepts, belong purely to our representation of Nibbana, never to Nibbana, the real, true Nibbana, in contra-distinction to the representation of Nibbana that may happen to hold a place at any particular moment in any particular brain, is not the mere opposite end of the stick to Samsara, but entirely away from and beyond that Samsara, and everything pertaining to it.

To use the apt illustration current in Burma: Samsara and all belonging thereto without any exception, man's brain consciousness and all its thinkings and imaginings and all the words and terms in which such thinkings and imaginings can be given expression,—all this is contained together on one plate, thus on a single two-dimensional surface. But Nibbana, the real Nibbana, is not down there at all on the plate, nor, in its real nature any part of it. Nibbana is up in the air, off the plate altogether in another dimension of space, has no point of connection whatever with any portion of the plate. It does not belong to the two-dimensional in any way whatever. That is, as we have just been saying: All thought and speech about Nibbana does not touch the real Nibbana, but only the concept of the same present at the time in the mind of thinker or speaker; and this can never be any otherwise. "Not to be come at by reasoning is this Dhamma," says a Writing. The final pass-word here is and always must be *solvitur ambu lando*.

From the Hills.

of pious Sangha or competent members of the laity for the benefit of those who do not now frequent the Vihara.

The next great task before us is to see that ample and due provision is made for the religious education of our young. With this end in view we must be prepared to set apart for this purpose at least one day in the week.

All our efforts will be of no avail if we do not devise means to have our homes pervaded with religious fervour. For the fulfilment of this object I am strongly of opinion that we have to requisition the co-operation of the *Upasikas* or bring into being a band of willing women-workers who actually live in an atmosphere of religion. Last but not least our united effort should be to make an honest attempt to raise the Sangha to the pedestal on which they stood in the days of old. For the well-being of the religious life of a community the laity and the clergy must act and react on one another. In conclusion, I make a final appeal that no human effort however great it may be achieved much, unless it was united. Unity in numbers alone can effect very little without singleness of purpose and action welded by firmness of cohesion.

The Compassionate One.

While the Master spake
BLEW down the Mount the dust of pattering feet,
 White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,
 With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,
 And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed
 Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed
 The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept
 The silly crowd still moving to the plain.
 A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,
 Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind
 Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,
 And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,
 Fearful to lose this little one or that:
 Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly
 He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
 Saying "Poor woolly mother, be at peace!
 Whither thou goest I will bear thy care;
 'Twere all as good to ease one breast of grief
 As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
 In yonder caverns with the priests who pray."

"But," spake he to the herdsmen, "wherefore, friends!
 Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,
 Since 'tis at evening that men fold their sheep?"
 And answer gave the peasants: "We are sent
 To fetch a sacrifice of goats five-score,
 And five-score sheep, the which our Lord the King
 Slayeth this night in worship of his gods."
 Then said the Master: "I will also go!"
 So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb
 Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,
 The wistful ewe low bleating at his feet.

So entered they the city side by side,
 The herdsmen and the Prince, what time the sun
 Gilded slow Sona's distant stream, and threw
 Long shadows down the street and through the gate
 Where the King's men kept watch. But when these saw
 Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back,
 The market-people drew their wains aside,
 In the bazaar buyers and sellers stayed
 The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face;
 The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,
 Forgot to strike; the weaver left his web,
 The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost
 His count of cowries; from the unwatched rice
 Shiva's white bull fed free; the wasted milk
 Ran o'er the lota while the milkers watched
 The passage of our Lord moving so meek,
 With yet so beautiful a majesty.
 But most the women gathering in the doors
 Asked, "Who is this that brings the sacrifice
 So graceful and peace-giving as he goes?
 What is his caste? whence hath he eyes so sweet?
 Can he be Sákra or the Devaraj?"
 And others said, "It is the holy man
 Who dwelleth with the Rishis on the hill."
 But the Lord paced, in meditation lost,
 Thinking, "Alas! for all my sheep which have
 No shepherd; wandering in the night with none
 To guide them; bleating blindly towards the knife
 Of Death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin."

Then some one told the King, "There cometh here
 A holy hermit, bringing down the flock
 Which thou didst bid to crown thy sacrifice."
 The King stood in his hall of offering,
 On either hand the white-robed Brahmans ranged
 Muttered their mantras, feeding still the fire

Which roared upon the midmost altar. There
 From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,
 Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts
 Of ghee and spices and the Soma juice,
 The joy of Indra. Round about the pile
 A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,
 Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,
 The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,
 A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back
 With munja grass; at its stretched throat the knife
 Pressed by a priest, who murmured, "This, dread gods
 Of many yajnas cometh as the crown
 From Bimbisára: take ye joy to see
 The spiced blood, and pleasure in the scent
 Of rich flesh roasting 'mid the fragrant flames;
 Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,
 And let the fire consume them burning it,
 For now I strike."

But Buddha softly said,
 "Let him not strike, great King!" and therewith loosed
 The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
 His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
 Of life, which all can take but none can give,
 Life which all creatures love and strive to keep
 Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
 Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
 Where pity is, for pity makes the world
 Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
 Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
 Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
 For mercy to the gods, is merciless,
 Being as god to those; albeit all life

Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
 Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
 Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.
 Also he spake of what the holy books
 Do surely teach, how that at death some sink
 To bird and beast, and these rise up to man.
 In wanderings of the spark which grows purged flame.
 So were the sacrifice new sin, if so
 The fated passage of a soul be stayed.
 Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean
 By blood; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood;
 Nor bribe them, being evil; nay, nor lay
 Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
 One hair's weight of that answer all must give
 For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
 Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that
 The fixed arithmetic of the universe,
 Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
 Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;
 Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
 Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
 Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous,
 With such high lordliness of ruth and right.
 The Priest drew down their garments o'er the hands
 Crimsoned with slaughter, and the King came here,
 Standing with clasped hands reverencing Buddha;
 While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
 This earth were if all living things be linked
 In friendliness and common use of foods,
 Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright fruits,
 Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
 Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard,
 The might of gentleness so conquered them,
 The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
 And flung away the steel of sacrifice;

(From SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S *Light of Asia*.)

The Making of a Buddhist.

My Mental Pilgrimage to Buddhism.

[BY A BRITISH BUDDHIST.]



I was born of Scotch-
 English parentage
 and in very early
 child-hood, owing to
 the death of my
 father, was taken to
 Scotland and there
 brought up by a Scot uncle and aunt
 as one of their own children.

My aunt was inclined to be
 religious after the fashion called
 'evangelical' and endeavoured to im-
 press this kind of religiousness upon
 all her household. We had family
 worship every night at which a chap-
 ter of the Bible was read—in this
 manner going through the whole
 Bible several times from *Genesis* to
Revelation, with the omission of
 some chapters and books which stand
 in no need of being particularised.
 We also sang a hymn from the collec-
 tion of 'Moody and Sankey' and my
 aunt said a brief *ex tempore* prayer.
 On Sundays—or Sabbaths, as I ought
 rather to say—we were not allowed
 to read anything but a few 'religious'
 books, such as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's*
Progress, a weekly journal called *The*
Christian Herald and, of course, the
 Bible. Of the latter we children had
 each as a task to commit to memory
 one of the metrical *Psalms*, as also
 several questions and answers from
 the *Shorter Catechism*.

My first distinctly religious me-
 mories are of attending at the age of
 seven a weekly meeting of 'Plymouth
 Brethren' to which my aunt took me.
 At these meetings I was always
 thrown into an extraordinary state
 of emotional storm. I used to come
 away from them each Sunday even-
 ing overflowing with an ecstatic
 feeling that I was 'saved' and that, if
 only I had the good fortune to die
 while in this state of exaltation, I
 would be sure to go to heaven. I had
 gathered this from having read a book
 called *James' Anxious Enquirer*.
 After each of these meetings my effort
 was always to retain this mood of
 exaltation if possible until the time
 for the next meeting came round, so
 as to be sure, if I died, of escaping
 eternal misery and securing everlast-
 ing bliss.

My great grief, however, was that
 despite all my efforts I could not keep
 alive this feeling that I was one of the
 'saved' for more than two or three
 days. During Monday and Tuesday
 by careful nursing I could maintain
 it fairly warm and vivid, but by
 Wednesday it was dying away; and
 on the remaining three days of the
 week to my grief and terror I felt
 myself to be once more a sinner, like
 everyone else, for whom hell only
 was the portion awaiting should I
 die in this state.

I smile now and wonder at the
 little boy who so tortured himself with
 such ideas. But at the time it was
 very far from being a smiling matter;
 it was a real agony—in its way a
 tragedy. Many a night of these last
 nights of each week I have gone to
 bed and lain there silently weeping
 at the prospect that I might die in

my sleep and wake and find myself
 in hell for ever, and unable to bear
 the mental agony any longer have
 called to my aunt to come, and then
 begged her heart-brokenly, even des-
 perately, to 'pray for me.'

Every week with anxious care
 I read in *The Christian Herald* a
 brief biography of one or another
 noted Christian man, and tried my
 hardest to reproduce in myself a state
 of feeling as near as possible to that
 which I thought I saw they had been
 governed by in their lives. But it
 was not a successful effort. The feel-
 ing I managed to work up in myself
 refused to remain with me perma-
 nently; and as I began to see that
 this was so, and that it always would
 be so, my mental misery went on
 increasing. I saw how far I was from
 being really 'saved' or even being
 able to be 'saved.'



REV. SURIAGODA SUMANGALA

To add to this misery question-
 ings began to rise in my mind. I
 began to ask if it was quite fair that,
 in order to escape the horrible fate of
 endless torment, I should be required
 by God to do what he who had made
 me had not in making me given me
 the power to do. I really wanted
 with all my heart and soul always to
 feel as I imagined these heroes of the
 Christian Faith of whom I read in
The Christian Herald had felt, yet
 with all my efforts the feeling would
 not stay with me. What more could
 I do but try; and all my trying was
 useless. At length this questioning
 and its accompaniment of wretched-

ness and misery took a desperate
 turn. It would seem as though I
 reached a point where I could suffer
 no more.

One day, wretched as ever, some-
 thing in me seemed to rise to its feet
 and refuse to lie down any more.

That is the only way I can de-
 scribe it. A sort of proud indignation
 at the injustice of which I considered
 myself the victim laid hold of me,
 steadily mounted to the point of anger
 then to actual rage and fury; and in
 my mind—not in spoken words;
 that still seemed too terrible a thing
 to do—but in my mind I said some-
 thing like this: "God, I don't know
 very well who you are, or what you
 mean by threatening me with terrible
 punishment for not doing what you
 have not made me able to do. But
 I tell you to your almighty face, it
 isn't fair, it is unjust, and you are not
 a god—but a demon to ask such a
 thing of a poor human being, and I
 cannot worship you any more, and
 I won't worship you any more. So
 now you can send me to your hell,
 if you like, for my wickedness in

against Jehovah; and for several days
 I went about in a state of subdued
 trepidation curiously mingled, however,
 with a feeling of satisfaction that,
 whatever came now, I had at least
 had my say. But as the days passed,
 and then the weeks, and I still re-
 mained on the face of the earth just
 like everybody else,—as the ground
 did not open under my feet suddenly
 and swallow me up, nor lightning
 dart down from the skies and blast
 me where I stood, I began to pluck up
 courage again. A certain curious
 lightness of heart took possession of
 me, such as I had never experienced
 in all my little life before, as I began
 to see that after all there was really
 nothing at all in the world to be
 afraid of. And that lightness of
 heart I may say has never left me
 since, but remains with me to the
 present day, a constant possession in
 every thing that befalls me.

At this period of my life, how-
 ever, of which I tell, in my innocence
 and ignorance I supposed myself to
 be the only person in the whole wide
 world who had thrown off his belief
 in the necessity of being 'washed in
 the blood of Jesus' in order to be
 'saved,' and with it his allegiance to
 the 'God' who was said to require
 this. So it was with a shock of glad
 surprise that one day, happening to
 come upon a few chapters in a serial
 story by George Macdonald then run-
 ning in a secular weekly subscribed
 to in our family, I discovered that
 there was another person in the world
 who did not believe in these things,
 and that not only did he not keep his
 unbelief shut up in his bosom—as I
 did mine, thinking myself bound so
 to do—but he actually published this
 unbelief abroad; more than that—got
 other people to read what he so wrote
 with approval, else how would he
 have dared to write it!

After this momentous discovery,
 I read avidly in the Free Library
 every hour I could steal away there
 everything of George Macdonald's I
 could come upon. Some of these
 stories of his I read several times over,
 being particularly gratified when, in
 reading *David Elginbrod*, I found in
 his epitaph:

Here lie I David Elginbrod.
 Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
 As I was do, were I Lord God,
 And ye were David Elginbrod!—

as it were an echo of my own declar-
 ation of independence of the fear of
 God mentally uttered a short time
 before. However I kept the fact that
 I read such books and shared their
 view a secret from my aunt. It
 would probably have hurt her too
 much to have known that her brother's
 only son, entrusted to her care with
 his dying breath, was as good—or
 perhaps I ought rather to say, as
 bad—as an 'atheist.'

I had now reached the age of
 fourteen; and, as we had moved away
 from the neighbourhood of the 'Ply-
 mouth Brethren' meeting, my aunt
 was sending all us children to the
 Scottish Established Church regularly
 twice every Sunday—and occasionally
 going herself. (I may say that in the
 religious direction of his household
 my uncle preserved towards my aunt's
 activities an attitude of strict but
 entirely friendly neutrality.) To that
 Church then I went dutifully—as

(Continued on page 35.)

indeed I had to!—and paying but little attention to what I heard from its pulpit went on doing my best to make myself a George Macdonald Christian.

But I was not succeeding very well. Again the spirit of questioning had arisen in me and I was saying to myself: "This of course is a very much more pleasing conception of 'God' and of human destiny 'hereafter' at his hands which George Macdonald offers me than that old one once my torment; but how can George Macdonald—or anybody else, for that matter—tell that things actually are so? This belief is very nice and comforting, but is it true?" I was once more adrift on seas of doubt and dubiety.

Just about this time I fell in with the writings of Huxley and Tyndall and devoured them with avidity. To this day I still remember with what keen mental delight I read carefully, paragraph by paragraph and page by page, until regretfully I came to the last one, Tyndall's *Heat a Mode of Motion*. I remember saying to myself with boundless satisfaction as I read "Here are facts this man knows. He is not writing something that he hopes may be so, that he thinks it nice to believe may be so. He is writing just what he knows is so." And as I went on reading these books and others like them, the 'God' I had been carefully cherishing in a corner of my mind must all the time have been melting and melting away, somewhat as an iceberg melts and melts away in the current of the Gulf Stream. It was not that Huxley, Tyndall, and the other writers I read, full in my sight knocked down my 'God' and smashed him at a blow. It was simply that one day I looked round for that 'God' and he just was not there.

Then ensued for me a black, a very black time, the very blackest I had ever known, even in the days of my early agonies as to whether I was 'saved' or not. "What is the use of anything if there is no God?" I now asked myself. "If there is nothing here but the cold play of force against force, with nothing at all to give it any sort of meaning, why remain any longer in such a frying-pan of a world, whatever other fire we may hereafter find ourselves tipped into?"

For meanwhile worldly affairs had gone very badly with our household. My uncle holding a position in the Home Civil Service when I had been adopted into his family—had lost that position, been dismissed from it in disgrace, being unable to account for public monies he had either lost or been robbed of (he was unable to tell which) while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. His weakness for strong drink still remained with him as he lost one after another different positions, friends strained themselves to procure for him, each humbler than the last, until finally we were all in the last depths of poverty and on the edge of starvation only saved from the work house by the heroic, gigantic, desperate efforts of my aunt to keep us out of it. When I think of what she did for us in these dark days, I forgive her freely all the agony her views of God and of our destiny hereafter at His hands had caused me in earlier days.

Having now in some manner managed to pass the Fifth Standard at a Board School at the age of half past-nine (as in a fit of unconscious humour I remember telling a prospective employer,) I went out as an errand boy to try to bring something to the family exchequer. For a time this was all the schooling I got. It was several years later that my small earnings enabled me to go to a Night School where I passed the Sixth and Seventh Standards; and then happy day;—I won a small Night School Scholarship, was able to go to classes in English, Mathematics, Chemistry and so forth for two happy winters. But what I ardently desired was a proper education, not this scrappy, elementary picking up of odd knowledge, and I saw no way of ever getting it.

And now it was—I had reached the age of nineteen—that thoughts of suicide came to me, and came to me insistently. After giving long thoughts to the question in every aspect, I came to the conclusion that whatever happened to me after death could be no worse than what was happening to me on this side of it—obliged as I

was to sell my days only to get food, clothing and shelter, with little prospect of any release from that slavery; and I finally made up my mind, quite coolly and deliberately that, if in the course of the next fourteen days nothing at all happened to shed, or even give the least promise of shedding, light on the dark riddle of life, then I would purchase in separate penny-worths a sufficient quantity of laudanum to kill myself, take train out of the sickening town to some spacious green hills I knew, from their tops take a last look round at the world that had in it so little for me, drink my laudanum and lie down to a sleep from which I should not again awake and hope that the kites and crows of the hills would have picked my bones so clean and bare before some shepherd dog found them, that no one would even be able to tell who he had been who once had owned them.

Fortunately, in the course of that fortnight's 'grace' which thus I granted destiny, something did happen to prevent me from taking it into my own hands—a friend, much of the same mind as myself as regards life

and its problems, and in the same circumstances but for the fact that he was married and I was not, put into my hands a little, pale blue leaflet—I can see it yet—on which was printed the syllabus of a month's lectures to which the public were invited at the rooms of the branch of a certain Society in the town in which I then lived.

I glanced at it with some contempt. It represented to me the meetings of the latest brand of religious cranks in a world that seemed already full enough of such without any addition to their number. However, as I had nothing else to do on the evening of the first lecture advertised, I thought I might as well go and see what these cranks had to say for themselves. To my surprise I found that the speaker of the evening, although he said many things that were strange and wholly unfamiliar to me, still neither in manner nor speech had anything about him that one usually finds about cranks. He seemed quite a rational, sensible person; seemed to have read very much the same kind of books in science and philosophy that I myself had been reading; and altogether, when he had finished, I had conceived quite a respect for him in place of the attitude of contempt with which I had come to hear him.

His subject, strangely enough, was 'Life after Death,' and as he went on to talk about death and after-death conditions in a way absolutely new to me, but yet with a certain air of reasonableness and possible truth about it, I began to think that it would not be wise of me to plunge into these conditions until at least I had investigated further what the speaker and his fellow-believers evidently held as true about these conditions, odd and strange as they seemed to me; since, if I made my plunge and found that they were right and I was wrong, I would be absolutely unable to make good my mistake and return to this world's life. "Better wait a bit and see" I said to myself, "and find out more if you can, about what happens after death, before taking into that realm a step it will be quite beyond your power ever to retrace."

Thus came about my introduction to that society, its circle of ideas and the kind of people who hold such ideas. It was in, some sort, the opening up to me of a new world. As I made the acquaintance of the people I met in it, I had the feeling of having at last met the people I had wanted to meet all my life, but had never known where to find. It was like coming home—to a real home, a home of the mind and heart.

Quickly I became an intimate friend of the President of the local Branch—a kindly, broad-minded member of the Society of Friends—and of others. I plunged into the reading of the books they all offered me from their libraries, and devoured in turn Lao-Tze, Confucius, Jolaluddin and the Sufis generally, *The Light of Asia* and finally Vedanta. The new field of literature thus revealed to my gaze was a tremendous and a pleasant surprise. I had hitherto taken it for granted—

as, I suppose, do most Europeans, even those who consider themselves well educated—that the history of Europe was for all practical purposes the history of the world, and the history of European thought the only history of thought worth paying any real attention to; and here I was introduced to another world altogether, ever so much more venerable in point of age and, so far as my limited powers of judgment went, richer in fertile ideas than the Western one. It was something of a shock to me, but a wholly delightful shock.

Amid all this reading on which I had now embarked, *The Light of Asia* did not make much impression on me at the time. Perhaps it did not have a fair chance. I thought it very beautiful of course; but the whole of the ideas to which I was now receiving my first introduction were so new that I could not come to any definite judgment on any of them. I could only go on reading and reading, and allow the process of judgment on what I read to mature in me in its own way and time. One thing, however, did strike me forcibly and powerfully allure me. Here, in all I read, was no longer any question of that terrible being I once had cowered before, who dealt out destinies uncontrolled to men who could do no other than accept what so was given them. Here men dealt out to themselves their own destinies. This seemed to me a tremendous and a splendid difference from what I had formerly heard about the ways of destiny, and I simply wallowed in it, relieved and joyed beyond measure that I had come upon such a simple and yet such a natural solution of the riddle of the injustice of life. I did not trouble too much as to how exactly this was done. In these Oriental books I was told that we had all been born before in the world, and this seemed to me at the very least quite a probable hypothesis—certainly vastly more probable than the Western one, which was all I had hitherto heard of and in my artless ignorance up till then had supposed the only one that had ever been entertained by human minds, namely that we had each come into existence freshly and newly from we knew not where, but were now under sentence to go on existing for ever, without falling back into the nothingness from which, it seemed, we had come. Even to my untrained, uneducated mind at that time, it seemed a strange and incredible thing that my existence should be an endless one only in one direction—the forward one.

So then I passed by the presentation of Buddhism which I found in *The Light of Asia* as just one among the many other delights of strange, new probabilities in the way of world—theories which Oriental literature was then opening up to my astonished and dazzled gaze, and went on to bury myself deep in the study of Vedanta as expounded in the writings of the Swami Vivekananda.

I think I have read every word the Swami has ever published, and deeply pondered it all. And for a time I did manage to persuade myself that I was all-bliss. "But if I am All-Bliss," it one day occurred to me to ask myself, "what am I doing in such a state of decided un-bliss?" "Oh that is only your own dream, simply

Maya," was the Swami's reply, as I found it recorded in his writings. But this did not seem to me at all satisfying. "If I am to dream," I asked myself, "why don't I dream a good dream, when I am at it? It is as easy to dream this kind of dream as the other, and considerably more comfortable." This was my awakening, or at any rate the beginning of my awakening, from the hypnotization of Vedanta ideas; and once again I was a questioning, discontented being, once more a seeker.

My age was now something over twenty. The idea of suicide as a mode of solving the problem of life had never been definitely rejected by me; but during this time of breathing the mental atmosphere of these spacious Oriental ideas, it had receded and gone on receding ever further and

overgrowing degree. I read it heedfully sentence by sentence never passing from one sentence to the next, until I had thoroughly pondered what had been said, turned it over and over in my mind until I felt sure I had grasped all that the writer meant, and finally asking myself: "Is that so?" had received from myself the answer: "Yes, that is so; that is true." Thus did I spend three entranced months—so slowly and carefully did I read—in going through the three large volumes of Schopenhauer's great work.

Meanwhile, as I was spending my four or five hours regularly every day over Schopenhauer, there happened to fall under my eye a copy of a yellow covered journal bearing the title *Buddhism*. I glanced carelessly at it, then decided to pick it up and see what was inside. Very soon

had read, I had the feeling of one who has wandered, and wandered a long, long time, but has found his home at last, has found a place where he can now rest without further need of wandering any more.

Here is a religion, I said to myself, an actual living religion, not a theory in a book, but a way of life lived by large numbers of my fellow men, which knows nothing of the miraculous, of the incredible, but instead knows only of the unusual, the extraordinary, the not ordinary, which upon due examination becomes quite simply the explicable and the 'natural.'

Here is an actually living, practised religion which does not require of me for a single instant that I suspend the fullest, freest, frankest, most perfectly unfettered use of my reason, while yet at the same time telling me that there lies something beyond reason, access to which however is not denied me, but offered me on the same conditions as are the results of reasoning—namely, through the application of my own efforts along the duly appropriate channels to this other attainment.

Here is a religion which is absolutely independent of the 'I say so' of anyone whatsoever, god or angel or man—which depends for its warrant upon facts and upon nothing but facts; the present so-named Founder of the religion being merely one, the latest one, among a number, like him, who has merely discovered and verified these facts in his own experience, and then made them known to the rest of his fellow men, who must now in their turn do the same for themselves, guided only by his pioneer achievement in that direction.

Here is a religion which faces without flinching, or the least shadow of a subterfuge, all the facts of life within and without me, even the most perturbing apparently, and never blinks or evades a single one.

Here is a religion which accounts for more of these facts—so far as minds working under the limitations imposed upon all things human can be said to account for anything at all—than any other religion I have ever looked into.

Here is a religion which, far from telling me to close my eyes in some directions invite me to keep them wide open in all directions, nay, does not invite me, but demands of me, that I shall so keep them open, that I shall believe nothing, accept nothing, but what I have fully tried and tested, so far as trying and testing is possible to a conditioned creature.

Here is a religion which, as regards each individual alive, promises him an absolutely 'square deal' without a hairbreadth's departure from the straight line of strictest justice and equity.

Here is a religion which makes no individual distinctions between man and animal, but enfolds all that lives without discrimination between "higher and lower" under the warm wings of one vast all-embracing friendliness and loving-kindness.

Thus did I commune within myself after having read the articles contained in these two numbers of the journal called *Buddhism*.

On looking over the latest number a second time to my pleasure I came upon a paragraph by the Editor, the



JENITOR STONE.

further into the background of my mind, until it simply disappeared below the horizon, whence it has never since emerged.

And now I encountered a book—but in the circle of Occidental thought this time—that was to make profound impression on me; it was Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*. It exercised an extraordinary fascination over me, equal to that wielded in former days by Tyndall's *Heat a Mode of Motion*. Here, so it seemed to me, was something in the realm of things mental as solid and substantial as that other had been in the field of physical things. Its statements and conclusions seemed to me as indisputable in the realm of philosophy as Tyndall's had seemed in physics. All readers of Schopenhauer's masterpiece may not receive this impression; but this certainly was mine in an

writer of the articles which had most delighted me, inviting any English speaking person of some literary ability to come out to Burma where he published his journal, and assist him in the work of bringing it out.

In the meantime a grand-uncle of mine of whose very existence I was ignorant had died, and I was discovered to be the heir to the property he had left behind him. I was, therefore, now in 'easy circumstances'—no longer under the necessity of selling myself and my time to some employer in order to obtain the means of subsistence. So I wrote at once to the Editor offering to come out to him and help him in any way I could.

My offer was accepted and, with the above-mentioned ideas—feelings, if anyone cares to call them such concerning the religion called Buddhism, I set sail for the land of a people, who professed that religion.

Thither arrived I found ample opportunities of conversing, discussing and arguing concerning points in its tenets that puzzled me with the more educated among those born and brought up in that religion. In addition I read all of their sacred books of which I could find translations in my own tongue, and launched out upon the study of the original language in which these books had been written, the Pali.

All the while I had been observing the ways and manners of life of these people, brought as I was into close contact with them. With a certain delight I bathed in the psychical atmosphere they seemed to radiate—one so different from that of the land in which I had been born and reared—in its general goodwill and friendliness, its absence of the impression of bitter struggle and strife between man and man. And the sum of my talking and reading and study and observation was that I came to add two more statements or theses to my former ones, drawn up mentally before I had seen this people and their country. They were these:

Here is a religion which seems to possess in a marked degree the power of making those who believe in it happy, for I have seen fewer anxious, harassed, unhappy faces, more contented, cheerful, really happy countenances, in one hour's walk along the streets of Pegu or Mandalay than in a whole afternoon spent in the streets of London, Paris, New York and other great cities of the West.

Here is the religion for me—and for everybody, just as soon as they learn to know it as it really is; and I am going to do one man's share at least towards trying to let them know it as it is.

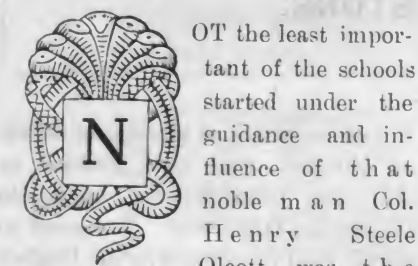
That was some ten years ago. I have not yet found cause to change my opinions or my statements of them. I see no prospect that I ever shall. To many the Buddhist Faith, unlike others, does not seem very attractive at first sight; it seems in the main a dubious, unsubstantial looking structure to Western eyes. However, the more closely it is approached, the more heedfully looked into, the more sound and solid does it really grow to enquiring, searching eye and heart. It bears examination and criticism.

Burmese and Tibetan friends, observing how easily and naturally I have taken to the Teaching in which they were born and reared, sometimes remark with a friendly smile; "You must have been a Burman (or a Tibetan) in your last life;" occasionally adding with a touch of envy in their voice: "And what good merit must be yours that, though you have been born in a country without the Law, you have been able to come across the great ocean to a country that possesses it, and have learnt it well!"



Mrs. MUSÆUS HIGGINS,
Founder of the Museums Girls' College and Writer of the Fairy
Story "Leela's Dream."

Buddhist Schools.



NOT the least important of the schools started under the guidance and influence of that noble man Col. Henry Steele Olcott was the English School opened in 1886 with Mr. C. W. Leadbeater as Principal. Increasing numbers made it necessary to move the school from its quarters in Maliban Street to another site in the Pettah and later on to its present quarters at Maradana. The need for such a school was great. There existed then no school where a Buddhist Sinhalese could receive the education he needed. The education given in the different Christian Schools which then existed had a very undesirable effect. Those were days of great missionary activity. The one aim of these schools was conversion and education as such was only a bribe. What was more natural than that this education

It may be so, it is, at least, a pleasing fancy. But what is no fancy is, that many an Occidental, even as once myself, feels ill at ease, distressed, all out of sympathy with the environment, physical, mental and spiritual, in which he has been born and brought up; and these and such as these—so I think—well might find what they seek—relief from their unease and distress, comfort of mind and heart—in the Teaching of Him who in called the Awakened One, the Buddha.

to Buddhist Sinhalese an education suitable only for European Christians not been tolerated, nay encouraged long enough? What of the so-called educated men of to-day? Where are our men of letters, artists and musicians? Where are our patriots and nationalists? The few good men we have, are what they are in spite of their education. Our language, our customs and traditions, our poetry and art, are dead things to the products of these schools. A large percentage of the Buddhist children of to-day know nothing or very little about their religion. May we not ask of our Buddhist countrymen whether this state of things has not existed long enough? May we point out to them that it is their duty to do all in their power to help these schools by contributing generously towards their upkeep, by seeing to their needs, by pointing out faults to the proper authorities and not merely bringing them forward as reasons for not sending their children? May we point out to them that if Buddhist Schools are bad, the fault is theirs and theirs only, and that the education in the worst of Buddhist Schools is better for a Buddhist child than the best education that a Christian School can give him. The least that Buddhists can do is to send their children to Buddhist Schools.

Chief among the Buddhist educational institutions of this Island to-day stands Ananda College. It has, if not the best, one of the best tutorial staffs of the Island. It is as well equipped and gives the same facilities for elementary and secondary education as any school in the Island. Its atmosphere is purely Buddhist and national. With Dhammaraja in Kandy, Mahinda in Galle and Ananda in Colombo, we see no reason for any Buddhist child to go to a Christian school for his education.

The Buddhist Girls' College.

What we have said above with reference to the attitude adopted by Buddhist parents in regard to Buddhist schools applies with greater force to this institution which was opened nearly three years ago with the help of the generous gift of a lakh of rupees by Mrs. Jeremias Dias of Panadura. Instead of sending their children to this school and encouraging that noble woman who realised the serious situation in which we are placed in the matter of the education of our Buddhist Girls', our Buddhist friends from the very commencement did nothing but find fault with it, going so far as to discover faults which never existed. The school has just been re-organized. Steps are being taken every day to improve the equipment of the school. The new Principal Miss Hilda M. Westbrook who has obtained honours at the Modern Languages Tripos of Cambridge is a well qualified and experienced teacher. She, like her mother Mrs. Jessie Duncan Westbrook has the greatest sympathy with Eastern peoples, and a great regard for the teachings of Lord Buddha. A trained assistant teacher is expected from England and will be here within a month. Locally trained teachers will be added to the staff at the earliest possible opportunity. The management which is in the hands of Mr. D. B. Jayatilake ought to inspire the Buddhists with confidence. It is time indeed that Buddhists began to consider seriously as to what is meant by education. We feel sure that if they will only do so, this school as well as other Buddhist schools of the Island will have a great future before it.

should have made the children despise their customs and traditions, forget their religion and consider their parents and elders mere fools. The education was in short destructive. The craze for a knowledge of English, the craze for passing examinations, the craze for government employment and the craze (which still exists unfortunately) for slavish imitation of the European, made our parents forget all that was worth living for and rush to these schools with their children in order to obtain for them what they considered to be a useful education. Is this after all a matter for surprise when to-day with all our talk of nationalism, self-government and reforms in every direction we come across Buddhist men and women, Sinhalese fathers and mothers, who still talk of the good influences and the elevating atmosphere of such schools, who still prefer their so-called refinement and culture and, what is worse, who actually run down their own institutions, exaggerating little faults that exist and discovering faults which do not exist? Has this pernicious system of giving

Ananda College, Colombo.



ANANDA College is the Chief Buddhist English Institution of the Island. It is situated on its own grounds of about three and a half acres in extent, and it contains an extensive range of buildings including a special science laboratory and an assembly hall. The School has now an attendance of 1000 boys and consists of the following Departments:

Infant School, Special Classes, Lower School, Middle School, Commercial Form, and Upper School where boys are prepared for Junior and Senior School Certificate Examinations held by the Cambridge University, London University Matriculation Examinations and London Intermediate Examinations. The College has a boarding establishment under the supervision of a warden and a staff of house masters held in a house rented for the purpose. There are 60 boarders in residence. The accommodation of the establishment is so limited that a large number of boys who seek admission have to be refused. A boarding house of its own for accommodating at least a hundred boys has become an urgent necessity.

The College has no endowment fund.

The excess expenditure is provided for by the Buddhist Public, who also have borne the expenses of the School from its very start including the cost of buildings, which are estimated at the value of over a lac of rupees.

Mrs. Jeremias Dias of Panadura donated the Science Laboratory at her entire expense.

The College is managed by the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society.

The history of Ananda College is an interesting one, showing the earnest efforts of the Sinhalese Buddhists from its very inception to make it a useful institution and the successful manner in which they have carried it on.

The school was started by the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society under the name of Colombo Buddhist English School in 1887 in a small house at 19 Prince Street, Pettah; in 1888, it was removed to a house in Maliban Street and at this period it had an attendance of about 130 boys. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater interested himself in the work in 1889. A few years later Mr. A. E. Bultjens a graduate of Cambridge took charge of the work of the School. Mr. Bultjens, who received his education at the St. Thomas' College and who went to Cambridge as a Government Scholar, returned to the Island a professed Buddhist and devoted all his time and energy in promoting the educational institutions of the Buddhists.

In 1893, the school had made considerable progress, the Principal being able to send in a number of

boys for Cambridge Local Examination. The school then had only 4 assistant teachers and its total income from grants and fees was only Rs. 3896 for that year.

In 1895 the Society was able to secure the present ground on a long lease and the school was opened there on 17th August 1895 and from thenceforward it was known as Ananda College.

Some Ancient Shrines

In and Near Matale.

THE DAMBULLA VIHARA.



ed 28 miles from Matale and is the

F Buddhist Shrines in the Matale District, the one that comes foremost to one's mind is the ancient Rock Temple at Dambulla. It is situated 28 miles from Matale and is the

on the other is the *Dahaiyakanda* (the Hill of paddy chaff) covered with one sheet of green. And all around as far as the eye can reach, are lands dedicated by the kings of old to the Temple—lands which are now the abode of the denizens of the forest and the hunting ground of the sportsman—while there looms in the distance the beautiful Sigiriya Rock, that impregnable fortress, which stands majestic in its lone-



ANANDA COLLEGE BUILDINGS



SCIENCE LABORATORY.

Mr. A. E. Bultjens was succeeded by Mr. D. B. Jayatilake during whose term the College was able to win the Government University Scholarship for one of its students. He was succeeded by Mr. T. Davis, Mr. M. U. Moore and Mr. Fritz Kunz. The College had an attendance of 250 boys at this time. Mr. C. Ranawaka succeeded him and during his year of acting appointment the numbers in the roll increased rapidly to 450. The present Principal Mr. P. de S. Kularatne took charge of the work in 1918.

Since 1895 the College has made much progress till at the present it has fifty teachers instead of five, spends Rs. 80,000, instead of 3,800 and has an attendance of 1,000 instead of 200.

largest rock temple in the Island. Built in the reign of King Valagambahu, 89 years before the Christian era, it still retains much of its pristine beauty. The paintings depicting the Jataka stories and scenes from the History of Lanka are some of the most beautiful in the East, and the images, several of them chiselled out of the mother rock, some of the most life-like. Containing as it does some of the very best specimens of ancient painting and sculpture in Ceylon no lover of art should fail to pay it a visit. It needs to be visited to be properly admired for no words can adequately describe it. Apart from the beauty of the paintings inside the temples, the scenery outside, from the top of the rock, is a glorious one. On one side at the foot of the rock there lies the Dambulla Tank,

liness to remind the people of Lanka of the parricide King Kasyapa.

The history of Dambulla is a most interesting one. The Viharas, five in number, are built in large rock caves. About the beginning of Valagambahu's reign, when the Tamils usurped his throne, he left his capital and fleeing in the direction of Matale took refuge in these caves. Later, when he re-gained his kingdom, as a mark of gratitude, he converted the first of the caves into the beautiful Vihara, as it now is, and it shall ever remain a monumentum are perennius to the memory of that good king. In the reign of King Kirti Sri Rajasingha, some of the other caves were also converted into Viharas and the whole place was greatly improved. His statue, as also that of King Gajabahu, adorns the 2nd Vihara, popularly called the Raja Maha Vihara, and never fails to attract the attention of the visitor.

The journey by car would occupy about an hour and a half hours. The roads are perfect and a week-end could not perhaps be better spent than by a visit to this ancient shrine. A beautiful and roomy Rest-House and also two well-built Dharmasalas provide for the comforts of the visitor.

THE ALUVIHARA ROCK TEMPLE.

Situated two miles from the town of Matale on the Trincomalee Road, this shrine ranks but second in importance to Dambulla. It was built by the same King—Valagambahu—and though its second-rate paintings and sculptures can boast of no antiquity, the interest of the visitor and the pilgrim will not fail to be

aroused by the peculiar atmosphere of majesty and sacredness which marks the place and which the modern Viharas so sadly lack. Aluvihara, to the Buddhists of Ceylon, is twice sacred in that it was also here that the Three Pitakas or the Three Baskets of the Law were committed to writing by 500 Arahats under the auspices of the good Valagambahu. The Vihara is within a few yards from the road and is only ten minutes drive from the Matale Railway Station.

THE EMBILI VIHARA.

This is another rock temple situated about a mile and-a-half from the Railway Station on the Hulangamuwa Road. It is little known to the people outside Matale and less visited, but is quite a pretty place. It appears to have been built about three hundred years ago.

THE MAKULE TENNA VIHARA

is situated in the village of Bandarapola about three miles from Matale. Compared to other ancient shrines it is quite novel in its design. The Vihara is a two storeyed building, and a by no means ancient-looking stair-case leads the pilgrim and the visitor to the shrine-room which is in the upper storey. At the entrance to this room are some beautiful carvings, particularly the figures of two lions, which are worthy of the study of the modern Temple Artist. The temple grounds are large and extensive and are beautifully situated. The Vihara has been highly endowed by Prince Vijepala, who is supposed to have lived at Yodapola in close proximity to Bandarapola, and by some of the later kings of Ceylon.

THE RIDEE VIHARA.

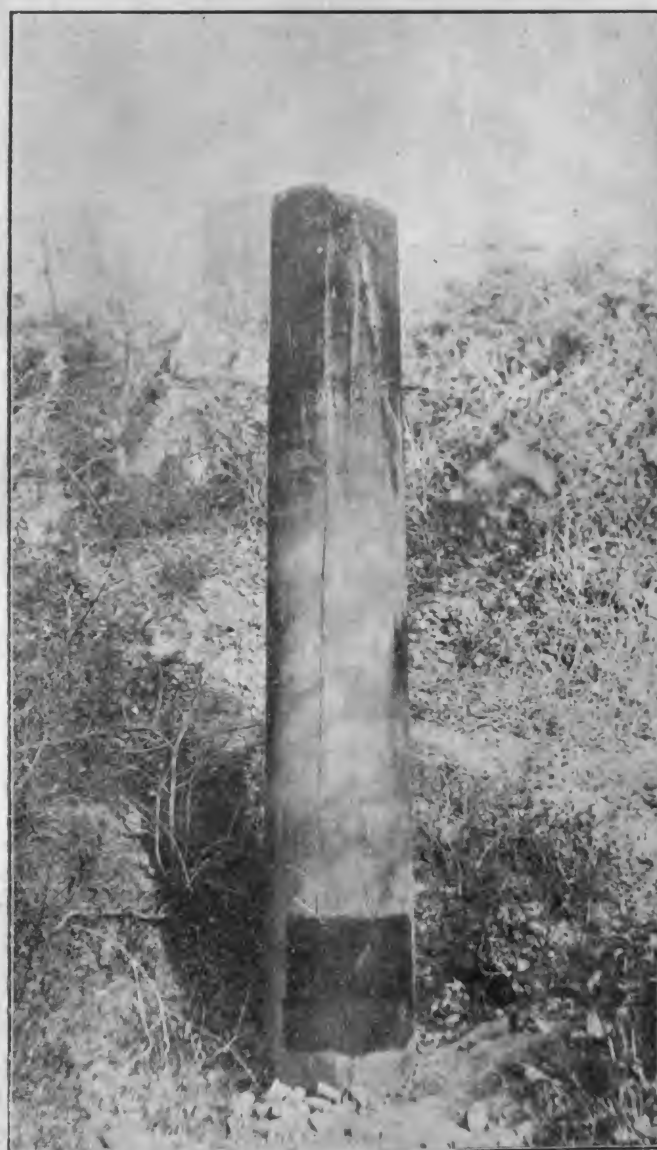
one of the oldest Viharas in the Island, situated about 15 miles from Matale along the Yatawatta road or about 20 miles from Kandy along the Galagedera Road, also owes its existence to the munificence and gratitude of King Valagambahu. This Vihara, as everything else that was built by King Valagambahu, is also one of the most admired in the Island. Owing, unfortunately, to the distance at which it is situated from a Railway Station, it is not so popular among pilgrims as it should be. But, in spite of the inconveniences of the journey, it is well worth a visit.

Its history is interesting, for tradition has it that King Valagambahu on his regaining the throne after 15 years of exile, was so poor that he could not find the means with which to pay the workmen who had built the Dambulla Vihara, and at last, to escape from their importunities, he had once again to leave his capital, and this time he took refuge in a cave in the Kurunegala District. During his sojourn there, he came across a vein of silver (the gift of the *Devas* as the story goes) which helped him to pay his workmen and to resume his kingship. Thereafter his reign was a prosperous one, and once safely settled on the throne, gratitude, a trait pre-eminent in the character of the Sinhalese of old as a rule, once again prompted him to build a Vihara at the Kurunegala cave. This is *Ridee Vihara*, an appropriate name to remind the pilgrim of the reward that the piety of the good king had won.

Kandy, Wesak 1924 S. A. W.



BUDDHA-GAYA AFTER ITS RESTORATION.



ASOKA PILLAR.

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1. This Association is being formed for the purpose of publishing and disseminating books, pamphlets and journals on Buddhism.

2. The promoters feel convinced that there is considerable scope for such an Association particularly at the present time when there is a growing demand for literature bearing on Buddhism. It is also felt that Ceylon as one of the *Dhamma-dayakas* of the world should contribute a share to the common work.

3. Copies of new publications and *The Buddhist Annual* are forwarded to members on account of subscriptions.

4. The minimum subscription to constitute membership is Rs. 5 renewable in the month of May of each year.

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Reviews and Notices of Books

GUTTILA.

The Divine Minstrel of Benares; A Poem on a former incarnation of the Lord Buddha by F. G. and L. M. Pearce. (Pp. 73.)

(Publishers Ganesh & Co., Madras.)

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the above publication. We have read the poem with much attention, and commend it to our readers as an able and inspiring contribution to Buddhist English literature. The poem, which is based on a translation of the Sinhalese "Guttilla Kaviya," is not a literal rendering of the Great Oriental Poem, but the authors have happily succeeded in preserving in it the spirit of the original. Part I. is written in an elegant yet simple style, and Part II. with its Spensarian stanzas, contains much that is akin to

THE AURA OF THE BUDDHA.

"A Glow Radiant with Many Colours."

So He rose,

And, putting on His shining robe of silk,
Sun-golden, like the shining sun of Truth,
Went forth. And all around Him was a glow
Radiant with many colours bright as fire,
Flashing and scintillating. Happy they
Whose eyes were open! There they might behold
Forth-streaming from His body, Heaven's hue,
The azure of Devotion: even so
Streams the blue Jumna, sparkling as it rolls
Its shining waters eastward, till they sink
With glad swift tumult heaving, safe at last
In Ganga's bosom. So the azure light
Floated around the Master. Other rays
Encircled these about; saffron, like that
Which tinges morning cloudland ere the sun
Has chased the twinkling starlight: then deep rose
Like that of sunset,—and a pearly white
Most like the full-moon glory when it glints
On Kashi's domes and palaces, or that
Which meets the awestruck traveller who has climbed
Long leagues towards Nanda Devi, and the gleam
Breaks on his vision from the mighty peak,
Far, faint, yet all-transcending. Last of all,
A rim of deep-lured orange circled Him.
And gold, a Buddha's Colour, and from this
Shone, like the halo of the Wesak moon,
A rainbow-radiance, shimmering, now with green,
Now blue, now crimson, stretching far and wide,
Whither no eye could follow. Few there were
Who thus beheld the Master: happy they!
But they who saw, saw also how the glow
Travelled before Him, flooding every heart,
Awakening sleeping virtue, hidden truth,
And bringing clearer knowledge.

(Guttilla.)
F. G. PEARCE.

AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER.

I adjure you, O disciples, for
your own sakes be diligent! Devote
yourselves to the purification of
your own minds. Be earnest, be
persevering, be attentive, be thoughtful
for your own salvation.

Mahaparinibbana Sutta.

Lighten, O disciples, this heavy
ship. When it is emptied, then will
it bear you easily away. When you
are free from hates and lusts, then
shall ye fare swiftly toward
Nibbana.

Dhammapada.



Mrs. M. D. F. JAYASURYA,
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BUDDHA-GAYA, PRIOR TO ITS RESTORATION.

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Reviews and Notices of Books.

the ornate luxuriance of the descriptions in the Sinhalese poem.

We take it that this is but the first of many great things to come from the pen "of one who has found in the life and teachings of the Lord Buddha a surer guide and a greater inspiration than any thing he learned in the schools of the West."

The following two passages are typical of this beautiful and interesting poem:—

So He rose
And, putting on His shining robe of
silk,
Sun-golden like the shining sun of
Truth,
Went forth. And all around Him
was a glow,
Radiant with many colours bright
as fire,
Flashing and scintillating. Happy
they
Whose eyes were open!
Ev'n as the sun's bright rays of
fostering power
Open the Lotus-buds, the Minstrel's
words
Open'd the people's minds that
morning hour,
And pierc'd their hearts with bright
unwounding swords.

A Young People's Life of Buddha, and Buddhist Addresses; by the Bhikkhu Silacara. Satipatthana and Samannaphala Suttas; by Mr. J. Wettha Sinha. (Now in the Press.)

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Advocate, Colombo.
Donor:—NEEL HEWAVITARNE, Esqr.,
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We thank those ladies and gentlemen who in response to a notice in the Press sent in entries for the above competitions. Our thanks are also due to the gentlemen who acted as "judges" and to the donors of prizes.

THANKS!

It would be invidious to make mention of individual names where so many have co-operated with us to make this project a success, but it would not be out of place if we expressed our thanks to our contributors, and to all who have helped us we bow our thanks.

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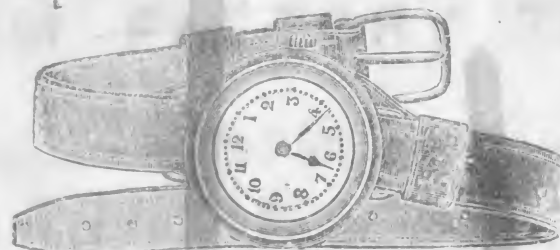


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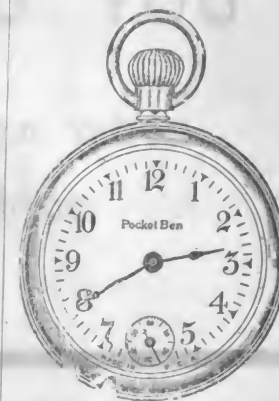
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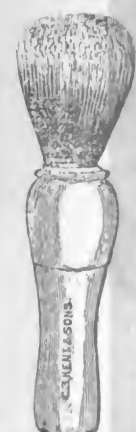
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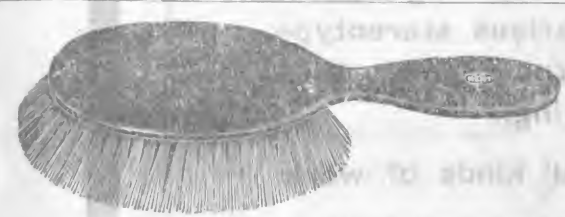
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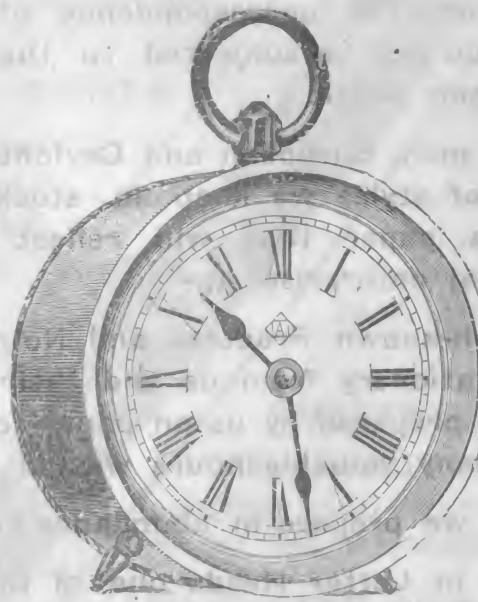


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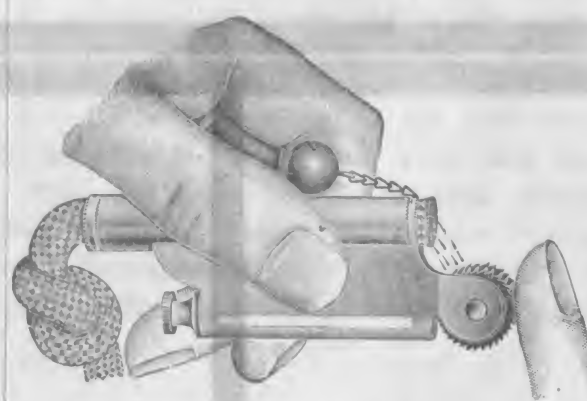


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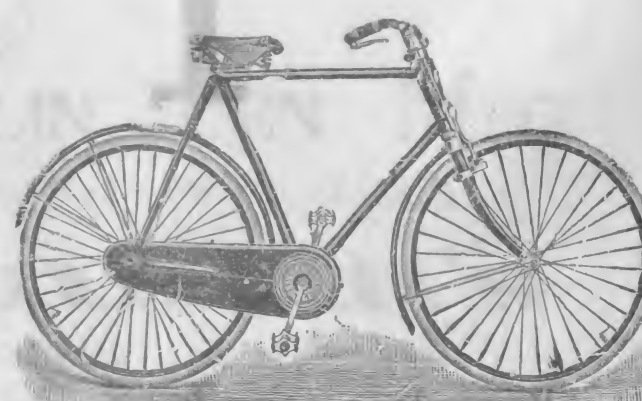


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The Buddhist Annual OF Ceylon



"Hail to the Lords, Who come to save all mankind!
Hail to the Lords, Who come from heavens above!
Hail to the Saints, Who bring for us the Freedom!
Hail to the Kings, Who save a world thro' Love!"

Finmar.

Edited By—S. W. WIJAYATILAKE



WESAK.

Oh, greet the Holy Wesak Day.
Though purple night the morn doth bar;
O Lord Immortal! be our stay.

The smiling hours bear night away,
And hide her in a rosy star;
Oh, greet the Holy Wesak Day.

Oh, royal gift of glorious May,
Three Guiding Stars our Refuge are;
O Lord Immortal! be our stay.

Let song and dance and music gay,
Ring o'er the land, let nothing mar;
Oh, greet the Holy Wesak Day.

Buddha Sublime! the Light, the Way,
Reborn from realms of bliss afar;
O Lord Immortal! be our stay.

All Nature glows with brighter ray,
Dawn's sparkling portals stand ajar;
Oh, greet the Holy Wesak Day.
O Lord Immortal! be our stay.

IRENE TAYLOR.



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CEYLON.

The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"The Gift of Truth Excels All Other Gifts."

Curses.

WHEN we first saw the light of day just a year ago it was with a certain amount of diffidence that we observed we were filling a void in the Buddhist world. But to-day, thanks to our friends and well-wishers, we are in a position to say so with something like confidence. On every side we have met with a welcome, and even now as we go to press we continue to receive acknowledgments of the usefulness of our "timely venture."

That our aim and ambition is to contribute, in howsoever small a measure, to Buddhist propagandic work may be taken for granted. But the success of our undertaking depends not a little on the enthusiastic co-operation of the reader. For we look to him to help us to disseminate the priceless Dhamma through the medium of the Annual in all parts of the English-speaking world. We are sure that this publication would find a ready welcome in most of the free public libraries and reading rooms of both the East and the West.

In the present issue the reader will find a goodly number of articles on a variety of subjects. We, however, invite special attention to the translation from the Pāli of the Majjhima Nikāya by the Revd Silacara Thero, and the articles on the Dhamma from the pens of other eminent writers. The serious reader, we have little doubt, will agree with us that it is the translations of the Buddhist writings and not so much the treatises on Buddhism that we must resort to for a faithful and impartial interpretation of the Dhamma.

Wesak.

The passage of time has once again brought round the Wesak full Moon and with it the three-fold anniversary which is of such great significance to the Buddhist world. For on this day two thousand five hundred and forty five years ago was born at Lumbini in Kapilavastu in the Nepal Terai under the very shadow of the Himalaya and its snow-capped peaks, that great prince of the Sakyan Clan who later became the Buddha, the Enlightened One.

On this same day it was that the Prince after six years of strenuous struggle in the realms of the mind came out victorious as the shining sun of truth.

It was also on this day, two thousand four hundred and sixty five years ago, that the Great and Venerable Teacher, after forty five years of ceaseless activity on behalf of the human race, entered Pari Nibbāna in the Sal Grove of Kusināra surrounded by His beloved disciples and mourned and lamented by all.

What message does this thrice-sacred anniversary bring to us in the living present who revere the Blessed One as Our Lord and Master? What reminder comes to us on the wings of time from Veluvāna and Jetavāna, from Isipatana and Kusināra?

It behoves us on such a day as this to meditate upon the angust life of the Master and the sublime Teachings He promulgated out of compassion for this darkling world. Let us then strive to come a little closer to Him in our daily life. Let us take stock of our past and form resolutions as to the future. It is up to us to ask ourselves the question: "What have we done for our religion, for our own well-being, and for our less enlightened brethren?" The Karma of the individual, say the

scriptures, affects the Karma of the Universe. For we are parts of a great whole. We are not in the universe but of the universe, of the oneness of things; and the Great Master's exhortation "Be a lamp unto yourself, and work out your salvation with diligence" is as true to-day as when it was uttered two thousand four hundred and sixty five years ago.

A Wesak Message.

We repeat: what message does Wesak bring to us? Let Mathew Arnold's words of wisdom be the answer: "The mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are; very inadequate ideas will always satisfy them. On these inadequate ideas repose, and must repose, the general practice of the world. That is as much as saying that whoever sets himself to see things as they are will find himself one of a very small circle; but it is only by this small circle resolutely doing its own work that adequate ideas will ever get current at all. The rush and roar of practical life will always have a dizzying and attracting effect upon the most collected spectator and tend to draw him into its vortex."

The Vibare, Calcutta.

One of the most notable events that we have to chronicle in the present issue is the historic and memorable ceremony that took place at College Square in Calcutta in connection with the opening of Sri Dharmarajika Vihāre and the enshrinement therein of the Buddha-relic presented to the Maha Bodhi Society by the Government of India. It is an event that will find its due place in the annals of modern Buddhism.

After nearly eight hundred years the twenty-sixth day of November 1920 A. C. witnessed the triumphal re-entry of Buddhism into the land of its birth. That the public acknowledgment of the revival should have taken the shape it did augurs well for the future. The ceremony was also

significant in other ways. The handing over by H. E. Lord Ronaldshay, on behalf of the Government of India, of an authentic body relic of the Master, its enshrinement in the Vihāre specially built for the purpose in the very heart of the "City of Palaces,"—the oriental magnificence and withal the solemn simplicity which attended the event, and the enthusiastic and sympathetic interest evinced by the Governor of Bengal, himself not unknown to the world as a student

of Buddhism, and the presence in such large numbers of representatives of Buddhist nations—these circumstances all combined to make the event unique and ever memorable.

Mrs. T. R. Foster of Honolulu, H. H. The Gackwar of Baroda and the Anagarika Dharmapala have placed the Buddhist world under a debt of gratitude to them, and their names will be remembered as long as the Vihāre is in existence.

Elsewhere we publish a full account of the ceremony illustrated by a number of photographs which our readers will doubtless appreciate.

All Ceylon Y. M. B. A. Congress.

The Congress of Y. M. B. A. which met together for the second time on the 8th and 9th of December last was in many ways a brilliant success. Great credit is due to the Galle Y. M. B. A. who made all the arrangements for the

occasion. It was certainly a happy idea that prompted our Galle brothers to invite the Congress to hold its sessions in that historic town. Dr. W. A. de Silva, J. P. presided and delivered a very interesting and instructive address. Mr. A. D. Jayasundera, one of the pillars of the Galle Association, in the capacity of president of the reception committee, entered a strong plea on behalf of more strenuous activity on behalf of the Sāsana, and we commend it to the study of our young Buddhists.

Buddhist Activities Abroad.

We have already referred to the Buddhist revival in India. Turning to Europe we come face to face with three groups of Buddhist activity. The first school is led by Dr. Bohn who has gathered round him a number of Buddhists whose aim is to live the Buddhist life. They have formed into a League known as the League of Buddhist Life and publish a monthly magazine in German. The second school has at its head Dr. Paul Dahlke whose



DALADA MALIGAWA OR THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH RELIC.

This majestic structure which stands in the heart of Kandy was built by King Vimala Dhamma Suriya. In 1592, A. C. for the Tooth Relic. It may be mentioned here that the Sacred Relic was brought over from Kalinga by Prince Danta and his Consort, Princess Hemamala during the reign of King Sirimewan. In 277 A. C.

While we regret to note that little or no work was accomplished by the Congress during its first year of existence, we hope that the present year will see greater activity. We have little doubt that this institution, if properly controlled and guided, would contribute in some measure to the spiritual welfare of the Buddhists.

We reproduce elsewhere an account of the Congress and invite the attention of our readers to the resolutions passed before it.

name is wellknown even among English-speaking Buddhists through his "Buddhist Essays" and "Buddhism and Science". He has founded in Berlin the "New Times Buddhist Press" and publishes a magazine known as the "New Buddhist Times". The latest information to hand brings the welcome news that he has purchased a site of twelve acres in Berlin but away from the bustle of busy life where he proposes to establish a "Buddhist

House" for people who are desirous of living the perfect life were it even for a few months in the year. The third school is led by Dr. Grimm, the famous author of the new work on Buddhism which has had a sale of over 7000 copies within a few months of its publication. He is himself the Editor of a monthly magazine which is becoming increasingly popular.

While of course there are differences of opinion between the different schools, we welcome all three of them for we are confident that the Buddhist writings them-

says, that his life-work has been almost ruined. Owing to the war, his book failed to reach a wider circle, his translation of Garbe's great work was still-born and his proposed lectures before the London Buddhist Society had perforce to be abandoned. We are, however, glad to know that Mr. Edmunds has lost none of his old vigour and enthusiasm, and is always ready to take up cudgels on behalf of Buddhism whenever the contingency arises on that continent. We also fervently hope that the coming years will bring ampler opportunities in his way for the suc-

cess of his work for which he has devoted the best part of his life.

The Dhammapada, new Translation.

We have also equal pleasure in announcing the early publication of a new Translation of the Dhammapada by Mr. F. L. Woodward, M.A., late of Galle, Ceylon.

The Dhammapada, containing as it does in a nutshell, the very quintessence of the ethics and philosophy of Buddhism is reckoned to be one of the greatest books of the world. It has been translated into many languages. Among the many translators, it has found, stand pre-eminent, Dr. Fausball, the Danish Scholar, who translated the whole book into Latin in the early eighties when Pali Scholarship in the Occident was but a few years old, Prof. F. Max Muller who translated the work into English for the "Sacred Books of the Buddhists series", and the Bhikkhu Silacara who gave a prose translation to the Buddhist Society in 1917. Several Christians also have vied with Buddhists in



MUGALAN VIHARE AT MUGALAN IN THE CENTRAL PROVINCE OF JAVA.

selves the last court of appeal will set at rest all questionings when they are sounded to their full depths.

Coming to England we note increased activity in the Buddhist Society of London. It is however, to be regretted that the want of funds is hampering the good work. It is up to Sinhalese Buddhists to direct a fraction of their wealth which is now spent on Viharas and Dagobas to the propagation of their religion in western lands.

In the United States of America, we are informed, that the Great War was responsible for a set-back in Buddhist work. The veteran Buddhist scholar, Albert J. Edmunds M.A., writing to us

The Message of Buddhism.

Captain J. E. Ellam, Associate Editor of the *Buddhist Review*, London, informs us that he has been recently engaged on a new edition of Subadhra Bhikku's Buddhist Catechism, a book, which, in its many translations, has played no unimportant part in making known the Dhamma in the West. Captain Ellam has rewritten the whole of it from the 1908 edition of Mr. C. T. Strauss, doing away with the question and answer form, and embodying the notes at the end in the Text. Mr. Strauss himself warmly approves of it. The book in its new dress

translating this *vide Mecum* of the Buddhists. The present translation is in verse, and we have no doubt that it will be a valuable addition to Buddhist book-shelves. Mr. Woodward's ripe scholarship is sure to make the work one of special importance to the student.

The University College.

It was so far back as 1906 that the Ceylon University Association under the presidency of Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam began to advocate the early establishment of a University for Ceylon. Since then five Governors have come, laid the flattering unction to the "soul" of Ceylon, and four of them have gone, three to their "rest". In the long interval much water has flown under the educational bridge. So much so that the stately University which loomed so large in the horizon at one time has diminished to the size of a small speck. The speck we refer to is the University College which was opened the other day with such a fanfare of trumpets. What we demanded in 1906 and have demanded since is a well equipped University, and the agitation that has gone on for so many years has only strengthened and added weight to that just demand. It is not yet realized in this country that even the poorest boy should be given the opportunity to make his way to the topmost rung in the educational ladder. As things are, the poor boy has little or no chance in life. It is but the rich and pampered few who are given the opportunity of receiving a University education. The many are constrained by the iron hand of necessity to remain without their portals for all time.

Says Huxely; "Our business is to provide a ladder reaching from the gutter to the University, along which every child in the three Kingdoms should have the power of climbing as far as it is able to go." Here is a work worthy of leaders. Let them labour from now for the founding of the National University which is bound to come some day. We request the non-official members

under its dispensation prevent the repetition of the dark deeds of 1915. But what are the reforms that we have secured after such waste of money, time and labour? We shall not proceed to dissect the now notorious Order-in-Council. That task has been performed ably and exhaustively from the platform, the press, and even from the pulpit. We would only emphasize that what is needed is not

merely a few additional seats but the very veering of the angle of vision, a change of outlook, on the part of the "rulers". The reforms vouchsafed to us give us not even the semblance of responsibility. There is not even the shade of a shadow of self-government. They are "unilluminated by even one stroke of statesmanship". Let us hope that the glamour of a seat in the "Reformed" Council will not blind the members to a proper appreciation of the work they have shouldered so readily, but on the contrary let them join forces with the leaders outside the Council and fight the good fight to a successful conclusion. Then we shall have but barely begun to tread the path of national salvation.



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of the Legislative Council to move for the establishment of a University without further delay.

The Reforms.

Last year we briefly outlined the kind of reforms that would even in some measure satisfy the permanent population of this Island. We then observed that we looked forward to such a reform of Government as would

We congratulate the authorities of this institution on the very creditable and useful work it has done during the past few years. The day on which weaving attains the status of a 'cottage' industry our country will become self-dependent in some degree, and this will partly alter the economical outlook of our little world.

What is Buddhism?

[By the Rev. SILACARA THERO.]



ONE of the most vexatious things in human life is, that no matter what question we may ask concerning any of the numberless things that interest us, an almost bewildering number of different answers are possible according to the point of view from which our question is answered, none of which distinctly marks itself out as more true than another. This is so as much as anywhere when we ask: "What is Buddhism?"

The simplest, off-hand reply to this query would be: Buddhism is a religion. It is the religion of a great many millions of people who live in the East, brown and yellow, not white people.

And that is a sufficiently satisfactory answer as far as it goes. But if the object of the questioner in putting his question was to learn what it is that distinguishes Buddhism as a religion from other religions, then it is no answer at all. He has not learned what he wanted to know. He requires another kind of answer. How shall he be given that answer? Let us briefly attempt it.

And first we shall have to say what is religion. For despite all the "rationalists" in the world, there are religions. And they still persist in going on, are maintained among men with almost undiminished vitality, one after all "rational" basis for them has been demonstrated wanting a hundred times over. They ought to perish and yet they do not. This is a most strange phenomenon which the "rationalist" has to account for, but which he cannot account for. It is a phenomenon in presence of which he stands frankly perplexed to the point of bewilderment, and sometimes gives expression to in quite comical fashion. "Why do not religions die?" he asks himself in a kind of stupefaction, and finds no

answer to his question. But if only he would go on asking that question, and closely follow up the track along which such a question would lead him, he might discover something new to him that would leave him not quite so rigidly "rationalistic" as he was at the outset of his investigations. He would discover, if he did not halt or hold back in his quest, that religions at bottom are not based upon reason but

upon vision. We repeat: Religions at bottom are not based upon reason but upon vision. That is why they still go on after reason has knocked them down twenty times over, always getting on their feet again as though they had never felt a blow. Mankind primarily does not reason itself into its religions and so cannot be reasoned out of them. That is the simple fact, so disconcerting to the "rationalist" as it may be. The ultimate basis of a religion is not a logical deduction but a thing seen; hence logic's weapons fall back powerless against



This pillar stands on the fore ground of the Government Rest House, situated to the North of Mahabodhi Vihare in Calcutta. The whole structure is composed of images of Buddha, numbering 1550. This is not an ancient shrine, but said to have been constructed by Engineer Begier.

it, and always will do so. If a certain medicine has cured me of an ailment, of what use is it to lay before me a train of reasoning, however impeccable, to prove that the medicine could do nothing but hurt me? The fact of my cure amply confutes all argument, however able, that I could not be cured.

Religions then are founded upon vision.

upon sight. But upon whose vision, whose sight? There are so many different men in the world and they all have eyes of their own, each with their own way of looking. Some are long-sighted and some short-sighted. Some see comparatively straightly and some obliquely and this is as true of the vision of which we now are speaking, inner, mental vision, as of outer, physical vision. Among all the vast hosts of men each seeing things in his own way, which are those who see truly, the reports of whose eyes may be taken as correct, or as near to correctness as human beings can expect to come?

This question brings us to the heart of what religion as an influence upon the world at large means. For religion to the great masses of men just means following, accepting as true, the vision of inward things of some particular person, and more or less trying to live according to the recommendations that person gives in consequence of what he has seen.

What is it that causes men to accept in this matter as true the vision, and as reliable the recommendations, of any particular person? Setting aside the cases, numerous as they are, of those who slackly do so out of mere habit and custom, the only valid answer to this question is: Men accept the inward vision of any particular person as true vision, and his recommendations regarding practical conduct as reliable, because they have found in experience that such a course brings them well-being either inward or outward, or both. They do so because they have found that doing so entails no bad results, but on the contrary, taken as a whole, good results in their inward or outward life, or it may be, in both. There is really no other proper test of vision, outer or inner, but this of its results.

When we use our physical eyes and look about us and see a tree or a house, how do we know that our seeing is genuine and not a hallucination? Only in one way: this, that proceeding on the belief that it is genuine, nothing particularly untoward happens to us, but on the contrary by means of this and kindred sights we are able to arrange our lives with some comfort to ourselves and others. Accordingly we conclude that our vision really is vision, a correct apprehension through the organ of sight, and not a hallucination.

The same rule must hold good for that inward vision, that sight of the inward

facts of life which is the vision, the sight of the founder of a religion. Such an one with his inward vision looks upon the inward facts of existence and perceives them with the same plainness that we common men perceive houses and trees. Then he tells his fellow men what he has seen, draws a few obvious, inescapable conclusions as to how they had best conduct themselves having regard to what he has seen, and advises them to follow his recommendations. He counsels them to live their lives in line with these inner facts which he has seen and so avoid the hurt and harm that inevitably comes of ignoring facts. His action is exactly parallel to that of a man with good physical sight who on some ill-lit road tells his companions that a bit of broken wall or a fallen tree or some other obstruction lies in their way and gives them instructions how to avoid it, tells them to keep close behind him and walk in his tracks as nearly as they can so as not to be hurt.

Such is the position of the founder of a religion. In the dim twilight ways of the world men hardly can see the path in which for safety's, or even for common comfort's sake, they best had walk. But he is endowed with vision keener than the rest of his fellows. The twilight gloom is not so completely twilight and gloom to his eyes as it is to theirs. He sees things they do not see as yet, dangers, difficulties, possibilities of hurt and harm for them as they thread their way through the dark. So he tells them of what he sees that they may avoid these hurtful things and have safe travel as free from untoward happenings as he can make it for them. Yes, he can claim that their journey through life would be almost entirely free from undesirable events were they simply and faithfully to do all that he tells them to do.

Such a religious seer was He whom we call the Buddha. And he is the greatest of religious seers or seers into the inward facts of life because He saw more and saw with greater clearness and truth than any other: indeed, He saw all there was to see with perfect, noonday clearness; and having seen, in what He called the Dhamma set forth what He had seen in the inward realm of life, in plain unmistakable fashion that could not be bettered.

What grounds have we for believing that this vision of His is vision and not hallucination? What reason have we for

holding that His statement of it is the outcome of genuine sight, correct apprehension, and not of delusion? As in the case of ordinary physical sight, so in this, we have only one valid test of genuineness, of reliability, and that is its results, what happens as consequence of accepting it as true vision. If it is not true vision but delusion, then to accept it as truth will result in all sorts of untoward consequences exactly as happens when in the case of physical sight we are deluded, labour under illusion, and suppose for instance, that we are only looking at a harmless rope when we are actually in presence of a deadly snake. When such a thing happens we run the risk of serious hurt, even of death. We are likely in our incorrect apprehension to treat the snake as a rope, walk up to it and over it, or make to push it aside with our foot, and get bitten as result

danger. And as He sees, so He speaks.

This precisely is the basis of men's confidence in Him, this is the ground that—to quote the oft-repeated phrase of the Suttas—"a certain person is taken with faith in the Blessed One," that accepting His vision and His presentation of it in words, as true, trustworthy, they do not come to hurt and harm, but contrariwise to well-being; and this just to the extent that they put their trust in Him and show that trust in the only genuine way in which men show their trust in anything, by acting in accordance therewith.

But there is another ground still for that confidence men have in the Buddha which lies further along the Buddha-road. The well-being the Buddha's message brings is not necessarily always expressed



FRONT VIEW OF MAHABODHI VIHARE at Anuradhapura, where the right branch of the Sacred Bo-tree was planted. Here stands the oldest historical tree in the world.

of our mistake. In the same way, if as regards the vision of man's inward nature, of what concerns his intimate real life as distinguished from his external, superficial life, mistake is made in seeing,—if what is dangerous is not perceived to be dangerous but taken to be harmless, then serious hurt and loss will occur to all who accept such vision and its statement as true.

Does this happen with those who accept the Buddha's vision and voice as true? Do they take hurt from their trust in His seeing and saying? Does He ever mistake snakes for ropes, or ropes for snakes?

The answer is: Nay. Always does the Buddha see what is harmful as harmful; and what is free from harm as free from harm. He sees danger in things wherein there is danger; and in things wherein is no danger, there He sees that there is no

in abundance of this world's goods though this kind of well-being is often also present. There is another and better which is expressed in the good things, the goods of the mind and heart. What are these goods, these good things?

Andacious as it may sound to say so, it is a measure—a small measure, it is true, but yet a measure—of that same vision which the Buddha had. The serious follower of the Buddha is not left standing at the point of simple faith and confidence in his leader and guide. There is vouchsafed him a distant sight of his own of the city to which that guide is leading him. Time and again in the Suttas we read in the description of what happens to the man who is advancing on the Buddha-road, who puts himself under the Buddha's system of training, these two simple but arresting

words: So *passati*, he sees; just that: he sees.

The disciple of the Buddha has faith in Him; and that faith is no blind thing; It is supported and nourished by reason. What little he has been able to test for himself of what the Buddha has told him, he has found confirmed in his experience. From this he reasons that the remainder his teacher tells him is also worthy of credence albeit he has not yet verified it for himself,—it may be, is not yet in any position to verify for himself. But he gets more than this faith and this reasoning brings him. He gets vision, sight, of the things—or at least some of the things—whereof he is told. He has actual, even if only flying glimpses of these verities, and knows for himself that they are verities; and however far at times he may fall away from the straight path of pursuing, never after this can he wholly forget them. He sees; he has seen. What his Master with pioneer vision beheld with incomparable fullness and clarity, that it is given him to catch a glimmer of, faint and far away as it may be. But this vision remains, the memory thereof, the solid, unshakeable ground of all he is and hopes thereafter.

So then, when we are asked: What is Buddhism? our reply must be:—

Buddhism is that statement of the inward, fundamental facts of life which is presented by a Buddha upon the basis of His vision of the same. It is also the counsel of a Buddha as to the course of conduct which it is advisable for men to follow in view of this His vision, in order to their well-being in this and in all worlds. And then it is the vision attained by those who have a reasoned faith in a Buddha and His Message; as also what this leads to in their lives, and in the consequent influence which these lives exert upon all with whom they come in contact.

In a word: Buddhism is first, the Buddha, the Teacher; then the Dhamma, the Teaching; and last the Sangha, the truly Taught. Where these three are, Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha, there is Buddhism.

Or, to put it another way: Buddhism is where is the original See-er, and the Thing Seen, and Those who see it. Gone indeed, departed from all sight of earthly eyes is that first See-er now. But what He saw He has well set forth in His Dhamma, so that whose looks on it, even as He said, looks on Him, as those who during His bodily

life looked on Him, looked on it. And while this Dhamma abides, and while abide those who learn it, those who strive, in the measure of their capacity, to make it their own, penetrate its heart, who seek also, with what power of sight is theirs, to see it,—so long is there, and will there be, Buddhism, a shining light in the midst of a twilight world, a lamp brought into a dark place so that all who have eyes may see. The business is to get the eyes. Buddhism is just to see.

SĪLĀCĀRA.

NIBBANA.

When they curiously question thee, seeking to know what it is,
Do not affirm anything, and do not deny anything.
For whatever is affirmed is not true,
And whatever is denied is not true.
How shall anyone say truly what is or what is not
While as yet he has not himself fully seen to What is?
And after he has won, what word is to be sent from a region
Where the chariot of speech finds no track on which to go?
Therefore to their questionings offer them silence only.
Silence,—and a finger pointing the Way to that vision!

SĪLĀCĀRA.



VESSAGIRI VIHARE, AT ANURADHAPURA

was the Ninth Edifice constructed by the devoted and pious King Devanampiyatissa. This was the place where the five hundred
(revere) Brahmins ordained by the chief Thera sojourning. Hence the appellation "Vessagiri".

At Adyar.



HE Theosophical Society convention which lasted one full week commenced its sessions on the Christmas day at the magnificent head-quarters of the Society at Adyar. Men and women of all nationalities from various parts of the world assembled and the gathering verily formed an international assemblage. The assembly was but one proof of the popularity of the objects of the Society. And its Lodges scattered all over the world, in America, Europe and the East, have kept the spirit of the Society ever active and bright as was evident from the reports sent to the convention. In a world where

exist numerous religions which on their surface appear to be antagonistic to each other and proselytism is doing great harm one cannot expect a better medium than the Theosophical Society to provide a common platform to study and understand the truths underlying every religion. The present forms of certain religions have lost so much of the original significance of their teachings that they defy all common sense and findings of the scientists of to-day. The perverted views have existed so long among their adherents that time has given them an indelible impression, that they have acquired the sanction of religion. To men who fondly cling to bigoted religious views a study of Theosophy is a great remedy. They will soon see the absurdity of their own views and the truths which stand today corroborated by Science. The law of Karma

and Re-birth will dawn upon them as the sun is unto the day. To the Buddhist Theosophy may not have much to give but undoubtedly it will help one to appreciate and understand Buddhism better. One striking feature of Theosophy is the great spirit of tolerance it inculcates in the students of Theosophy and in order to realise it one has only to attend the great convention annually held at Adyar. The real spirit of Buddhism, that is of finding for oneself what is true, is practised by members of the Society, though of course the limitations of human knowledge may lead some astray. Nevertheless as human knowledge advances the ultimate truth is sure to prevail and that religion which will remain unshaken by the discoveries of science will triumph over the many that have not the strength to face Science. Mrs. Besant, the President of the Society, who lectured on "The Great Plan" ex-

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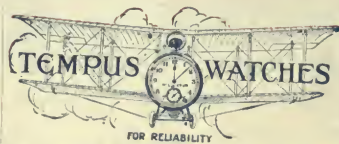
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horted the audience which numbered over a thousand to begin the study of religions with the study of science, for no branch of knowledge can convince one more forcibly of "Anicca" and the Law of Evolution than science.

The Adyar premises present a most inspiring sight and one realizes there the effect of environment upon one's character and all that one sees there breathes but a fragrant sweetness. Add to this the religious and national thoughts that vibrate in the air of Adyar and one may then imagine the pleasures derivable by a visit to the place, especially during the convention time. Whilst the Society has provided on the premises all modern conveniences, such as, electricity, telephone, printing press and publishing house, post office, laundry and so forth, it faithfully preserves the national characteristics of the country in which their home is. The picture is one which depicts the meeting of the East and the West in its greatest splendour and a wise discrimination between the good and evil influences of the two divisions. The Adyar Library inspires in one the holiest and noblest of thoughts and forcibly reminds the visitor of the wisdom of blending the East and West. Strict silence is preserved within its walls. It contains the most ancient and most modern manuscripts and books of all religions and schools of thought. The shelves of old leaves of Buddhist literature which, I understand, contain the whole of the three Pitakas, are verily an inspiration. It is a holy place and its holiness is maintained. None may dare to walk in with his foot-wear. Those that one's curiosity have claim are an instrument for crystal gazing to induce artificial trance, a German made Hindu music box with ragas composed by Dr. Raja Tagore, "Sikh Religion" the smallest book, and several beautifully designed caskets presented to Colonel Olcott, Madame Blavatsky and the present President.

The hall of the main building is interesting, in that on its walls are represented all religions by figures symbolical of each religion. In a niche of the building about four-feet above the floor are erected the figures of Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky before whom we saw offerings of flowers. A Ceylon friend remarked that Theosophy in a generation hence will become a religion by itself, and those two statues coupled with the reverence paid them almost confirmed this view but as all Theosophists are thinkers such apprehensions need not be entertained. The gardens attached to the several build-

ings are tastefully arranged and they no doubt tend to cultivate the aesthetic taste. It will do well for Indians to copy the Society's example in the building of their homesteads and gardens. Some of the buildings of the Society for promotion of National Education have thatched roofs as it is considered the best to keep away heat in a hot country like Madras and they all admit free light and air. The High School at Ounidi is very tastefully arranged and the premises bear a lovely sight.

Under the spreading Banyan tree there met on the Christmas morning a concourse of people who vied with each other to excel in the religious and national spirit of India. The sight is one that is hardly even possible in Ceylon under the present state of "civilization". The Indians who composed the majority of the gathering had not

the audience in Indian fashion she launched her subject "The great plan" on which she spoke for four days of one and half hours each. She dwelt on the Law of Evolution and Metaphysics and ended with a moving appeal for the close union of spiritual India with the materially great Great Britain which union shall stand as a model for all nations of the world.

Of all the activities of the convention one that deserved special attention was the Educational conference held under the presidency of Mr. Arundale who was described by one speaker as a perfect embodiment of enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that was regulated by knowledge and wisdom. He dwelt on the absolute necessity of a proper system of training of teachers and emphasized that every teacher should be firmly grounded on the principles of Karma, of



RAJAGIRILENA AT MIHINTALE

This was the cave-abode to which King Saddha Tissa retreated on poysa days to observe the Uposatha Sita.

bartered their usages and customs to western modes of life but, on the contrary, it seemed that the Westerner was influenced by the Indian, for many European ladies and gentlemen were seen to conform to Indian manners and customs. Many a European lady wore the Indian sari and many a gentleman the Indian Dhoti. They used the Indian form of salutation. They greeted the Indians as their brothers and sisters. They were not arrogant and imperious as some Europeans we see in Ceylon are. They readily accept the Indian culture and help to disseminate it. Mrs. Besant leads an Indian life. Her dress is Indian and her heart is Indian. She has spread her infection to many for the good of India and India reckons to-day among her friends many English, French, Irish, American, Dutch and other European men and women engaged in the noble task of uplifting India. With a majestic tread Mrs. Besant mounted the pandal that was erected for the occasion and after greeting

Law of Rebirth, of sacrifice and of the importance of temperance. It is the attitude of the teacher that counts if the pupils are to be something. Special attention was paid to see that their system of education suited the needs of the country. It was not an instance of planting western methods in entirety in a foreign soil. The requirements of the soil were the first consideration of the educationists of that conference. Numerous charts showing various needs and conditions of India were affixed to the walls of the building. One showed the percentage of the revenue of different countries expended on education and India was an easy last with an anna per head whereas United States of America spent twelve rupees a head. Another showed the percentage of literates, a third, infant mortality, a fourth, fatigue values, a fifth, eminent vegetarians, a sixth, Psycho-Analysis, a seventh, scientists, an eighth, the growth of newspapers and many another. The first paper discussed was a scheme of

Hindu religious education by Mr. Trilokika who is a Brother of the Order of Service which counts a large number of Graduates and Undergraduates. Mr. Arundale himself is a Brother of Service and through him the spirit has gone to many a nook and corner of India. Other subjects were Citizenship by Mr. Pearce, Vocational Training by the Principal of the agricultural section of the National University, Aesthetics by Mr. and Mrs. Cousins and Freedom in the School by Miss Berry who dwell on the Montessori system of training children which is supplanting Kindergarten. One fundamental idea that pervaded their thoughts was the natural development of the child for the service of its motherland. Hence the spirit of service in India and its practice. To many a Ceylonese service is nothing more than a pleasant word to indulge in! A visit to India will do such an one immense good.

One of the recent organizations for service is the League of Servers with "Active in Service" as their watchword. Sincerity, sympathy, skill and sacrifice are four of their fundamental virtues whereby they seek to keep their spirit ever bright and render citizenship, service, social service, educational and religious service. The league proposes to organize "rings" in every part of the country and they prepare themselves for service by study, devotion, debates, meetings out of doors away from the usual neighbourhood. Another recent organization is the Fellowship of Teachers formed by some twenty six students of the National University at Adyar with Mr. Arundale as their chief to dedicate themselves to the service of their Motherland through education.

Hindus, Buddhists, Christians and Mussalmans are so far represented in the Fellowship. The Fellowship believes that National education to be effective must be based on the following principles.

1. It must be religious in spirit.
2. It must be patriotic in tone, training the nation's young citizens.
3. Draw inspiration from the historic past.
4. It must be based on those principles of ordered freedom and mutual service through which alone true growth takes place.

In order to achieve these objects the Fellowship believes that National education

must be controlled by the Nation, in the gradual introduction of compulsory education to the end of the High School course ultimately making University education free. It looks forward to the awakening of the public conscience, special encouragement of education of girls, inclusion of Sanskrit, Pali and Arabic in the curriculum, encouragement of the cult of beauty and rhythm, the encouragement of education in the mother tongue, the insistence on physical, emotional and mental culture, the total abolition of fear and punishment. The rules and objects of these two organizations are printed in pamphlet form and can be had on application to the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar.

Immediately after a lecture, groups of men and women who speak a particular



KIRIVEHERA AT POLONNARUWA

Life.

(After the French of Louise Ackermann)

*It will dissolve again, this fragile clay
That in Life's joy and sorrow played its part;
The winds will blow the noble dust away
That once composed a heart.*

*But others will be born in future years
To seize upon your broken hopes and dreams,
Perpetuate your laughter and your tears,
And plan once more your schemes.*

*For all are links in Life's eternal chain;
While Love, a gleaming thread, will ever burn,
And each will seize its portion and its pain
And yield them up in turn.*

WILLIAM BLETHWAYT.
LITERARY GUIDE.

tongue meet together under a tree and discuss the subject over again in their mother tongue for their own benefit and for the benefit of those who do not know English. The groups are conducted by eminent men. They discuss original subjects as well or they conduct a national musical entertainment. The Chief Justice of Mysore and his wife and children had a group where they all sang a national song composed by the Chief Justice in the mother tongue. Another meeting of importance of which the Chief Justice was the President was Bharata Samaj the object of which is to unite the various sections of the Hindu community and to do away with certain absurd usages and practices such as child marriage and refusal to admit non-Hindus to Hinduism. The educated and wealthy freely move among the less fortunate.

The Re-establishment of Buddhism in India.

[BY THE ANAGARIKA DHARMAPALA.]



FTER seven hundred years India proper witnessed a scene unprecedented on the day made memorable by the consecration of the Vihara erected by the Maha Bodhi Society in College Square, Calcutta. Facing the beautiful tank, amidst a pile of buildings, all consecrated to the

goddess of learning, stands the Sri Dharma Rajika Vihara, a replica of the Vihara at Ajanta, built to enshrine the holy Relic of the Blessed One, which was discovered at Bhatiproti, in an ancient Dagotha built 2200 years ago. The Maha Bodhi Society began work in Calcutta about thirty years ago with the object of re-establishing Buddhism in the land of its birth. Seven hundred years ago the last vestiges of Buddhism in India proper were destroyed by the invading cohorts of Islam. The destruction of Buddhism in India and in countries to the northwest of Punjab was accomplished by the vandals, with sword and fire in hand, all for the glory of Allah. Aryan civilization went down with a crash, a civilization that had existed for nearly 1800 years before the birth of the founder of Allahism. The vestiges of a forgotten past are now being discovered in Turfan, and Turkestan, showing that at one period, where desolation now reigns, was the seat of a flourishing Buddhist civilization which sent its ramifications far into China. The history of the disappearance of Buddhism from countries where it once flourished has yet to be written. In India proper the historic and sacred sites of Buddhist activity were all reduced to ashes and iconoclastic vandals spread themselves over the holy land of the Buddhist Aryans. Where once the Bhikkhus and white robed laymen sang hymns of glory to the Blessed One, we see to-day desolation and a few Muhammadan tombs. Buddha-Gaya, Benares, Rajagaha, Sravasti, Nalanda, Kosambi, Sanchi, Ajanta, Amaravati, Pataliputra, Kasi, and the holy city of

foot-prints of the Blessed One and His holy Arhats, and consecrated by the spiritualizing activities of saintly Bhikkhus, for fifteen hundred years, are to-day haunted by the shadows of past glories. Priestcraft and fanaticism are twin sisters of ignorance. They both joined together in the destruction of the glorious structure raised by the supreme personality that was born at Lumbini, India that occupied the noble place of



MAHABODHI PREACHING HALL AT BUDDH-GAYA.

Teacher, that sent her spiritual sons to distant lands, and civilized China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Ceylon, by giving the peoples of those lands a spiritual civilization founded on constructive individualism, began to decline since the disappearance of the popular religion of the Blessed One. Brahmanical priestcraft and Islamic fanaticism had done their work of destruction, and to-day, both are alive but with no potency to galvanize a moribund people. Both Brahmanism and Islam had failed within the last thousand years, since the disappearance of the noble religion of the Tathagata, to ameliorate the masses. Sunk in ignorance and indescribable poverty millions upon millions of India's people were under the shade of a poisonous fanaticism without any hope of progress. Western

science and the spirit of democracy, twin sisters born of enlightenment, and of experience gained by the devastating world war, are the beacons lights showing the way to a shore of safety and progress. Under the enlightened administration of British statesmen India is slowly moving onwards, and at this crisis it is the duty of the followers of the Blessed One to re-enter their long lost home, and begin again the great work started by the Blessed One. The industrial classes of India form the backbone of the Indian nation, and the religion that appeals to their natural instinct is the Dhamma that was promulgated by the Tathagata at the Deer Park in Benares 2500 years ago. Christianity and Islam are both Semitic, and they are foreign to the temperament of the Aryan people.

Islam has no ethic of Ahimsa, and Christianity is associated with the traffic of alcoholism and slaughter of harmless animals useful to the economic progress of the Indian people. Brahmanical priestcraft can no more influence the educated class. It lives like the parasite sucking the vitality of the ignorant masses.

The construction of the Sri Dharma Rajika Vihara and the enshrinement of the Holy Relic presented by His Excellency the Viceroy of India to Maha Bodhi Society is full of significance. On the 20th November 1920, the Compassionate Lord re-enters India after an absence of seven centuries. The Maha Bodhi Society, planted the seed nearly 80 years ago, the seed sprouted watered by the generous hear-

Mr. Jinanajada in the course of a lecture on "India's gift to all nations" said that India is essentially a spiritual country and its mission to the world is to spread its spiritualism, love for hatred, justice for injustice. In the course of a conversation with us he advised us to wear the national dress wherever possible, pay more attention to the mother tongue and make Young Men's Buddhist Associations a real force in the country as in Burma.

Galle: 17-1-21.

D. J. A. N.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

Not for the sake of my own well-being do I practise universal benevolence; but I love benevolence, because my wish is to do good to the world,

JATAKAMALA.

ted admirers of the Tathagata, and it bore fruit on the memorable day when His Excellency Lord Ronaldshay, Governor of Bengal, handed the Holy Relic to Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, President of the Maha Bodhi Society, to be enshrined in the Sri Dharmarajika Vihare, built by the munificent donations contributed by Mrs. T. R. Foster of Honolulu, His Highness the illustrious Maharajah of Baroda, and by a few devout followers of the Blessed One. Smaller contributions came from England, India, Siam, Ceylon, Spain, France, Germany, Australia, Burma, Japan, New Zealand. Thanks of the Maha Bodhi Society are due to Sir John Marshall, Director General of Archaeology, for the kind-hearted sympathy and inspiring advice given to the General Secretary throughout the construction of the Vihare, and last but not least to Mr. Mon Mohan Ganguly, the Honorary Architect, but for whose self-sacrificing and indefatigable labours the Vihare could not be *fait accompli*. The wheel of the Law of Truth that was set a-rolling by the Tathagata at the Deer Park having traversed the globe, returns again to India for the happiness of her teeming millions. The future is full of bright hopes for the Religion of Ahimsa provided the yellow-robed Bhikkhus living in Buddhist lands follow the advice of the Master, Who gave the command to the Bhikkhus to "wander forth for the welfare of the many, to proclaim the Doctrine glorious to all Humanity."

For nearly seven centuries there had been no active propaganda in foreign lands. There is local activity in Buddhist countries, but Buddhism requires that the world should be saved from ignorance and until that is done by the Buddhists there can be no manifestation of the sublimity of the Holy Doctrine promulgated by the Supreme Tathagata. There are good Buddhists to be found in Buddhist lands, and they are contented with the display of energy in their own native land. The spirit of selfishness is not the spirit of the Tathagata. He came to save the world of gods and men. He left His own home in Kapilavastu, in order to save the world. Other religious teachers did not leave their own tribe; their activities were confined to their own native land. The Buddha is the only exception. He wandered from province to province in the Gangetic Valley travelling nine months annually engaged in preaching the Good Law to people of all castes and creeds. The Buddha created a Greater India and Aryanzed the races beyond the limits of India, and noble

and unselfish Bhikkhus went forth to the furthest limits of the then civilized world to preach the Noble Doctrine. The countries now civilized in Europe, in the first century after the Parinirvana of Buddha, were sunk in barbarism.

We have now a duty to perform to the non-Buddhist world. India knows Buddha as the ninth incarnation of the God Vishnu; but her children have no idea of the sublime Doctrine proclaimed by the Blessed One. To the Hindu the Buddha is not a stranger, as Jesus or Mahammad; and yet the



ANIMESA LOCHANA CHETIVA

which is situated within the precincts of Buddh-Gaya is a beautiful architecture constructed of bricks.

Buddhists do not think of propagating the Noble Doctrine among the millions of Indian people, to whom it was specially intended. There are 200 millions who are outside the pale of ennobling religion. Brahmanism does not recognize the labouring class of people. Called by the name of Sudras they are left to themselves. The Brahman priest domineers over them, never allowing them to march in the path of purifying religion. To the Sudras the Brahman priest is a clog in the machine of enlightened progress. The Vedas are not for the Sudras, and no Brahman will

teach a Sudra. In the Penares Hindu University, recently established, the higher knowledge is taboo, and when the authorities thereof decided to teach the Vedas to non-Brahmans the Brahman pandits resigned in a huff. Such is the love of the Brahman priesthood for the so-called lower castes. Here in India is a field intended for the Bhikkhu to show his energetic activity and his compassion in giving the Buddha's sublime Doctrine to millions. The Buddha ordained that His Gospel should be preached for all. When the woman of Samaria asked Jesus to teach her, the answer that Jesus gave was that the food of the children should not be given to the dogs. The Jews were the "children", and the non-Jews were "dogs" to Jesus. Sankara, the Malabar Brahman, having found that in his own native land he was not recognized because of his illegitimate birth, left Malabar, and having come to Upper India, became the protagonist of Brahmanism, and it is said waged controversial wars with the Buddhists and defeated them. From this period it is said that Buddhism began to decline. But the Brahman triumph was short-lived. Sankara proclaimed the supremacy of the Brahman, and degraded the non-Brahman to the position of a slave. The Brahman priesthood then commenced writing the so-called "Grihasutras" which gave power to the Brahman to monopolize all knowledge. The real degradation of India began after Sankara. The two hundred millions of non-Brahmans were treated as helots by the Brahman priesthood. The latter arrogated power, which was not possible during the Buddhist period, and the unity of the Indian people was broken. But the foolish priesthood did not look beyond India. They did not know that a new iconoclastic democracy had been born in the desert plains of Arabia with the slogan of Mahammad Basmallah. The accumulated wealth of two thousand years in India was there, and the hungry hordes of vandals heard of it, and when they came to plunder they found the actual condition of her people, all divided, and longing for a deliverer from the Brahmanical yoke. The vandals found Buddhist viharas and libraries all over the Gangetic valley, and a powerful priesthood and a divided people. The oppressed labouring classes longed to free from the intolerance of the arrogant priesthood, and the destructive catastrophe took place. Brahmanism went down, and in place of the doctrine of Ahimsa came the new doctrine of Himsa. Bestiality was introduced to India.

Buddha as a Reformer.

[BY ALBERT J. EDMUNDS ESQ., M. A.]



N the Anguttara Nikaya, V. 177 (I always prefer to quote the Nikayas by suttas and Nipatas rather than by the volumes and pages of any particular edition) we read that the Lord Buddha forbade the

Compassion, Renunciation, and Universal Love vanished from the land. Brahmanism and Muhammadanism are extremes of the religious consciousness. The former preaches asceticism, the latter the enjoyment of sensual pleasures. India under the two systems gradually declined.

The year 2464 of the Buddha's parinirvana, corresponding to the European year of 1920, is a memorable year. For the first time the Hindus and the Muslims have formed an alliance to live in friendly terms; the latter have agreed to give up sacrificing cattle on the Bakr-id day, when several millions of cows were sacrificed to please their God. The British Government having recognized the claims of the people have given them a larger share in the Government of the country. Mahatma Gandhi is preaching the gospel of non-violent non-cooperation with the British government, and calling upon the people to give up foreign goods and use country made goods. The depressed classes have found a voice in the council of the Government. The ethics of the Noble Eightfold Path are being proclaimed unconsciously by the leaders of Indian politics, and the Maha Bodhi Society has erected the beautiful Vihare, the first Buddhist emblem since the destruction of Buddhism seven or eight hundred years ago.

Buddhists of Ceylon have a duty to perform towards India. The ancestors of the Sinhalese Buddhists came from Bengal; the Mahavamsa Dynasty that reigned in Ceylon was related to the Sakyanas, the great Asoka formed an alliance with the Sinhalese king, the great Arhat Moggaliputta sent the Arhat Mahinda, the Emperor's son to establish the Buddha-sasana in Lanka, the Branch of the Bodhi Tree was sent by the Emperor along with his daughter the Princess Sanghamitta, the Bhikkhuni, to the island, to establish the Bhikkhuni Order, the great Buddhaghosa went to translate the Sinhalese Commentaries into Pali; these ties bind Ceylon to India.

The dissemination of the Dharma in India must be done, and the Maha Bodhi Society expects that a number of enthusiastic Sinhalese Bhikkhus and yonks will join the Army of Service to work in India, in compassion for the teeming millions who need the Buddha's redeeming love.

THE ANAGARIKA DHARMAPALA.
Calcutta,



SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE KE.
Acting Chief Justice, Calcutta High Court, Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University.
President, Maha Bodhi Society who had the honour, on behalf of the Maha Bodhi Society, to receive Buddha-relics from the hands of H.E. Lord Ronaldshay, Governor of Bengal.

laity to practise any one of five hurtful trades:—

Traffic in arms
The slave-trade
Butchery
Liquor-dealing
Poisons

Here we have four supposedly Christian and Western reforms of the modern period clearly indicated in India five hundred years before Christ:

Non-resistance
Anti-slavery

Vegetarianism
"Prohibition" (our American name for total abstinence.)

In spite of this text, translated in Philadelphia twenty years ago, a popular cyclopædia in twenty volumes, with thousands of pictures for children, can gravely inform a million young Americans that Buddhism lacks the philanthropic movements of Christianity, such as hospitals. Now, besides the above passage of Scripture, there is Asoka's express edict establishing hospitals for man and beast 250 B.C.

Whenever I get the chance, I make a note inside the cover of the offending volume, informing our Children about these facts. The publishers of the cyclopædia once asked me for a recommendation, and after praising their beautiful articles on astronomy and geology, I wrote a short paragraph pointing out the above mistake. Needless to say, the publishers have refused to print my truthful recommendation, written without fee or reward, when I was asked to, and was assured I should be allowed to tell the truth.

I do hope that some nation or group of nations will arise and put an end to the reign of falsehood. This power is kept up by money, just as the Bible Societies of London and New York use their millions to print a corrupt version of the Gospels in hundreds of languages, thus threatening to confer immortality on a single faulty manuscript of the twelfth century at Basle, used by Erasmus in 1516, and tamely perpetrated in

English by the translators of 1911.

Historical Society of Pennsylvania,
December 10, 1920.

THE CHASE

If you would do Me friendly service, cease for ever from following the chase! The poor creatures of the forest that live there with dim, dream-like consciousness, have a just claim upon our compassion.

JATAKAMALA.

Buddhism and Modern Problems.

[BY VICTOR E. CROMER.]

So Merit won' winneth the happier age,
Which by demerit halteth short of end,
Yet must this Law of Love reign king of all
Before the Kalpas end.

"Light of Asia"



BUDDHISM has this great advantage over all other religions in the world, that it represents the consistent philosophy of one man, unaccompanied by the trappings of ancient historical ideas or the sayings of old-time patriarchs and prophets. Buddha stands out clearly from all the surrounding ideas of his time. He was the one man who divorced himself from the traditions of his time and age, and enunciated universal truths for all times and all ages. Feeling, before his death, that he had perhaps laid down some rules that were only for the moment, and not for all time, the Blessed One gathered his followers together, and told them that they were at liberty to do away with all the minor precepts should they so desire. After his death his followers held a meeting, at which they refused to relax any of these minor precepts. They may or may not have been wise in this decision, though it is always unsafe for a religion to be overloaded with innumerable small precepts; but the main teachings of the Lord Buddha will stand for all time; not, perhaps, in the ages to come necessarily under the name of Buddhism, but in spirit and truth, under many names and forms of religion.

The mighty changes that are taking place in the world to-day have resulted in a great overhauling of religious thought. Christianity is being shaken to its foundations, not because of the teachings of Jesus, (which appear to be unassailable) but because of the conflict between old Jewish ideas, such as the doctrine of the Fall of Man, coming into opposition with modern thought, especially in regard to evolution. Now the teachings of the Lord Buddha in regard to evolution are really in advance of modern European thought, for the thinkers of Europe are still labouring and toiling on the arid desert of the evolution of form, of bodies, of the material envelope, and in their scheme of things the survival of the fittest means the production of the best bodies and their domination and overthrow of the weaker forms. Buddhism, on the other hand, has gone beyond the idea of the evolution of the form, and looks at the evolution of the life beyond the form. Without that life there could be

no form at all. Therefore in reality it is the life that matters, and not the form. The body decays, the form changes, but the life goes on, gathering momentum as it develops. "Decay is inherent in all component things, therefore work out your salvation with diligence," were the last words of this Super-Teacher, and in that statement the whole idea of the evolution of form gives place to the infinitely grander conception of the evolution of the real life, the spirit or soul of man. Buddhists have nothing to fear from the study of Darwin, Wallace, and other European evolutionists, as there is no danger of their faith being shaken by such literature. In fact, Buddhists should make a deep study of western thought along these lines, as equipment for their intellectual armoury in the great mental developments that will take place in the future.

Modern education is another direction in which Buddhist thought should run as a resistless stream, for Buddha was the educationist par excellence. "The ignorant," said Buddha, "grow old like the ox; their body grows but their knowledge does not grow." If the Buddhist nations would turn their attention to education, and see that the masses of the Buddhist children receive the best education that it is possible to obtain in this world, they would undoubtedly be fulfilling one of the greatest ideas of the mighty Teacher. Schools and universities are the logical outcome of the organisation of teaching on the lines Buddha was wont to teach. He was really the great Lecturer, the Professor who gathered round him his pupils and spoke to them on innumerable subjects, preparing them for greater degrees in life. But it remains for the future to organise these lectures, divide the pupils into classes and groups, and lead them on stage by stage to the heights of knowledge. The University system began in Greece, and arose originally out of Socrates teaching in the market place, from which Plato evolved the idea of founding an Academy so that the teachings could be given in a more organised form. The day is coming, and must come, when every Buddhist boy and girl will receive a complete education, from the Kindergarten to the University, and the Buddhist Monk of that time will be the teacher of the people. As in Burma to-day, every boy spends one year of his life in the

Temple, so in the near future every child in a Buddhist community will receive a complete education, fitting them for all avenues of life.

During the last thirty or forty years the modern European world has witnessed a great agitation in favour of the equality of the sexes. We have heard much of woman's suffrage, of equal pay for equal work, and many other ideas relating to the equality of the sexes. The whole idea of sex equality was first enunciated in the world by the Lord Buddha himself, but he was ages before his time in laying down that principle, and the idea fell very flat in the India of his day. He established Buddhist nunneries as well as monasteries, but less than 100 years after his death the nunneries disappeared, because the world of that age was not ripe for sex equality. To-day, however, the world is ready for the recognition of the principle, and Buddhists should realise that in the teachings of their great Master the idea of sex equality was laid down in no uncertain manner.

Prohibition of intoxicating liquors is another great reform that is spreading rapidly throughout the world, and here again Buddha was first in the field with his absolute prohibition of spirituous liquors "which work the wit abuse." So definite was he on this question that he made it one of the Five Precepts that are to be borne in mind each day. Could anything be clearer than a teaching of such import as this, intended to keep the body from being defiled and so staying the progress of the life.

The League of Nations has brought the whole question of "Disarmament" to the fore throughout the world. Alone in the ancient world the voice of Buddha speaks against militarism and all its works. His words are so clear that there is no possibility of compromise. His followers must neither take part in battle, nor prepare for war, nor be engaged in the making of munitions of war. The whole group of illusions out of which wars arise was completely dispelled by Him, and it is a pity that the world has not taken more notice of His teachings in this direction. How quickly quarrels cease if even one of the combatants only renounces his selfish interests in the matter under consideration? Take Japan and America, for instance, almost ready to come to blows over the question of Japanese in America. What is the good of killing a couple of million people in order to enable one hundred thousand immigrants to land in America? For a war between Japan and America would result in many millions being killed, and no good could possibly result from it. More than 25,000,000 people lost their lives directly and indirectly as the result of the European war, and nobody has benefited. The Napoleonic wars reduced

Europe's population by over 10,000,000, and the only result was that France finished up somewhat smaller than when she began. One might take all the wars of history, and ask what good was accomplished, and the answer is inevitable, "Nothing." But the hatreds generated go on simmering for ages. The European war was in reality only a stage in the endless fight between two types of people, the Latins and the Germans, which has gone on in ages past, and will continue to go on age after age until the bad Karma of these quarrels is exhausted, and common-sense and love rule supreme. It is infinitely better, though much harder at first, to suffer indignities till their causes are exhausted than to take up arms to redress grievances; for by war one only adds to one's karmic burdens, generating new causes which will work out in future evil effects. The keen enlightenment of the Lord Buddha followed cause and effect to their ultimates, and he knew that there were no good or righteous wars. As a witty Frenchman put it once, "There are no good wars, but some wars are worse than others." "War is hell," said General Grant after the American Civil war, and the road to Nirvana is not by plunging into hell, but by steering clear of all the temptations to violence.

Social Reform is the great slogan in the West to-day, and the teachings of the Lord Buddha contain the germs of all that is best in social reform. One of the precepts of the Eightfold Path is Right Livelihood. That is to say, one must turn from one's economic life to those professions which are sinless and stainless, and which neither enslave oneself nor others. If we follow this precept to its conclusion we will find that it holds within it all the principles of

true social reform. The employer and employee must both deal fairly with one another, the employer granting the best conditions of labour and the highest economic wages, while the worker must turn out a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. The age in which Buddha lived was not one in which economic conditions had reached the intensity that they have to-day. Yet his teachings contain many of the basic principles of all true social reform,

even to the ideal of a new age based on love in which all old things would be swept away and new conditions would arise on a grander and fairer basis.

We have heard much of the question of self-determination for the various races of the world. Now the teachings of Buddha concerning the Vagrian Confederacy contain the whole idea of this question of self-

AHIMSA.

Who looks on beast or bird or worm
With eye that doth not love,
Is blind to what is his own form
At but a short remove.

Think you the life that goes on feet
That count up four, by you
Is to be counted nothing meet
Because you go on two p

Nay, life is life wherever found,
In all its forms the same.
Who deals the humblest thing a wound,
Himself he deals a shame.

Who slays the meanest thing on earth,
Himself he slays as well
Within, where noblest things have birth,
And pity, mercy dwell.

But he whose breast with love is rife
For all that fly or swim,
Where'er he looks, he looks at life,
And life looks back at him.

He sees himself in all that moves,
In lives both great and small;
And in his heart because he loves,
He is made one with all.

In peace he dwells his whole life long,
In quiet yields his breath.
For who to life hath done no wrong,
He shall not fear in death.

SILACARA.

determination. A neighbouring king desired to destroy the Vagrian Confederacy, but before doing so he wished to obtain the opinion of the Lord Buddha on the matter, so he sent an ambassador to Buddha, to ask him about it. Buddha, among other things, answered, "So long as the Vagrians conduct their business by holding full and free public assemblies, they are invincible." It is well known that the Lord Buddha based the organisation of His Sangha which

is one of the most democratic institutions in the world to-day on the system of Government adopted by the Vagrians, which was that of a self-governing republic in which everyone had a free and equal voice in the Government. The right of every nation to live in its own way was emphasised many times by Buddha. The war-mongering, conquest-loving ruler he abhorred. "Both the conquered and the conquerors are unhappy," he declared, "The former, because of the oppression and the latter because they fear that the conquered may arise and overthrow them." And those who understand anything of Karma know that the conquered always do ultimately rise and overthrow the conquerors! That is the verdict of history.

The Brotherhood of Man is a principle that has been thundered forth in Europe for many years, but it was enunciated by Buddha many ages ago. He was the first to give utterance to the great truth of universal brotherhood and he was not only the first but the fullest and clearest exponent of the idea. He denounced caste and all forms of snobishness that divided man from man, and was opposed to all inequalities and artificial divisions. "There is no caste in blood, which floweth of one hue, nor caste in tears, which trickle salt with all." The artificial barriers of race, of colour, of any form of division, become ridiculous to the believer in reincarnation, for he knows that he must pass through all these various races in order to gain the necessary experience to ascend to Nirvana in the end. Yet each race has its own destiny to fulfil, its own Karma and Dharma, and therefore when we want self-determination for ourselves we must be ready to grant it to others, and not

interfere with their lives. Does not this principle solve the Japan-American trouble and innumerable other disorders in the world to-day. The balance must weigh equally on both sides in order to obtain equilibrium.

Now a word as to the future. The essential teachings of Buddhism are gaining great ground in Europe and America, especially America, but not under the name

of Buddhism. There are a number of movements arising, however, under various names, which are teaching some of the principles of Buddhism, such as Theosophy, New Thought, Christian Science, Spiritualism, etc., in the religious world; while much of the peace propaganda is influenced by Buddhist ideas. These teachings are gaining great ground, and their affinity with Buddhism is most marked. Many of the leaders of these movements understand something of Buddhism, and give forth the teachings without saying where they come from. In the future there will be an even wider study of Buddhist writings which will be utilised in the process of forming the new religious philosophy that will come in the West in time. It will not be called Buddhism, but it will contain many of the elements of Buddha's teaching,

and it will do a marvellous work in all Western countries, including America and Australia, in paving the way for universal peace. Now Buddhists can help in this work by making themselves more fitted to expound their teachings, and by understanding the direction in which events are tending in the world. We are in a great age, the world is in a state of transition, and it must find peace and rest in a sound understanding of fundamental principles, and in Buddhism the germ of some of the best teaching the world has ever seen lies embedded, to be given forth to the world by its enlightened exponents. Moreover, there is no ethical conflict between Christianity and Buddhism, though doctrinal Christianity is very far behind the pure spiritual teachings of both Christ and Buddha.



VIEW OF OLD GAYA.

Diary of a Pilgrimage to India.

[By AFFRÈE AINMAR.]



VEN as a boy, when I first studied the Buddha Dhamma, I had a keen desire to visit the Holy Buddhist Shrines of India and later, when I read, in the Maha Parinibbana-sutta, of the Blessed One Himself telling Ananda of the "four places that the believing man should visit with feelings of reverence and awe"—the birth-place, the place of attainment, the place where the Dhamma was first expounded, the place of the final passing away,—I determined to visit, at least two of these shrines at the first available opportunity.

Years passed, and fortune did not favour my purpose, till November, last year, when with the opening of the new Yihare, at Calcutta, my chance, at last, came.

I resolved with a view to making my pilgrimage as beneficial and meritorious as possible, to observe the Eight Precepts for the whole period of its duration, and approach, as nearly as one could, the lofty ideal of plain living and high thinking.

Behold me then, setting out, on Sunday the 21st November, 1920, dressed in the simple robes of an *Upasaka*, with bare

feet encased in *sandals*, hatless, but armed with an umbrella, and with my essential requirements for the trip packed in a small *attaché case*. At the last moment some one thrust a bottle of water in my hands, but this particular impediment slipped from under my arm, at Talaimannar, and smashed on the pier—an involuntary oblation to the Gods, for a good journey and a safe return.

I first visited a neighbouring Temple, "took" the Eight Precepts, and with the good wishes of my Bhikkhu friends warning me, left, in a rickshaw, for Maradana, where I was to embark. The train was already in and, as I had a through Cook's ticket, 2nd class, I hurried up the platform and was shown into a compartment by a friendly porter.

The matter, of which "class" to travel by, had troubled me much. The first seemed too "prideful" for an *upasaka* and I was dissuaded from the Third, to which I was frankly inclined, by people who knew the Indian railways and their little ways with third class passengers, whom also, it is believed, it is the whole duty of Port Surgeons and Health Officers to harass. So I took a middle path, which has high sanction, and travelled Second.

The compartment was crowded, for a night-mail, but a young Bharatha gentleman made me comfortable, and afterwards discussed "religion" with me in the most friendly and interested way. We attempted to sleep, in cramped positions, with little success, and, at Madawatchi, an American Missionary and a young Mohamadan entered. Reclining was then out of the question, for we now had ten in the compartment. So we sat and nodded till the gray dawn found us at Peshawar, where a stiff chilly morning wind ruffled the feathers of the crows perched on the station roof.

We boarded the ferry-boat "Elgin" which was waiting at Talaimannar Pier. The channel was rough, and the crossing took an hour more than usual. The flat-bottomed "Elgin" pitched and rolled, and many were sea-sick. Luckily I am a good sailor, and enjoyed the weather. On the boat I discovered a bug crawling on my robe, whom I captured and cast away: that was a memento from the Ceylon Government Railways!

The ferry-boat supplies one with morning tea, at a moderate price. A money-changer too offers to give one Indian money, in exchange for that of Ceylon. The Indian customs authorities inspect one's possessions on the boat, and chalk initials on everything—even umbrella-handles. A young man, dressed in neat khaki uniform kindly presented me with a couple of illuminating "Pastor Russell" tracts.

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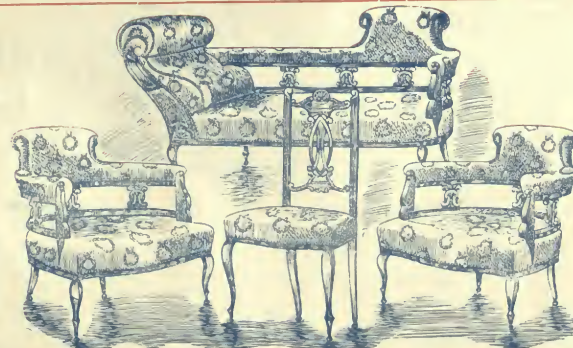
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Tommy Moore.Such splendid things you never saw in any land I'm sure;
Here's Italian shawls and Cashmere too, and very
pretty dresses.And Jewels, and gold, and things I'm told, fit for
princesses;Here's Persian rugs and Benares mugs and grand
things from Mysore.And cups of gold, and silver plates, and Chudlers from
Bamboo.In price you'll find he's very cheap—the cheapest in
the town.You need not fear J. N. Ramsamy will ever take
you down.Give him a trial and take my word and sorry you
won't be.And, when we meet in distant climes, you'll blessing
pour on me.At Ramestaram, the South Indian
Railway train was waiting on the pier.
"These S. I. R. trains are "corridor" ones,
and one can inspect the train, from end
to end, while on the run. It is a narrow
gauge, and, as the corridor takes some space,
the compartments are small. But they
are never over crowded and are quite com-
fortable. My Bharatha friend, a connection of
his, and I shared one "dove-cote," which
was supplied with electric fan, light, and a
push-call for an attendant.The train carries no food, only rented
waters, but food is obtainable, on the line,
from specified stations: one has but to give
one's orders to guard or the attendant.
The food, on the Indian Railways, I found
to be quite wholesome and good, if rather
insipid to the pampered Ceylon
palate. I had my fore-noon meal
at Mandapam.The Bharatha gentlemen
got off at Madura, which is the
second city of the Madras presi-
dency. There is much brassware,
for sale, at this station, as indeed
there seems to be in most Indian
Railway Stations and shops.
From Madura to Madras I
shared a compartment with a
Hindu of Haidarabad, Sind, a
Fort merchant, who was going
home for a holiday. He was a
kindly man, with twinkling eyes,
and entertained me with several
novel views, on religion and the
universe. His reasons for vene-
rating the Buddha was specially
diverting. It would appear that,
long, long ago, the Germans
came over to India and realizing
the value of the Vedas, stole the
books and took them "to Ger-
many." Then came the Buddha
who, by magic might, recovered
the sacred books, and restored
them to the Brahmins. Ceylon
Buddhism is apparently unaware
of this particular feat of the
Master,—and I doubt whether
German history records the
events.This young Sindi was full of the
quaintest legends and theories. But this
"diary" would be overlong, were I to
retail all Jivat Ram's stories.The whole of that day, the 22nd and
night, were spent on the train. Jivat Ram
dined at Trichinopoly, and was much in-
terested in the fact that my Eight Precepts
exempted me from this burden. He very
kindly invited me to spend the day with
him at Madras, which we reached at
8-30 a.m. on the 23rd. Jivat's "agents"
lived at Mount Road, and we left Egmore
Station, at my request, in rickshaws.Madras rickshaws are cumbersome
huge affairs, very unlike the neat light
vehicle one sees in Colombo. It is a
common thing to see big carts (like the
double-bullock cart of Ceylon) being dragged
along by a couple of men, instead of by
bulls. The horse-drawn vehicles too are
quaint to us of Ceylon. They are like our
single-bullock carts, and the passenger
squats inside on a mat or cushion. A novel
"umbrella"—a large woven bamboo
basket, is also a queer sight in these parts.At Mount Road, I was very hospitably
entertained. After a refreshing bath, I was
regaled with roti, dhal and sweets. It was
a very satisfying meal, and, as it was
10 a.m., I believed it was my fore-noon
dinner, for I had told Jivat I did not eatmattress, cross legged, sat Chella Ram,
the head of the firm. He attended to the
"native" side of the business, and the
"vernacular" correspondence: whilst his
brother, the handsome, English educated
Kaval Ram, also on a mattress, (with tele-
phone at side and gold-mounted fountain-
pen in hand) managed the "European"
dealings.Then came a red-brick paved court-
yard, across which one went to enter the
residential part, whose broad verandah was
shaded with khus-khus tats, and a quite un-
necessary electric fan hummed above.I found Madras quite cool, although
I had been told that Madras temperature
acclimated one for the nether regions!But it was the rainy season,
and the Presidency, as a whole
had more than its usual share
of wet weather. The trains and
their trailers splashed through
flooded streets; earth was sodden,
and air cool.In the evening Kaval Ram
drove me to Madras Central
Station, in a smooth running
Bessemer car. There was some
difficulty about my berth,
but Kaval's persuasive powers
(plus "bukhsheesh") not only
found me a berth, but converted
a 1st class into a "second" class
Indian railway legroom is
positively weird. Jivat's train
started later,—he was travelling
en route Bombay: so I bade "good-
bye" to my Sindi friends with
a real pang when the train steam-
ed out of Madras, at 7-30 p.m.I shared my compartment
with a Europeanized Brahmin
who spoke Oxford English and
was clad in grey flannel. He
had his "sacred thread" in a
portmanteau, and wore it, the
next day, before he got off at
his destination, "for the old
folk were conservative and would
be highly annoyed if they missed
it." The Brahmin slept till
7 a.m. on the 24th but was
up in time to explain to methat the two-mile bridge, over the Gola-
veri, was the second longest in India.This is a broad-gauge line and runs
through a never ending sea of cultivated
land. As far as the eye could reach were
fields of rice, indian corn, pulse, millet,
wheat etc. It was mostly flat plain. The
few visible hills were bare and bleak. There
was none of the changing scenery so
familiar to the railway traveller in this
tight little island.Samalkot was the station for break-
fast, but the Sindi's hospitality, of the
previous day, had taken away hunger,PLEASE NOTE MY NAME
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STUPA IN FRONT OF EAST GATE OF BUDDH-GAYA

and I went without. Here I found that there were twenty four Sinhalese pilgrims on the train, including five Bhikkhus. They had left Colombo a day earlier than I, but had been delayed by floods "past Kurunegala," had missed the ferry connection, and spent a night and a day at Madras! I was glad of their friendly company.

We went whirling by fields and wattle and daub hamlets till at 8 p.m. we arrived at Wallar Junction. This is a sort of Indian "Mt. Lavinia." Here my Brahmin friend worked an oracle that made our first class compartment remain "second," till Calcutta! At Vizagapatam a second Brahmin got in. He was a short, chubby High Court Vakil, dressed in nondescript style, and strong on Advaita and Sankara. He was an interesting person, and fluent, and I was sorry when both Brahmins left the train that evening. I had the compartment to myself after that, till Howrah, Calcutta, was reached at noon of the 25th.

We passed a very interesting old town, "Vijayapura," where a "landlord" Raja still dwells in pseudo-splendor. His father used, daily, to get two pots of Ganges water, to bathe. He had a road made to the river, and relays of men were always on it, marching with the water-pots. There were also rest houses for pilgrims, where food was served free.

At Calcutta there were lads of the Maha Bodhi Society waiting for the train. They led us pilgrims to some two horse charabancs, into six of which we were all herded, and we drove to "Curzon House" which had been specially engaged for the Ceylon Pilgrims. It was a two-storied building with the Bhikkhus dwelling upstairs and the laics down. It was overcrowded, and the pilgrims were cooking in their own food. Several Bhikkhus were ill with influenza, and three eventually died. They were fortunate ones, for has not the Master held that—"they, who shall die while they, with believing heart, are journeying on pilgrimage, shall be reborn after death in the happy realms of heaven?" There was a meeting of pilgrims that evening, at Curzon House, when the programme for the next day was discussed.

After the meeting, I paid Mr. Dharmapala a visit, and drove to call on relatives at Elliot Road. These insisted on my staying with them during my sojourn at Calcutta, and I had to refuse the kind invitation of Rambakwella Siddhanta Thera to lodge with him. Rambakwella Priest is

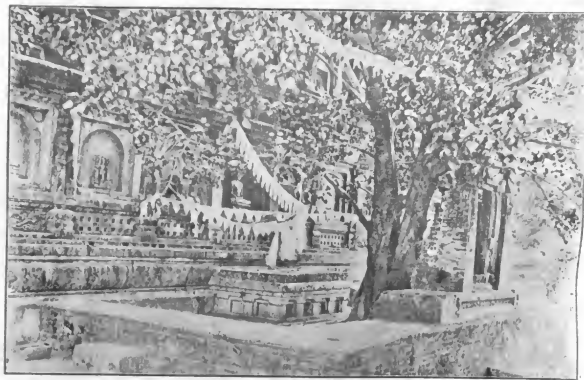
the Pali Professor of Calcutta University, and a much esteemed Bhikkhu.

On the 25th, at 8 a.m. the Pilgrims met opposite Government House. I will not weary the reader with a description of how the Relic was received and taken in procession to College Square. He has probably read all about this, and the subsequent opening of the Siri Dhamma Rajika Vihare, by Lord Ronaldsday, in the newspapers. The functions were very successful. Representative Buddhists from all parts were present. I was deeply struck and moved with the inspiring and sweet anthem-like strains of the Tibetan music that accompanied the procession. The Chittagong band, on the other hand, with its clashing cymbals and fantastic squeaky pipes, was weird. But I will say here, that the general opinion, amongst the Sinhalese Bhikkhus, is that the Bhadrupolu Relic is not a Buddha Relic. Buddha Relics are of two main classes, large and small. This

On the 27th I booked a through ticket, at Cook's, to Benares, and back to Colombo. I should have liked to visit Kusinara and Lumbini too, but could not afford the time to extend my pilgrimage thus long.

At 6-35 p.m. the mail-train left Calcutta. It was quite cold and chilly when I got off at Buddh Gaya Station, at 8 a.m. of the 28th. Some other Ceylon pilgrims were there and we managed to get some hot tea from the Railway refreshment room. We hired a motor-bus, and, shivering with cold, we were driven to Buddh Gaya proper, some half dozen miles away. At dawn we arrived at the resthouse for pilgrims,—a fine rooey building with a flat roof, large hall, and several apartments for the ladies and children. Food must be brought from outside and the duowan, or caretaker will help to cook.

The Siri Maha Bodhi is a fine healthy tree, enclosed by a stone parapet. It stands just behind the huge Asoka edifice which



THE SIRI MAHA BODHI

This is supposed to be a sprout of the original Tree under which Lord Buddha attained Enlightenment.

Relic (I saw it) cannot come under the "small" class, and the shrines, of all the large relics, are mentioned in the books. Bhadrupolu is not such a shrine. In any case, it is absurd to call this the "oldest body-relic of the Buddhists," or "the holiest of Relics." No one Buddha-relic is "older" or "holier" than another, and we, of Ceylon, are proud possessors of several undoubted Buddha-relics that are enshrined in this island.

After the enshrining, as I was waiting for a train to Elliot Road, an old Babu asked me—"how long my God intended to stay there; from where did He come; Who was He etc." To this old gentleman, our procession was only "the outing of a God!" and Gods are many and quaint in the Hindu pantheon!

the Government have renovated. The original tree is said to have perished, and the present one is supposed to be a sprout that sprang from the root of the old. In any case, there stands a Bo tree, at the original Vajrasana and countless thousands of Buddhists reverently worship there—pilgrims from Japan, China, Korea, Tibet, Bhutan, Sikkim, Nepal, Burma, Cambodia, Siam and Ceylon.

I "re-took" my unbroken eight Precepts there, Karandana Jinaratna Thera "giving" them to me, and together we knelt at that holy spot:—

Here sat the Buddha, Universal Lord,
Here glimpsed He vision of Eternal Word,
Here conquered Mara's ever-presing host,
Here strangled Kamma's mirage-making ghost.

To Thee, Sweet Lord, my worship, as I bow
My head in dust before Thy Holy Tree;—
At Tree of Shining Wisdom, selfless now,
Thy humblest servant bows, and salutes Thee!

Here then I knelt and made my high resolve;—
May those Perfections, someday, be mine too;
May this flowing Kanana too, someday, evolve
A Wakened One, Sweet Lord, to save, like You!

I waded across the Nernanjara, and walked across the floor-sit sand on its dry banks to the Muealinda site, and returning again did obeisance at the Tree.

I was given my morning tea, and noon dana by two fellow pilgrims, both of whom that day observed the Eight Precepts. We examined the rock carvings on the Arhat dagobas scattered around; the stories, in stone, on wall and balustrade and pillar; the big modern gongs, presented by cymbal Barmans, the site of the Blessed One's Netra puja where He stood gazing at the Holy Tree that had sheltered Him at the Awakening; the site of the Deva's golden pavilion; the site where He paced in meditation; we sprinkled scents at the foot of the Holy Tree, and made offering, that night, of flowers, lights and incense.

I paid a visit to the Mahant, the Hindu Ascetic, who is squire of all the land around this site. He is a clean shaved, yellow-robed Brahmacari, about 55 years old, and very "religious" in his habits. He lives in a big fort-like ancient temple and owns land by the square mile, the income from which is over seven lacs a year; but he is said to touch nothing of this money, which goes to support his followers and pilgrims, and effect improvements on his vast estate. I was shown the circular stone, said to be the original Vajrasana, which is now in the Mahant's compound. There also stood the Himalayan Manjusrī, with the book-surmounted lotus in his hand, and Avalokitesvara with the dagoba-crested crown.

I was a deeply interested spectator of the devout, and physically exhausting, prostration-worship of the Tibetan pilgrims. They believe that repetition of the words "Om mani padma hum" with thought, on Avalokitesvara—surely cleanses the heart!

We slept in the hall of the pilgrims' house that night. It was cozy in the hall, though outside it was as cold as N'Elia!

On the 29th I returned to Gaya railway station and took the 5 p.m. train for Benares. One has to change at Moghul Sarai junction, which is reached after midnight. From there to Benares Cantonment is only an hour's run. On the 30th a party of four of us engaged a gharry and set out, at 6 a.m., for Sarnath, a dreary six-mile drive.

There is a small "pilgrims' rest," at Isipatana, put up by the Maha Bodhi Society. It stands on an eight-acre plot of land, bought with money donated by the lady, Mrs. T. R. Foster, so well-known to us by her generosity towards Buddhist work.

Here we fortunately met Karaputugala Dhammasiri Bhikkhu, Professor of Pali, of Benares University, who was a learned guide to us, over the ruins of Asoka's ancient temple of Isipatana.

Gone are the glories of this once fair spot—
Gone are its towers, domes and gilded spires;
Gone are the yellow robes that once did dot
These plains,—to cheer and save these peoples' lives!

Now cobras glide, and tigers bark and sun,
Where Maharajas twined golden store;—
So ends all glory, when all's said and done—
Thus endeth even Buddha's Mighty Lore!

took, once more, the Five Precepts, from the same Bhikkhu who gave me the Eight on the day I set out sixteen days since. But this is a diary of the "pilgrimage," and the pilgrimage ended with the worship at Isipatana.

May all who read partake of my joy, partake of my Suddhi, partake of my meritorious kamma, gained through this pilgrimage to "the Middle Country" of the Blessed One.

The return journey was uneventful except for the breach in the railway, at Hamnad, which held us up for eighteen hours at Madras. May you, who read, be tempted also "to set out on pilgrimage."

"Like a lion, not trembling at noises, like wind, not caught in a net, like the lotus, not soiled by water."

Eko care khagayavisa kappi."



NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO SIRI MAHA BODHI

These vandals of the past, who wrecked this
fane,
Gone are they with their glory, as is just;
In blood they rose, in blood they sank again.
And, like Asoka's pillar, lie in dust.

Isipatana is a huge wreck of bricks, mortar, and beautiful granite work. The Government is excavating, and a handsome museum, near by, now shelters many valuable finds, notably the beautiful capital of the massive "Asoka pillar," and an exquisite Buddha image of refined grandeur.

All this ruin was wrought by the Mohamedan invader. We did obeisance at the site of the Unfolding of the Wheel of the Law, and somehow, our hearts were very sad.

Here, a reluctant Five, our Buddha taught,
And here I thirst for Five, and thirst in vain;
No, no "in vain" was Buddha ever sought,
For where Truth dawns the Buddha shines again.

My "diary" continues till the 6th December, on the morning of which day, I

Natures' Struggle.

BY DR. W. A. DE SILVA, J. P.



HE time was about noon. The sky was clear and the bright golden light of the sun lit up the tangled foliage of the dense undergrowth of trees with flakes of dancing gold. Out at the distance, as far as the eyes could see, the country was bare of forest and wood, but the land lay in undulating terraces one above the other, in irregular stretches, leaning against a clear blue sky. The paths and streams and little rills of water that ran among undulating land were bare except for the dense growth of grass, and were shining like sheets of silver embedded on a greenish gray surface.

Two men were seated on the edge of a little stream, that wound through the forest above, and found its way into the open country, through a channel formed along a heap of irregularly placed granite boulders. They had just opened a little parcel they carried, and had refreshed themselves.

On one of the lower branches of a bush a little spider was seen busy spreading its web, and mending it every few seconds. Each time he caught a fly or a tiny insect he carried it away rapidly and deposited his prey somewhere and returned to his vigil with renewed vigour. The spider never would wait to make a meal of anything it caught. It laid its meshes, it worked hard and incessantly, and caught as many flies as would get near it.

The process went on for hours together. The same active routine and the pleasure of collecting its prey. It had no time to spare to think of having a feed. A little beyond on the side of a little rock a swarm of red ants were seen wending in a long and unbroken procession two abreast, three abreast, sometimes in groups. The line was unbroken. There was order and regularity. Some of the insects were carrying provisions, little dead beetles, tiny flies and other dead insects. The provision carriers often made a halt, when all the neighbouring insects who were taking a part in the march would stay on and gather round the dead insect and have a feed. Almost all those who partake of a feed carry a little of their provisions in their mouths, and rapidly pass forward to see that all companions, who are taking part in the march, are fed. They do not carry much provision, they do not hoard it, and the little they have they distribute so evenly and so rapidly, without any apparent effort, that the whole party is easily fed and at liberty to continue their march without care or anxiety.

Just as they were watching the spider and his web, and his long and tedious labour, labour uninterrupted, unmindful of feeding or rest, where he was gathering his victims and hoarding them, a wood pecker bird, in its glowing scarlet and green plumage swooped down, and without much ceremony pecked at the spider and swallowed it, and its hoard of insects in the twinkling of an eye, and flew away to the accompaniment of a long drawn triumphant cry, as if it were saying, I have done it, I have done it, fool, fool, fool.

The colony of red ants wended their way uninterrupted. They had no hoard. They looked after each other and were prepared to attack any intruder who came in their way, and their joint stinging produced such an itching on the ankle of one of the two spectators, that he soon shook himself, and kept out of the way of the red ants.



THE *Buddhist Annual of Ceylon* is yet another sign of the renaissance of Buddhism. It is fitting that Lanka, the custodian of the Dhamma in its best and purest form, should be to the fore in this revival. For, in this Island still exists the unbroken succession of the Sangha established by the Buddha Himself.

The activities which are everywhere to be seen to-day, both in the East and in



CAPTAIN J. E. ELLAM,
One of the Founders, and First Hon. General Secretary,
of the "Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland
1907," Editor of the "Buddhist Review."

the West, prove that the Buddhist Religion is truly a Living Faith, and not the moribund tradition of ages past.

The self-sacrificing and disinterested labours of Western scholars have brought to Europe and America a teaching, as valid now as it was 2500 years ago, which is destined to exercise an influence upon their civilization in the highest degree for good. Until recent years, however, much of what was written by Europeans, and by Americans, upon Buddhism shows a lamentable lack of understanding. This is due to their persistence in reading their own ideas, generally as Christians, into a quite different mode of thought; and to their endeavouring to find support for pre-conceived theories, or to discover common origins for, and parallels between, Buddhism and Christianity. Moreover, a sufficient discrimination was not made between the Pali and the Sanskrit literatures. Nor has

Buddhism in the West.

By J. E. ELLAM.

(Associate Editor, *Buddhist Review*, London.)

It has been realized that the corruptions of the original teaching found in the later Sanscrit works were often deliberately imported by those Brahminical influences which sought to destroy Buddhism, and which, unfortunately, succeeded only too well in India proper.

That form of Buddhism which calls itself "Mahayana" has adopted many animistic and ritualistic superstitions and practices which do not belong to Buddhism at all, but were categorically repudiated by the Buddha Himself. It has been truly said that the Sanscrit literature is a chaos whereas the Pali literature is a cosmos. "Southern" Buddhism regards the latter only as authoritative, and the first as of secondary, or of no importance at all. It is in this Sanscrit "jungle" that so many Western enquirers have lost themselves. Of the "Mahayana" we may say that it needs "a great vehicle" indeed to carry all that rubbish!

But, of late years, there have been Europeans who went to the fountain head direct, a few of them becoming Bhikkhus, entering the Sangha, and who are so enabled to interpret the Dhamma at first hand, and from within. Thus, with the valuable translations by non-Buddhist scholars on the one hand and the interpretations of these Buddhists on the other, the West is enabled to obtain for the first time a clear understanding of the Dhamma as it was proclaimed by the Tathagata Himself.

Those of us in the West who are Buddhists are aware of the keen interest that is displayed, often in quite unexpected quarters, whenever the subject of Buddhism is raised. This is not at all surprising when we reflect that the intellectual atmosphere of the West to-day is exactly suited for the growth and development of the Buddhist thought.

A critical, but not unfriendly writer, observing this, has said: "Not a few men of culture in the West, orphaned in the world of faith, and finding the milk offered them by the sciences thin and a little sour, have sought in Buddhism a *via media*, and are satisfied that they have found it." This hardly puts the case correctly. They are orphaned in the world of faith because, by contrast with their scientific knowledge, they find the milk offered them by the conventional religion of the West thin and a little sour. A Christian divine once condemned science as "atheism, in that it takes no account of God." Buddhism, on the other hand, welcomes scientific knowledge and rational thought as its strongest allies. Thus, the writer above

quoted is quite right when he regards Buddhism as the only rival to Christianity which is really possible to the Western mind.

Another such critic remarks that Buddhism is "a possible rallying ground for all the æsthetic ability and culture of the age." This is precisely true, because Buddhism appeals most strongly to the educated, the thoughtful and the cultured.

That the first of these two critics should deprecate Buddhism as "too cold and reasonable" is not surprising, since he is himself an exponent of religion in its most emotional and irrational form. It is strange, by the way, that when this kind of religion is losing its hold in the West, *pari passu* with the spread of education, it should be exported in all its crudity to the Buddhists of the East!

The various Christian bodies in England to-day are perturbed over the growing indifference of the people, and the decline of their membership. All kinds of schemes, some of them sensational and bizarre, are suggested in order to attract the erring ones back to the fold. Various reasons are assigned for this indifference; every kind of explanation is given but the correct one. The real fact is that the churches are losing their hold because the masses of the people no longer believe their doctrines. Among those who possess the advantages of culture, and the leisure for study, there is a frank agnosticism, though it is true that a certain number outwardly conform as a matter of mere convention. But there is no real belief. Among the working masses there is a growing minority who read and think for themselves. They have at their disposal the best scientific, philosophical and critical works in such cheap editions as, for example, those published by the Rationalist Press Association. That these matters are widely and freely discussed the present writer happens to know from personal observation. It is here that we have the reason for what is called "the decay of faith" in the West. Those large numbers of people of all classes who neither read nor think, but are merely indifferent, do not count; their indifference is due to the absence of the old-time religious compulsion, though, if asked to give a reason for it, many would be found to echo the opinions of their better read associates.

The real explanation is that the creeds and dogmas of the Christian Churches are not in accordance with the facts of life, with our knowledge of the universe, of the world, and of the nature of man. In a word, they are untrue.

Yet, side by side with this unbelief, there is a vast interest in what is called "Spiritualism," as shown by the numerous articles appearing in various popular magazines and newspapers, which claim to deal with the continued existence of the "Soul"

after death in "the higher spheres," "heaven worlds" and so forth. The general tendency is either a too ready acceptance of these views, or an equally hasty rejection of them.

Into this atmosphere of unbelief, doubt, criticism, credulity, and conflicting theories and speculations, with an undercurrent of rational thought seeking for truth and enlightenment, comes Buddhism.

We who are Buddhists not only believe, but know, that if the Dhamma can be presented in its original clarity, freed from the accretions of later scholarship, and from the trammels of imported superstition, it will meet with a very wide acceptance.

Let us consider. In the light of modern, scientific knowledge this solar system, compared with what we can see in space, is a very small affair indeed. This earth of ours is only a minute mote of dust revolving round a central speck of fire, the sun. Our sun is one million three hundred thousand times larger than the earth, and is more than ninety million miles distant. The dimensions of our solar system alone are beyond imagining. But every one of the fixed stars is a blazing, flaming sun. Many of these are larger than our sun. The star Canopus is a million and a half times brighter than our sun. One of the nearest fixed stars is Alpha Centauri, 26,000,000,000 miles away. No human being can understand the meaning of that. In order conveniently to express these enormous distances, they have to be reckoned in "light years": that is to say the distances it takes light, travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, to cover in one year of our time. Quite recently (Jan. 1921) another sun, Alpha Orionis, which is 150 light years distant, has been measured and found to be 300 times larger than our sun. If one could travel to the farthest visible star, there would still appear millions of other stars farther off, and so on to infinity.

In the light of modern, scientific knowledge we trace back the evolutionary history of our earth, and its life forms, until we come to a period when no organic life forms existed at all: we trace the evolution of the solar system over untold millions of years, until we come to the nebula, a vast cloud of incandescent gas, such as we see to-day in the constellation of Orion, billions of miles in extent. And the cause of the nebula was the collision of "dead" suns, each itself the centre of a solar system in the incalculable ages of the past.

Before these tremendous facts, which are but the common places of modern science, the religions of mankind, with one exception, are as the prattling of babes, and their "gods" little children indeed! The one exception is Buddhism. Alone among the religions of the world Buddhism stands there at all.

undismayed before these facts, for they were but part of the Enlightenment of our Lord the Buddha.

There is no room here for childish "creation" stories, for, as the Buddha knew, there was no creation. Hence the doctrine of Dependent Origination (*paticca-samuppada*), so much misunderstood by Western students of Buddhism. The doctrine of Dependent Origination does away with the theory of a necessary First Cause, even to-day a stumbling block to many scientific thinkers who reject the creation superstition. As there is infinity in space and time, so is there infinity in the sequence of cause and effect. Even if we accept the theory of the *mahānirvāṇa* and the *pralaya* (emanation and absorption)—and there is no reason why we should reject it—each such cycle is but the successor of those which went before, and this cycle will be followed by yet others. They are simply the cycles of the *Samsara* (the sequence of the arising, transition, decay, passing away, and re-arising, of beings)—*eternal, except for one possibility.*

The animistic theory of the "immortal soul", as a permanent, indestructible entity, carrying over unchanged from life to life, is a feeble conception, and altogether at variance with what we know of the most obvious fact in life, namely, that nothing is stable, that nothing phenomenal can remain unchanged for even a moment of time. The Buddhist analysis of man's being into the five *khandhas* is exactly in accordance with scientific monism. The body (*rūpa*, the vehicle) we know to be made up of elements which are in a constant process of flux, so that the body of the child is not in any particle that of the youth, nor this of the man of middle age. It is the same with the rapid changes of sensation, perception, consciousness, and the mental properties (*sankhara*); which last, if anything, might be called the "soul", since it is here that the illusion of the self-separate "ego" arises. This has been aptly likened to a flame, a shifting iridescence. It grows or wanes, by what it feeds on, passions and desires, arising from, or passing through, the other four *khandhas*. Through it shoot all colours of desire, of hopes and fears, ambitions, love and hate, anger and pride, and lust. Never for one fraction of a second is it still, or at rest. This is the "I", the "self", what men call the "soul". Immortal? It is so mortal that one moment's time can hardly span its life. The body (*rūpa*) is less mortal than the "soul". And yet this flame flits on from life to life, arising over and anon as "I" again, for the energies of which it is the expression are eternal. But these energies cannot find expression unless combined with the other *khandhas*. Hence the recurring phenomenon of re-birth, although there is no permanent "I", or "Self", or "Soul" there at all.

It is this question of re-birth, with or without the existence of a permanent "Soul", which intrigues the minds of most Western people. The reason for this is the crass materialism which characterises the three religions of Semitic origin,—Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism; and the special creation theory which has stultified all their conclusions, and brought them into irreconcilable antagonism both with science and with true philosophy. It must be remembered that all the science, and all the true learning of the ancient world, were deliberately destroyed by the Christian Church, as exemplified, for instance, by the burning of the Alexandrian Library, in order that the dogmas and superstitions of that Church might be established; and such of that same knowledge as exists in the East, especially in Buddhism, was rigorously barred out until modern times. But, without the doctrine of re-birth in the Buddhist sense, there can be no real science of psychology, nor in physical science can the problems of heredity ever be solved.

The doctrine of karma (karma) as the law of cause and effect is self-evident in the physical world. That it extends to all moral and mental phenomena does not need much thought to make equally self-evident.

The two doctrines of karma and of re-birth (in the Buddhist sense) are just exactly the missing clues which science and philosophy need to solve those problems of life, for which they are vainly seeking the answers. Given these, the rest of the Buddhist teaching follows as a mere matter of course. From this point of view, bearing in mind that there are many spheres of existence other than that of earth life, inhabited by beings made up of the same five khandhas, the Buddhist answer to our spiritualistic friends is perfectly simple. But these spheres and beings are all in the Samsara, are all subject to arising, transition and passing away, and re-arising (anica), under the law of karma (cause and effect), and so experience dukkha (sorrow, suffering). And, in so far as they believe that there is the *nonmenon* (atta) behind the phenomenon of themselves, in short, that they "have" a soul in the animistic sense, they are suffering from avijja (ignorance): and, therefore, in them will tanha (craving, desire) constantly arise, and so re-birth.

It is the Buddha-thought that clears all these obstacles, and places one out-

side of the Samsara and its maya (illusion) of the self-centred "ego". Thus is awakened the higher spiritual consciousness of Nibbana, from whence it is only one step to Parinibbana, the Peace; compared with which "it is rather the world with all its phenomena which is *nothingness*, a reflected image, an iridescent bubble, a terrifying dream, and *This* the Real Existence, the Eternal, Unchangeable, Imperishable."

These are some of the Truths which we are endeavouring to interpret to the West.

In the year 1907 an effort was made to establish a Buddhist movement in England; and to this end the Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland was formed on November 3rd of that year. Hampered by lack of funds from the first,



Asoka Pillar on the site where Prince Siddhartha was born in the Garden of Lumbini near Kapilavastu.

nevertheless the *Buddhist Review* was founded, and many meetings were held which attracted much attention. Given stronger support from Buddhist countries, much more could have been accomplished.

Then came the Great War of 1914—18 due to that avijja which Buddhism would dissipate, due exactly to those passions, desires, ambitions and hatreds to which Buddhism is the only effective antidote. And the Buddhist Society, like most other similar bodies, suffered a grievous set-back. But, thanks to the devoted efforts, of a small number of members who were not caught up in the military net, the Society, and the *Review*, were kept alive.

Now, to-day, at this moment, a determined effort is being put forth to revivify the Society and its work, so that the knowledge of the Dhamma may be more widely and effectively disseminated. But

the same handicap holds it back. Those two or three who would gladly devote their whole lives to it, are unable to do so for the reason that they have not the means. Our co-religionists in the East must surely realise that here is an opportunity to rehabilitate their ancient and most noble Religion, and to extend its influence far beyond anything that was possible even in its most palmy days. Not only this, the establishment of Buddhism in England, in Europe, and in America, would have a recting effect of enormous benefit to the Buddhist peoples of the Orient, both spiritually and materially.

Shall it be said in the future that the Buddhist Religion struggled to reach the Western World without any help from the Buddhist countries? We think not. And therefore we, Western Buddhists, con-

fidently look to our Eastern brothers for that assistance which shall enable us to establish the Dhamma and the Sangha in the West, as our Lord the Buddha would have them established were He in our midst to-day.

THE ARAHAN.

*With earthly sense approach not that high plain
Where holds the Arahant his sacred dwelling,
Call him not good, from sound and word abstain;
His home, his splendours are beyond your telling.*

*On the Good Path he has the Goal attained,
Upward from evil, from all worldly pleasure,
But if to you he stoops from summits gained,
Then must he the same way now backward measure.*

*The Saint, come to the goal, is past all view
Of your weak eyes. Yet when, compassion flaming
From his great heart, he bends himself to you,
You see him good. But he is past all naming.
(From the German of Hans Much)*

Opening Ceremony of Calcutta Vihare.

Presentation of Buddha Relic

Presentation of Relic.



HE 20th day of November 1920 will go down to the History of Buddhism for this day witnessed after seven hundred years a Ceremony of very great significance to the Indian

dhist world. In 1916 the Government of

India through the Governor of Bengal offered to make a present to the Maha Bodhi Society of a genuine relic of the Buddha which had been discovered in 1892 at Battiporolu in the Krishna District of the Madras Presidency. This relic is supposed to be one of the body-relics of the Master having been deposited in the Battiporolu stupa about 2200 years ago. The condition precedent to the granting of the relic was that a Vihare worthy of enshrining the relic should be built by the Society. The Anagarika Dharmapala, the General Secretary of the Society, with his usual enthusiasm readily accepted the offer of the Bengal Government and set about to purchase a suitable site for the Vihare and get together the necessary funds. At this juncture the good friend (*Kaigamitt*) of the Buddhists, Mrs. T. Robinson Foster of Honolulu, who has placed Ceylon Buddhists under a deep debt of gratitude to her by her queenly benefactions, came forward and offered to purchase the site which had been selected by the Anagarika Dharmapala at College Square, Calcutta and to meet the expenses in connection with the building. His

Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda also having come to hear of the Anagarika's intentions himself donated Rs. 5000 as a contribution to the building fund. Under such good auspices as these the Anagarika took the work in hand and ably guided by Sir John Marshall, the Archaeological Commissioner of India, and with the invaluable assistance of Mr. M. M. Ganguly, Architect, the Vihare was speedily built.



Photo by Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta.

SRI DHARMA RAJIKI CHETIYA VIHARE
AT COLLEGE SQUARE, CALCUTTA.

8-30 a.m. when Buddhists and their friends gathered together outside the north gate of Government House and formed into a procession. It was headed by three Sinhalese Buddhists, dressed in the pure white of the *Upasaka*, who carried three vessels, two of silver, and one of gold containing water from the sacred Ganges. Close behind them came Tibetan trumpeters, Sinhalese men and women dressed in spotless white, Burmese garbed in silks of all the

colours of the rainbow. Some chanted *gathas* while others burned incense. Then followed Buddhist Monks, Sinhalese, Burmese and Chinese, in two long files and a flower-bedecked carriage and a number of Indian pipers led the van.

His Excellency Lord Ronaldshay who was wearing the insignia of the Order of the star of India stood at the head of the steps of the grand stair-case of Government House accompanied by Mr. W. R. Gourly P.S., Major Vaux and Captain Hackett Smith A. D. C. On a small brass table in front of the Governor rested the sacred relic enclosed in a gold casket. As Sir Asutosh Mukerjee, the acting Chief Justice of Bengal and President of the Maha

Bodhi Society, himself dressed in a *Dhoti* and without shoes, came up with the procession and entered Government House in the company of the Anagarika Dharmapala, who was dressed in a red robe, His Excellency presenting the casket to Sir Asutosh said: "On behalf of His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor General of India I have the honour to present to you the Sacred Relic of the Buddha." Sir Asutosh received the casket in his hands over a silk handkerchief and in turn handed it over to the Anagarika Dharmapala. Then worship was offered to the relic by the assembled people including Mrs. Annie Besant, President, Theosophical Society, and Miss Anne Bell, who were wearing the Indian costume. The casket with the relic was then placed on an altar in the carriage and over it was held a large velvet and gold umbrella supplied by the Kumar of Paikar. The procession which included Prof. R. Kumara representing the Japanese community and Mr. Wan Hai of the Pekin Buddhist Lecturing Society moved out of the Government House grounds headed by a man carrying a banner bearing the

inscription: *May the Blessings of the Triple Gem rest on India!*

Opening of the Vihare.

The opening ceremony of Sri Dharma Rajika Vihare took place in the evening when a large assembly witnessed the proceedings. His Excellency Lord Ronaldshay who arrived at the Vihare punctually at 5 p.m. was received by Sir Asutosh Mukerjee and the General Secretary. His Excellency then opened the door with a

silver key and declared the Vihare open. The proceedings then commenced with the recitation of the *Jayamangala Gathas*, after which Sir Asutosh welcomed His Excellency. He said: "We are delighted to think that we offer this welcome to your Excellency, not merely as the honoured representative of our august sovereign in this presidency but also as a distinguished scholar who has seriously endeavoured to penetrate into the mysteries of Eastern lore and in particular into the mysteries of the philosophy and religion of Gautama the Buddha which have purified the lives of untold millions of men and women during more than twenty centuries. This building in which we are now assembled is sacred by the deposit of a relic which must be held in veneration by men and women of all religions and nationalities."

Then followed the General Secretary with his report of Sri Dharma Rajika Vihare:—

Report of the Sri Dharma Rajika Chetiya Vihare read by the General Secretary on Friday, Nov. 26, 1920 at the Opening Ceremony.

YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The Maha Bodhi Society was founded in May 1891 at Colombo under the presidency of the late illustrious High Priest, Sumangala, for making known in India the teachings of the Buddha Sakya Muni, whose teachings had been forgotten for seven centuries in the land of His birth. Even the most sacred places connected with His life and teachings had been forgotten, and the significance of the ruined sites was not realized till the researchers of that great band of Oriental Scholars headed by Princep had shown the universal prevalence of this religion of Compassion throughout the length and breadth of this great empire. For nearly 1700 years India venerated the Holy Figure of the Buddha.

Thirty years ago, the name of the Blessed One was known only as an Avatar of Vishnu, and when the Society was started in Calcutta it created no deep interest and vibrated no chord of emotion. The work of the Maha Bodhi Society at its beginning was hardly noticed except by a few.

Sir W. W. Hunter and Sir Edwin Arnold were among the few who felt that this great religion has to be welcomed back to establish a regeneration among its peoples. Says Sir Edwin Arnold writing in 1895 "Buddhism would return to the place of its birth, to elevate, to spiritualise, to help and enrich the population. It

would be a new Asiatic Crusade, triumphant without tears, or tyranny or blood." While Sir W. W. Hunter in his "Indian Empire" emphasises that a reintroduction of Buddhism is possible in these memorable words "A revival of Buddhism is, I repeat, one of the present possibilities in India. The life and teachings of Buddha are also beginning to exercise a new influence on religious thought in Europe and America."

For 29 years the Society has been steadily preparing the way by removing the early prejudices that existed in this country against the Saldharma. As a result the study of Pali had been instituted in several of the Indian Universities and the vivifying influence of the Buddha's teachings will be strengthened by the personal contact of Buddhist Theras who will be thus not only instructors but missionaries.



Photo by Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta.

INTERIOR OF SRI DHARMA RAJIKHA CHETIYA VIHARE.

It is hoped that Buddhist ideas, which are already the immemorial heritage of India, will gradually permeate among the intelligentsia of this great country.

The Society has been publishing a monthly journal in English, which is the only Buddhist Journal with an uninterrupted existence of twenty-eight years. Among the members and sympathisers of the Society are the great leaders of Hindu culture and thought. But no religion can flourish without popular support and the stirring of popular imagination, and in a religion in which the sacred personality of the Great Promulgator has been venerated with the supreme devotion and fervour, there is no stronger appeal than the

enshrining of His Relics in a monument which intensifies in its structure the devotional and aesthetic qualities of the votary.

When the Imperial Government of India offered in 1916 to the Maha Bodhi Society a Relic of the Blessed One discovered at Bhattiporulu in the Madras Presidency, a condition was made that the structure should be worthy to house the precious treasure. Under the sympathetic advice of Sir John Marshall, Director of Archaeology in India, this building has been inspired and conceived in the style of Ajantan architecture; and the physical counterpart of that inspiration has been evolved by Mr. Monanohan Ganguly, author of "Orissa and Her Remains" who from his intimate knowledge of Indian art has tried to reproduce faithfully the motifs

of Buddhist Architecture and Sculpture, and the building work has been done by Messrs. Kar & Co., one of the premier firms of Builders and Architects in Calcutta, and the decorative stone work by Gopaladas Premji.

The building however could not have begun but for the wholehearted generosity of Mrs. T. R. Foster of Honolulu, Hawaii, who will feel in that distant country the impulse of spiritual throth that is set in motion to-day. His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda, whose broadminded generosity keeps pace with his high ideals has reached the spiritual sympathy that bridges Hinduism and Buddhism, and has given with his usual munificence. The third donation comes from Ceylon.

But in the building of this "Dhamma Pasada" almost every nation is represented. The dissemination of a noble idea is not confined to one individual or country, but spreads like the light of the sun throughout the world.

The frescoes of Ajanta copied by a small band of young artists organized by Mr. M. M. Ganguly, our Honorary Architect, who took one of them to Ajanta for studying the details, pictorially represent the incidents associated with the life and legends of the Buddha and the Bodhisattva. The name of the young artist Sunil Chandra Dutt who was deputed to Ajanta at the Society's expense is worthy of notice. We thankfully mention our gratitude to Lady Heringham from whose work "Ajanta" some of the pictures have been copied.

A mere vote of thanks for these potential and actual builders of this Vihare barely conveys to them the deep feelings which the M. B. Society entertains for their generous co-operation but their names will live for ever inscribed in the hearts of coming generations to whom this Sri Dharma Rajika Vihare will typify the re-establishment of the Dhamma, *caḍḍa* in the land hallowed by imperishable associations of the Tathagata's glorified life. To His Excellency the Viceroy of India and the Imperial Government I beg to tender on behalf of the Maha Bodhi Society and the Buddhist world their heartfelt thanks for the gift conceived in the most sympathetic spirit; and to Your Excellency, whose name will be for ever associated with this great and glorious event, I beg to convey the sentiments of profound gratitude of the Maha Bodhi Society, and thank Your Excellency for your gracious presence and enlightened tolerance; and on behalf of the Society I beg to thank the Vihare Committee, especially to our legal adviser, Babu Hiredra Nath Datta.

The Governor's Great Speech.

His Excellency's speech, which was followed with much interest, is as follows:—

Sir Asutosh Mukerjee, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The ceremony for which we are gathered together to-day is one which will surely prove to be of historic interest, for it bears witness to a definite revival of Buddhism in a land which while once a famous centre of the doctrine has been bereft of it—onwardly at least—for nigh upon eight centuries. And I make no attempt to disguise from you the satisfaction which I derive from the fact that it should have fallen to my lot to hand to the Maha Bodhi Society on behalf of the Government of India the sacred relic which

will henceforth remain enshrined in this Vihare.

As to the antiquity and importance of this relic there can be no doubt. For long centuries it lay buried in a stupa at Bhattiporulu a small place not far from the Krishna River in Madras, in the centre of a tract of country covered by a whole series of Buddhist monuments in brick and marble. It is clear from papers in archives of the Archaeological Department that but for the intervention of the British authorities these monuments would sooner or later

to the inspiration and enthusiastic perseverance of the Venerable the Anagarika Dharmapala has been undertaken for the special purpose of maintaining it.

There are some grounds for believing that this sacred relic was deposited in the stupa at Bhattiporulu at least twenty-one centuries ago; and we may hazard the conjecture that it was one of the eight stupas which are said to have been erected by the eight kings among whom the cremation ashes of Gautama Buddha were distributed. So much in brief for the history of the relics.

The Governor's Tribute.

The feelings which it must inspire in the hearts of followers of the Buddhist faith I can well imagine. For my own part, I have gazed upon this, an actual relic of the earthly body of the Great Sage the example of Whose life has brought happiness and consolation to millions of the human race, with feelings of the utmost fascination. It is not necessary to be an actual adherent of the Buddhist faith to be a reverent admirer of the life and teaching of its founder. And it may not be out of place, perhaps, on such an occasion as this that I, an adherent of a different faith, should pay to Buddhism my tribute of respect and admiration. I do not propose to dwell upon the metaphysics of the cult, though I do not deny the subtle attraction which the great doctrine of universal impermanence and the law of universal causation possess for the intellect. There is a haunting fascination in the passage from the Mahapadama Suttanta which identifies the highest knowledge of which humanity is capable with a perception of these great doctrines—"Coming to be! Coming to be! At that thought, brethren, there arose a vision into things not before called to mind, reason arose, wisdom arose, light arose." And the account of the night when Gautama attained Enlightenment is given with dramatic effect. "In the third watch," we are told, "he grasped the perfect understanding of the chain of causation which is the origin of evil, and thus at the break of day he attained to Perfect Enlightenment." But while as I have said I am not insensible to the subtle intellectual appeal of these doctrines, I find difficulty at the same time in overcoming the obvious objection which they possess for the theist—Christian or other. For if to the question, "What Power is it that keeps the wheel of becoming in perpetual motion," we reply with Gautama Buddha, the law of universal causation as exemplified by the twelve Nidanas, then immediately and once and for all we expunge God viewed as a First Cause, and the soul—individual or



Painted by Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta.

H. E. LORD RONALDSHAY, Governor of Bengal.

have disappeared; and, indeed, much of the material composing them had already been made use of for road making and other secular purposes, when a careful and systematic examination of them was carried out by Mr. Rae, an officer of the Archaeological Department, in 1892. The result of this examination was the discovery of three caskets two of which contained crystal phials in which were enshrined relics of Buddha with inscriptions to that effect. It is one of these—the holiest of holy relics—that has now found a worthy resting place in this Vihare, the erection of which thanks

universal—from the state of possibility. "The pilgrimage of beings" declared Gautama Buddha, "has its beginning in Eternity."

It is not, however, in metaphysics that the average man finds satisfaction, and it is the code of conduct prescribed by Buddha as the means of escaping from the ever revolving cycle of existence rather than His explanation of the nature and cause of that existence which has left so profound an impress upon the human mind.

Spirit of India.

The story of Buddha is the story of the spirit of India. His quest is the eternal quest of India. The picture which we are given of his early days is typical of India. We see a young man thoughtful,

sympathetic and observant, sorely troubled in mind at the inexplicable inequalities of life. Then we see him giving up comfort, wealth, family and home and going forth in search of an answer to the riddle of the universe. That he should have set out along the path of asceticism was natural, for it is to renunciation that the spirit of India has ever turned when searching for a key to the higher mysteries of existence. But it was not in a selfish if passionless abstinence from the duties and responsibilities of life that He found the answer for which He sought; it was in the last of the four Noble Truths that He found the solution of His problem—in the pursuit of the sacred eightfold path, Right Faith, Right Resolve, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Living, Right Effort, Right Thought, Right Self-Concentration. This was the famous middle

way giving egress from the iron cage within whose prison bars revolved inexorably and menacingly the pitiless cycle of existence—ringing the changes from birth to old age, from old age to death and from death to birth again.

The Way of Duty.

Neither along the road of worldly pleasure nor along the gloomy pathway of self-mortification was salvation to be found; but along the way of duty. The sacred eightfold path is the positive expression of a code of conduct of which the table of the Mosaic law gives us a more negative definition. In essence they are one and the same—the living by man of his life involving the performance of actions—in accordance with a standard of conduct which is characterised as right. I am well

aware of the difficulties of laying down any absolute standard of right. What may be thought right in one set of circumstances or at one time may be thought wrong in other circumstances or at another time. Who is to decide? In the case of the sacred eightfold path—Right Faith, Right Resolve, Right Speech and so on—who is to be the arbiter of what constitutes Right? The answer which is implied in Buddhism is given more categorically in the Bhagavad Gita, wherein it is definitely stated that man winneth not freedom from action by abstaining from activity nor by mere renunciation does he rise to perfection; "but he whose works are all free from the moulding of desire; he who having abandoned attachment to the fruit of

work *Ahimsa* which we translate inadequately by the word "harmlessness." It is a golden word before which all the crude and fierce emotions, the elemental and barbarous passions of man—anger, hatred, malice and all inhumanities—flow ashamed. We have sore need of the kindly spirit of Buddhism, of the golden rule of *Ahimsa* in the world to-day. Is it too much to hope that this ceremony in which we have taken part to-day may prove symbolical of a return once more to man of that peace which is the most treasured offspring of the gentle and lofty teaching which Gautama Buddha bequeathed to men two thousand five hundred years ago?

At the conclusion His Excellency mentioned with pleasure that Messrs. Birla



Photo by Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta.

H. E. LORD RONALDSHAY PRESENTING THE SACRED RELIC CASKET TO SIR ASUTOSH MUKERJEE K.L., PRESIDENT, M.B.S.

action; hoping for naught, his mind and self controlled, having abandoned all greed, performing action by the body alone, he doth not commit sin." It is this ideal of lofty altruism, this idea of complete selflessness, this sublime indifference to the fruits of works which, running like golden threads through the ethical teaching of Buddhism and repeated over and over again in the "Song of the Lord," is one of the outstanding glories of Indian thought.

Teaching of Buddhism.

But the value of the ethical teaching of Buddhism is not a mere matter of speculation. No one who has travelled in Buddhist countries can fail to have noticed the atmosphere of gentleness and kindness in which the people live. In such countries the keynote of human relationship is in the

*O Blessed Saviour, born in Lanka,
Teacher of Truth, the only Lord for me;
How shall I thank Thee for Thy Gift Divine!
At Thy pure feet, I renounce "Me and Mine."
How can I show the love I bear for Thee?
I'll tread Thy Path, and labour to be free!*

*As rain that gives new life to all things tread—
New life, new strength, Thou giv'st us Truth inspired!
Just as a torch sheds light where all is dark
So shines Thy Love—oh! Thou, the noble large,
May lead us to Nibbana's Blissful Shore,
Which once attained—Samsara's grief is o'er.*

DUKKINDA.

Some Hints on the Control and Culture of Mind.

[By BHIKKHU N.]



NSATISFIED and discontented with a relentless analysis and an exhaustive investigation of the domain of matter, the Omniscent One, the Peerless Scientist, pushed His Vibhaja method of analysis even beyond the ken of the normal human brain, to that more intricate and infinitely more complex realm—the mind. He fully explored it. Nay, He actually plumbed its uttermost depths, and such a vast storehouse of knowledge did He lay before His enlightened disciples concerning it that "even in the eyes of a non-adherent, it must always appear as one of the most colossal and astonishing productions that have ever proceeded from the human brain."

To a Buddhist, therefore, this mind about which so much confusion and misunderstanding have arisen in the West is nothing beyond a mere complex compound of sensations, perceptions, feelings, and so forth, remaining for no two consecutive moments the same; but, as Bergson rightly avers, constantly flowing like a river, and yet not becoming another—being the same stream of Kammas—Energy. The untrained, so the Buddha makes us understand, veiled by the darkness of Avijja, mistake this apparent continuity of mental states, fleeting as such an incomprehensible rate, to be something "real", and to complete the universal illusion already existing—so thick is their veil of ignorance—they even go to the extent of introducing an imaginary self which they themselves can never verify.

Though entirely an illusion, it being the "prime element" of all our actions, the very first thing that should engage the attention of every Buddhist should be to bring about a complete control and culture of this illusive mind. This, however, is not such an Herculean task as one would imagine it to be. The means and methods are so clearly explained and so explicitly stated by the Buddha in His Dhamma that systematic practice and persistent endeavour are alone necessary on the part of aspirants for the acquisition of the desired goal.

Here, let it be said at once, is not the place to furnish the reader with a detailed exposition of this important subject—it being one that demands considerable space and time. What therefore follows, as the theme suggests, is only a brief treatment of it, and will merely serve as an introduction to those who are interested in these spiritual exercises.

To begin with, Sila, "Purity of Virtue," must be an essential pre-requisite for him who embarks upon the higher practice of mind-culture. For absence of Sila imports the predominance of passion and where passion prevails, there for the time being his mind is naturally in a state of exile.



Photo by Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta.

The Procession leaving the Government House with the Casket containing the Sacred Relic, presented by the Government of India.

One may make an attempt at mind-culture without giving due recognition to this important principle of Sila and probably may succeed, but such a course, so the experts say, is very often ruinous and at times only results in a useless expenditure of energy.

Regulating his behaviour with Sila he should endeavour his best to control the passions he is obsessed with, then and there, even at their inception, without giving reins to them. On such occasions the following five practical suggestions mentioned by the Buddha in the 20th Sutta of the Majjhima Nikaya will undoubtedly prove of universal benefit to all in achieving the results desired, whether they be striving or not after such high goal, viz:—

(1) By attending to some good idea of an opposite nature: e.g. love in case of hatred.

(2) By reflecting upon the danger of their evil consequences; as for example, anger sometimes resulting in murder.

(3) By simple neglect or becoming wholly inattentive to them.

(4) By reflecting upon the causes that led to the arising of the passions and thus forgetting them in the process.

(5) And lastly, by direct physical force.

Then only, and not until he has secured a firm basis of morality and a sufficient control of the mind to prevent it from becoming defiled by "adventitious passions", should he make any resolute attempt at mind-culture proper.

Before he really embarks upon the

practice, the qualified aspirant should, above all, give a very careful consideration to the subject for contemplation. This is of vital importance. In the ancient days when the Buddha-Dhamma flourished in its pristine purity and Arahants were a common sight, it was customary for the aspirant to seek a competent teacher who chose a suitable subject for him; but the present condition of the Saasana is so deplorable that such a procedure would be the very last resorted to. Of the forty subjects that are elaborately discussed in the Visuddhi-Magga, and which vary according to the temperament and type of the individual, he, therefore, using judicious discrimination should choose the one most suited to his character.

This being satisfactorily settled, it is necessary for him to withdraw to a quiet place where he is least disturbed from all sources of physical or mental disturbance. The forest is the most desirable, but, as it is not within the reach of all, a private room would suffice provided he is not liable to interruption during his practice. He should then choose a time when he himself and outward things generally are in the best possible condition for the purpose. It matters little what the selected time is if only it is strictly adhered to—whether five or ten minutes. And there is another important point to consider. It is the posture, which, unlike place and time, acts as a very powerful mechanical aid to the concentration of the mind. The Easterners generally sit cross-legged on a mat with bodies erect; the Westerners, on the other hand, sit comfortably in a chair or any other support sufficiently high to rest the legs on the ground without experiencing any inconvenience. It is of no importance which attitude he adopts provided, as Buddhaghosa says, the position is easy and relaxed.

In some such place, at a fixed time, the earnest aspirant now sits, and summoning up Sad-dha as to the certainty of achieving the desired end, he makes a persistent effort to focus his mind and eye—in the case of a physical object, or mind alone—in the case of an idea, on the subject of contemplation (Kammamathana) to the entire exclusion of all irrelevant matter. The latter, it may be remarked, possesses the specific advantage of building up that particular virtue in the character of the aspirant. During his practice he may do well to repeat the words, since they constantly evoke the idea they represent.

However much he may be intent on the object, he will not be exempt from the initial difficulties that inevitably confront a beginner. Alien thoughts dance before him like the flickering pictures of a cinematograph; impatience overcomes him owing to slowness of progress; and thus his efforts get slackened in consequence. The determined student only welcomes these hindrances; the difficulties he cuts through; the obstacles he surmounts; and looks straight to his goal, never for a moment turning his eyes from it.

Thus with renewed Sad-dha and redoubled vigour he strives after his desired end, concentrating his entire attention on the object (Parikamma Nimitta) until he becomes so wholly absorbed and interested in it that all other thoughts get "Ipso

facto" excluded from the mind. A stage is ultimately reached when he is able to visualise the object even with closed eyes. On this visualised image (Uggaha Nimitta) he now concentrates until it develops into a "conceptualised image" (Patibhaga Nimitta). With the realisation of this last class of Nimitta, the Five Hindrances to Progress (Nivarana) are temporarily inhibited and eventually, to his indescribable joy, he becomes enrapt in Jhana, enjoying the calmness and serenity of a one-pointed mind.

When once he gains this perfect one-pointedness of the mind, it is possible for him to concentrate his entire attention at will on any trivial thing without the least difficulty, and to develop supernormal powers (Idhhi) should he desire to do so.

But his mind-culture has not yet attained its fullest perfection. Though



CANKRAMANAYA AT BUDDH GAYA.—THE SITE WHERE LORD BUDDHA PACED IN MEDITATION.

possessed of Samadhi—to put it in Pali—there still lies dormant in him the potentiality to commit evil, for passions are only lulled to sleep at the time of his becoming enrapt in Jhana.

His ultimate goal being still ahead, he makes his concentrated mind (this Samadhi or concentrated mind, it should be understood, is not an essential qualification for Arashanship,) a powerful and effective means for the development of Insight (Vipassana) in order to fully realise the true nature of the world. Wherever he turns his eyes he sees nought but the Three Characteristics—Anicca, Dukkha, Anatta.—standing out in bold relief. Nowhere, neither in heaven above nor in earth beneath does he find any

genuine happiness, any reality, any fond object of desire to which he can cling. Whereupon he takes that one of the Three Characteristics which appeals to him most and intently keeps on developing his Insight in that particular direction, until one glorious day there comes to him, like a flash of lightning, the intuition of Nibbana—that "unshakable deliverance of the mind." Instantly he realises that what was to be accomplished has been done: that the heavy burden of sorrow has been finally discarded. He now stands on those celestial heights with perfect Sila, mind fully controlled, far removed from the passions and defilements of the world, realising the unutterable bliss of eternal deliverance, and like many an Arashant of old singing that psalm of joy.

"The Master hath my fealty and love.
And all the Buddha's bidding hath been done.
Low have I laid the heavy load I bore,
Cause for rebirth is found in me no more."

ME AND MINE.

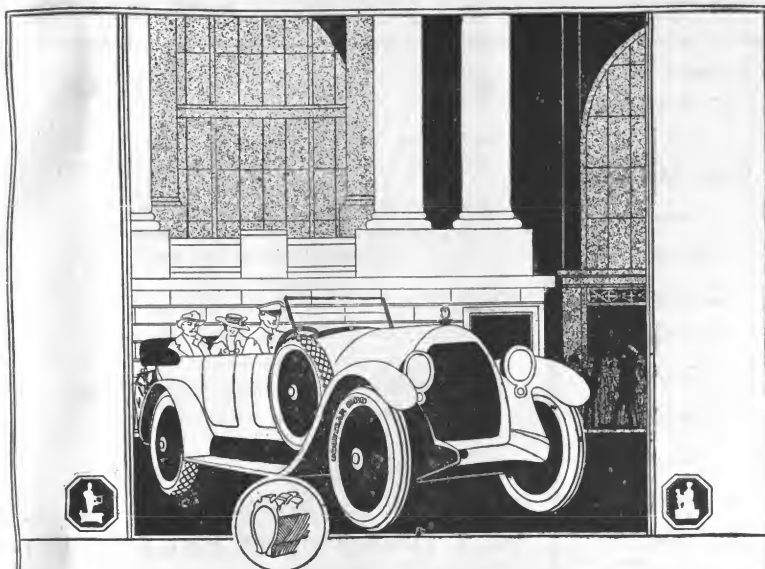
A weighty boat that labours sore,
A crew in anguish wailing;
But lo! they cease; and manfully
They cast their cargo in the sea.
How lightly now they're sailing!

A weary road, a burdened man;
"O sorrow!" he is crying.
But then he shakes his shoulders free,
His load he in the dust doth see,
And laughs, and leaves it lying.

O, Me and Mine is a sore weight
For any boat to carry
And Me and Mine is a fell load
For any man in any road
To bear on shoulders weary

Cast off the weight; the load let fall.
Their keeping stands thee never.
For Me and Mine is pain and pine;
But who is done with Me and Mine,
Is done with pain for ever.

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A Story of Buddhist Determination.

Mahinda College, Galle.

1892—1921.



HERE do these boys go
after leaving the Bud-
dhist Elementary School"
asked Dr. J. Rowles
Daly in 1891. "They
go to the Christian mis-
sionary college", was
the headmaster's reply.
"We must alter that", said Dr. Daly.
And he did. Mahinda College was founded
by him in the following year.

This is the story told by the very
headmaster to whom the words were spoken,
who has since then seen no less than twenty-
eight years of faithful service in Mahinda
College itself, and is still on the active
list.

Dr. Daly, at the time when this in-
cident took place, had been in charge of
the Buddhist Elementary School, Galle,
for about a year, having come in 1891, at
the request of Colonel Olcott, President-
Founder of the Theosophical Society, who
had founded the school so far back as 1860,
when he first landed at Galle, with Ma-
dame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, to com-
mence their great work of bringing West
and East together and of recalling to the
Buddhist peoples the memories of their
great Past and the sense of responsibility
for their Future. In the same year, 1890,
Col. Olcott had founded the Galle Buddhist
Theosophical Society (and, soon afterwards,
the Colombo one, with many branches
throughout the Low Country), and it was
to their hands that he entrusted the work
which he knew must go hand in hand with
religion, namely that of education. It is,
in fact, due to his insistence on this, and
to the persevering labours of his greatest

followers, Dr. Daly, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater
(founder of Ananda College), Mr. A. E.
Bultjens, Mr. D. B. Jayatilake, Mr. K. F.
Billimoria, and Mr. F. L. Woodward, that
Buddhist Education is now so widespread
and that Buddhists, far from fearing to con-
fess their faith, as of yore, are proud to
defend it.



Dr. BOWLES DALY,
Founder of Mahinda College 1892.

But the lively growth of the Galle
Buddhist Schools really dates from 1891
when Dr. Daly arrived. He revived the work
of the G. B. T. S., and, above all, persuaded
Mohandiram Thomas D. S. Amarasingha
(Mahendrajula) to accept the office of
President, and Manager of Schools.

This proved to be the means of per-
manency, for Mohandiram Amarasingha
was always ready to help Buddhist work
with open hand, heart and mind. He it
was, as Mr. Woodward records, with
whom the Colonel used to stay when he
came to Ceylon, and whom he used to call
affectionately, as a worthy co-worker, his
'old boy'. Mohandiram went to Adyar also,
and there is a beautiful grove of Ceylon
coconut-palms planted there by him, which
remains as his monument, growing every
year: it is in this grove that Colonel
Olcott's own monument stands, erected
when he passed away in 1907.

Even Mohandiram Amarasingha and
Dr. Daly, however, found this pioneer task
in Buddhist education no easy one; but at
last, with the help of other members of the
G. B. T. S., they got together Rs. 8000,
in spite of seemingly insuperable difficulties,
and of confidence owing to past failures,
and prejudice and apathy on the part of the
Ceylon people. But, as Dr. Daly said, he
"had all along the sympathy and encourage-

ment of the best people in the Island", he
himself was in earnest, and with this sum
as a sustentation fund, and with 200 boys,
the College was started, in a rented building
in the Fort. Its inauguration took place
on March 1st, 1892, and the words spoken
by its founder on this occasion may well
be quoted now and ever kept in mind:—

Speaking of the College he said: "It
first object will be to inculcate a love for the prin-
ciples of our common religion. I shall make it a
point of our common belief that every boy will be
grounded in the principles of honesty, truthful-
ness and justice, which have been laid down by the
Lord Buddha in His precepts, solemnly accepted in
theory, but greatly denied in practice in every
town and village of the Island. Prince Sid-
dhartha was the reformer of morals and character,
not a visionary who forgot the temporal interests
of his followers. He said that people should
acquire a knowledge of 'science and lore', seeking
to fill their hearts with kind thoughts and their
hands with sound knowledge, and that both hands
and eyes should be educated to construct works of
usefulness and merit; while the hand and the eye
are bent on good work, the ladder which leads
to Nirvana can be best climbed."

Dr. Daly took part in the teaching
work of the College and also obtained the
services of Babu A. N. Bannerji, M.A., B.L.,
from the Calcutta University, "a gentle-
man and scholar of the first distinction."
Dr. Daly especially trained the boys in
English elocution, so that their pronuncia-
tion, accent and emphasis were particularly
praised: and this tradition is one that has
lasted.

The founder, however, was only able
to stay about two years. In 1894 Mr.
Gordon Douglas came as Principal. Nothing,
however, seems to be known about him now,
except that he stayed only about a year,
then took the Yellow Robe, and died in Bur-
ma. For the next nine years the College was
kept alive mainly by the fostering care
and zeal of Mohandiram T. D. S. Ama-
singha, with the help of one or two teachers.

It had many Principals and went
through many vicissitudes, but, having



THE VICE-PRINCIPAL'S BUILDING
Junior Classrooms and Residential quarters
built in 1913.
(Photo taken from the site of the new Hostel)



THE WOODWARD BUILDING
Senior Classrooms and Principals' quarters,—began in
1905 opened 1912.
(Mr. Woodward in the foreground)

been founded at Col. Olcott's instigation in the service of the great Arhats Whom he serves and Who live to help the world, the College survived. There is a mention of it to be found in one of the letters from a Master published by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, (author of "Esoteric Buddhism") in "The Occult World"; and the vitality which is to be felt through the work of the College and which has kept it alive in spite of so many difficulties show that indeed their blessing is upon it.

Colonel Olcott was all the time seeking a permanent Principal, and at last, in 1903, he sent Mr. F. L. Woodward, M.A., F.R.S., who had just written to him, offering his service for Theosophical work.

The arrival of Mr. Woodward marks a new era in Buddhist education in Galle. For sixteen years continuously he remained at his post, and the College increased and flourished under his truly fatherly care and guidance.

Until 1910 the College remained in the Fort, having been quartered ultimately in the building now occupied by the Galle Y.M.B.A., but Mr. Woodward fittingly commemorated Colonel Olcott, (who passed away in 1907) by collecting funds for erecting Olcott Hall, the nucleus of the present buildings, which he erected according to his own design and under his own constant and minute supervision, on the present beautiful site. In 1910 were opened the Olcott Hall and the first class rooms.

and little by little Mr. Woodward added to these as funds permitted, and laid out the grounds. The last building which he completed was the "E. R. Gooneratne" Science Lecture-hall, adjoining the "F. A. Wickremasingha" Laboratory, and yet one remains to be erected according to his plan, a set of classrooms, with a tower and Shrine Room at the end of Olcott Hall, funds for building the shrine room having already been promised by Mr. A. D. Jayasinghe of Galle. May it soon be possible to build these in honour of him who built the others.

In Oct. 1913, Mr. F. G. Pearce, B.A., F.T.S., came from England at the request of Mrs. Annie Besant, as Vice-Principal, and the next year started the College Scout Corps, one of two pioneer Troops in the Island. He also started, on his own responsibility, the first Mahinda College Hostel, (consisting of 2 teachers and 1 boy!) on Oct. 1st, 1917, in a house



Rev. Bhikkhus arriving at Olcott Hall.



REV. BHIKKHUS RECEIVING DANA, at Mahinda College in the Olcott Memorial Hall, begun in 1908, opened in 1912.

at Hirimbura, the nearest suitable one that could be rented. Here Mr. Pearce went to live as Warden, and borders soon began to come. This Hostel was equipped and is



Rev. Bhikkhus departing from Olcott Hall.

still run quite independently of the College as regards finances: it is a great success, and has been full for almost the last two years. It has been most ably managed by Mr. G. P. Wickramanayaka as Warden, during Mr. Pearce's absence for Scout work in India in 1918-1921. A feature of the hostel is the extent to which it exemplifies the complete practicability, in modern days, of running an institution strictly on the Buddhist principles of love and tenderness, and of scope for individual self-expression and collective self-government. It must be seen in order to be appreciated. But the Hostel needs very much larger quarters, and needs them urgently. Mr. Woodward took a great interest in the Boarding-House and visited it often. He planned the new one several years ago: a magnificent site opposite the College is ready: it has been

given by Mrs. T. D. S. Amarasinghe, the widow of the Mohandiram. It is for the Buddhist community to see that it is quickly built for the benefit of their sons for whom they otherwise have to find accommodation either in lodging-houses or else in missionary institutions.

When Mr. Woodward left in 1919 for a much-needed holiday, Mr. K. de S. Jayaratna, a pupil of Mahindranath Tagore's School at Bhopal and a graduate of Calcutta University, came as Principal for a year. Since his departure for England, Mr. S. de S. Jayaratna, n. a., who had been Vice-Principal, acted as Principal, until the return of Mr. Pearce in February 1921.

after three years' work in India under Mrs. Besant, during part of which he was on the staff of the Teacher's Training College of the National University and, for a year was Acting Principal of Wood College, Mahanipalle, as well as being, during the whole period, Chief Commissioner of the Indian Boys Scouts Association which he organised in almost all the provinces of India.

Mahinda College stands for what Buddhism stands for—persistent, deliberate, quiet and confident effort towards an Ideal, a high Ideal, as is that of Buddhism, but a practical one. It does not rely on the advertisement of honours gained (though Mahindians are more and more to be found in responsible and honourable work, the natural result of Mr. Woodward's years of labour). It can afford to work quietly, because, since they base their policy on the Doctrine of the Lord Buddha, its promoters know that earnest effort persistently applied

is certain, by the Law of Karma, to produce a corresponding effect in due time. Young men trained on such principles are bound to have an effect on public life, sooner or later, be it as honest traders, idealist teachers, or earnest politicians.

One of the most eloquent tributes to the effect of the training which boys received under Mr. Woodward is that the staff has nearly always consisted mostly of his old boys and that the harmony of their work has hardly ever been disturbed by internal dissensions.

As for the Ideal, it is simply that which the Lord Buddha set before His disciples (and not merely before His Bhikkhus), to rise above self, by following the path of deliberate and intelligent serviceableness to one's fellows. If a man choose the work of a doctor as the fittest for him, let him do more than he is obliged to do for mere duty or payment's sake or if he be a magistrate, let him not be satisfied with the mere extension of justice which his office demands of him: let him spend some of his spare time in seeing that there is contentment too, especially among the poorest and weakest. Or, if he be a teacher, let him give to his boys something more than the mere instruction in school-hours which the present standard requires as a teacher's duty: let him teach them how to live and how to find the Way of Peace. Or, if a man be a land-owner or merchant, let him see that he earns wealth not merely to gain comfort for himself and his immediate family, but also for that wider home which is his Motherland, and for that wider kinship which is with his co-religionists.

This is not an Ideal only. It has been put into practice, by those who were earnest in following the Dhamma of their Lord. Aiming thus at putting his religion into practice throughout his

vast Empire, Dharmasoka made India a happy land, happy even for the animals, they say, and Parakrama-Bahu raised Lanka to a point of civilisation to which it may be doubted whether she has since attained, in spite of modern advantages.

It is well to aim high, especially when the aim has already been proved practical. The present Principal of Mahinda College, Mr. Pearce, has been a co-worker with Mr. Woodward for over four years, and it is his intention to carry on the work on the same lines. If Mahinda College continues to send out a few each year, determined to aim high and to put Buddhism into practice in their daily life, and to persist, as did those who built up their "alma mater", it will bring honour to the Faith for which it stands, and will do no small service to the country which it is designed to serve.



By kind permission of K. D. Pearce & Son, Colombo. SUMEDHA PANDIT (BOODHISATVA), GIVING AWAY THE WEALTH HIS ANCESTORS HAD STORED UP.

BUDDHISM.

The Religion of Compassion.

[BY ANANDA M.]



If you should ask of any instructed Buddhist that he should give in a single English word the fundamental keynote underlying all the teachings of his religion, I think that you would find that in nine cases out of ten the answer that you would receive would be "Compassion". The tenth might render it as "Wisdom", as "Understanding"; but that reply would in reality include the former concept; since to understand all is not only merely to

forgive, but likewise to pity, to feel compassion for, all that lives and is subject to pain.

It is natural that this should be the case, when we consider the place which Buddhism, first of the great missionary religions of the world, occupies in the history of religious development; and the circumstances which surrounded its birth. When we study the history of human kind, so far as it is open to us to read, we find that, in many respects, the great races and nations of mankind may be regarded as

each a separate living organism. Just as in a sense we may regard our own individual lives as somehow the resultant of the putting together, in a particular very complex manner, of an immense number of lives of a very much lower order,—the lives of the innumerable living cells of which our bodies are composed,—so may we consider each separate human race as a higher organism, an individual living being, component of the multitudinous lives of all the human units who have been and now are members of it. Each such race, our study teaches us, takes its rise from the fusion of older races; each has its infancy and its adolescence; its decay and final death. And, just as individual human beings differ most widely in respect of their several abilities, so, we find, do these great living units, the races of mankind. Each has its special part to play in the whole grand living symphony: each its peculiar type of genius; each its own role of achievement; its indi-

To F. L. W.

*Too seldom think we, gladly working here
In spacious halls upon this fair hill-crest.
By what devotion are these buildings blest,
By whose self-sacrifice wrought year by year.*

*We do not think of those dark days and drear
Which greeted him who came at duty's best
Leaving all things that men proclaim life's best.
To work afar, without complaint or fear.*

*"Without Complaint": We turn away our gaze
From this fair spot to where he lonely toiled*

*Ten years, unswerving, without need of praise,
Undaunted tho by disappointment foiled.*

*O host of friends and teachers! But for thee
Where would these walls, this happy concourse be?*

P. G. P.

vidual sphere of action:—each, again, has gifts to offer to mankind at large.

Just as the peculiar genius and achievement of ancient Greece lay in the realm of art and of philosophy, so that in these respects it remains the pattern and exemplar of all mankind to-day: just as ancient Rome was characterised by the genius for colonisation, the engineering skill, the love of justice, and above all the discipline, the submergence of personal desires in the greater will of the State; or again, just as we of the West-European race have during the two past centuries, wherein we have come to racial manhood, so wonderfully manifested our peculiar genius for science, pure and applied, that we have changed in a few short generations many of the most fundamental conditions of human life: just so we find that the peculiar genius of the ancient Indo-Aryan race lay in the realm of spiritual attainment; their great and hitherto unparalleled achievements were in the world of what in a single word we term Religion. Even at this day, when the glory of India has departed in her inevitable passage towards racial decay, the land is still full of holy men; men who have left all that the world holds fair and dear, to seek, ever to seek, after that great spiritual Truth which lies so deeply buried in the hearts and minds of men.

But in the days of her greatness, whilst yet the ardour and the glamour of racial youth lay on her, India could present the spectacle, never before or since known in all our human history, of a great Emperor deprecating and deploring the suffering inflicted in the conquests that had given him his empire before his conversion to Buddhism. He boasted, in those sculptured edicts to his people which have survived to this day, of the change wrought by that conversion in his own heart and life. He boasted, not of worldly conquests, but of the peace and well-being he had brought his people, the wells he had dug, the rest houses for travellers he had caused to be built, the state-supported doctors and hospitals that he maintained to ensure their health. And, not least of all, he proudly proclaimed how he, the King, revered and supported all teachers of religion, all holy men alike: whether of his own faith or of another; and he told how, for the furtherance of that Ideal Empire of the Truth he dreamed of, he had sent forth instructed elders of his faith to Greece and other distant lands.

Now Buddhism, the religion that could produce a result so unparalleled, came as the final flower and fruit of a religious development and activity never in our human history either equalled or ap-

proached. Its Great Founder, heralded by the long expectation of that nation of religious enthusiasts, inherited all the marvellous wisdom that generation after generation of Indian Saints and Sages had garnered from behind the veil that separates us from the inner, spiritual world. Therefore it was only natural and to be expected that the keynote of His Teaching should be sympathy, Compassion: seeing that this is the highest attribute of living creatures; even as it is the latest development of the human mind. In the world of the brutes the law is the survival of the fittest; and so, amongst wild cattle, the healthy, for example, will go to death the ailing member of the herd. Only amongst our human kind, with very few exceptions; and even so only amongst the most highly developed individuals and races, will you find Com-

passion manifest. The measure, indeed, of the civilisation of a race may properly be meted by the extent to which it manifests Compassion; or as we rightly term it, the highest attribute of the human mind,—Humanity.

In the beautiful story of the Great Teacher's life no less than in His Teaching, we find Compassion ever the central, moving power. That story, doubtless, all of you will know from Arnold's masterpiece, *The Light of Asia*. Here it is only necessary to point out how the very motive that inspired His "Great Renunciation" of His throne and loved ones was simply pity for the great and constant suffering of life. When, long guarded by the worldly care of His royal father from the knowledge, even of suffering and misery, He learned at last how all that lives is subject to disease, to pain, old age, decay and final death, He cast aside the glories of this world, and,

Prince no more, went forth a lonely wanderer to seek for Truth. He went to seek some remedy,—a remedy which His pitying heart insisted must somewhere, somehow exist, for all this awful burden of sorrow and despair that rests upon the shoulders of mankind.

And when at last He had attained the Light He sought: when He had won to a Wisdom and an Insight capable of penetrat-

ing the dark veil that hides the by-gone life from memory, He told of a renunciation greater yet beyond comparison. He told how for many a by-gone life He, as the Bodhisattva, the Buddha-to-be, had set aside His own attainment of Nirvana, His own spiritual progress on the Path to the Great Peace of perfection, only in order that, practising for life after life the highest human virtues, He might later gain, not

merely power to see the Highest Truth but also the still greater power to render it in words: to move men's hearts with it; so that they too might follow it and enter on the path which leads to the Incomparable Peace.

Throughout the whole great range of the Sutta-pitaka, the division of the Buddhist Scriptures which deals with conduct and inculcates the moral life; Compassion shines through every living page. All the Buddhist ethics, indeed, was based upon it. It was the supreme sanction for the moral law. Buddhism, as you may know, did not teach at all concerning the existence of a God and therefore could not base its ethics on the ordinance of such a being. Far otherwise the Buddha taught. For instance, we should not kill, or lie, or steal, because each and all of these things is hurtful unto life; causes suffering and loss and pain to others;—suffering that, by the

retributive power of Karma, will in the end indeed, come home as misery to ourselves. But it was not for the personal avoidance of such retribution, we are taught, that we should so much avoid these evil deeds: but rather because of the immediate suffering they bring to others, and to life at large.

Throughout its whole long history, Buddhism may, I think, fairly lay claim to have lived according to this lofty standard. It is our boast as Buddhists, (no mean one as it seems to me) that never has a single being been persecuted in the name of Him whom weentitle the Most Pitiful. Although Buddhism has spread amongst many races, some of them very backward in development, yet never has any "Holy War" been waged on its behalf: never has one of all its myriad altars been stained with blood, not even with the blood of animals.

Wherever Buddhism has triumphed, it has done so by virtue of its clear and simple Truth: by sheer force of reasoning persuasion. Alas! that it should be needful to declare it, that is a phenomenon which is unique throughout the history of all the great and propagandist creeds. In every Buddhist land the effect of this religion has been to make the people more tolerant of other's views; more considerate, more gentle and more pitiful and loving. To my mind I who, being a Buddhist, see in strife and conflict and opposition some of the greatest evils of humanity, that mere fact goes further than all the arguments for its truth that I could bring. For, as another great Teacher of mankind declared:—"I shall know them by their fruits."

This lesson of Compassion the world needs to-day more than ever before. Had this Message been carried throughout the world as our Great Master bade, who knows but that the awful pain and tribulation of these latter years might have been avoided? Never before has the world so needed the remedy of the doctrine proclaimed by the Tathagata as it does to-day. Thus there is a small band of His followers devoting their lives to His service, who seek "to wander through all lands, converting the unconverted, to serve as teachers in this pain-riven world, and where soever the darkness of ignorance reigns there to kindle the light."

To you, our Brothers of the East, we of the West call. Help us so to kindle the Light of Compassion that the Doctrine Glorious shall illumine the whole wide world; that as it was with the great Emperor of old, so may it be with the makers of the world to-day.

Buddhist Activity in Germany.



THE publishers of "The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon" had the kindness to ask me to contribute a short article on the above subject for this year's Annual.

Though some works on Buddhism, principally on the Mahayana, had been published in Germany about the middle of the last century, the real starting point for popular interest in Buddhism dates from about 1857, when for the first time several works in more or less popular form and, what is of more importance, of the Southern or Pali Buddhism appeared. If

Buddhism. Specially to be mentioned are the translations from the Pali: of these the German language can show more than even the English. We have the whole of the Digha and Majjhima Nikayas, a large part of the Anguttara Nikaya, large excerpts from the Samyutta Nikaya, the whole Dhammapadam (in 5 different translations), the whole Udana, Itivuttaka, Sutta Nipata, Thera and Theri Gathas, Fuggala Pannati, Khuddaka Patha, Milinda Panha and all the Jataka stories. I may also mention that three German Buddhist periodicals are being published now, two monthlies and a quarterly, though the high cost of paper and printing render the publication of such works very difficult at present. Of course,



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DEVAS BESEECHING BUDDHA ELECT TO INCARNATE.

My memory fails me not, the first of these were: "Buddha" by Oldenberg, "A Buddhist Catechism" by Subhadra Bhikkhu (who was a German and wrote under this pseudonym) and a translation of Rhys Davids' "Buddhism" by Pfungst. These works had great success and have since reappeared in many new editions and they have been followed by a great many others, so many that an enumeration of even the most important ones would be impossible in such an article as this: there would also be danger of partiality or undue preference by an enumeration of part of them. To give an idea of the great number of publications on Buddhist subjects in Germany I may mention that in 1916 a book was published giving a list of such publications in the German language which though not even complete contained 2544 numbers. Since that date many new ones have appeared, thereby clearly showing the great interest the German people take in

the war had a very deleterious effect on the whole movement: some periodicals had to suspend and many new books which are ready cannot be issued at present and must wait for better times.

This short essay shows clearly that, if not Buddhism itself, at least Buddhist ideas are spreading with great rapidity and intensity in Germany, and as there are many devoted workers and followers in the field, some of whom not only accept Buddhism theoretically, but try to live the real *upasaka* life, there is hope that Buddhism has a great future in this country, especially now when the terrible world war with all its horrors has shown the failure of Christianity to curb man's ferocious instincts. And it is to be hoped for the welfare not only of Germany, but of the whole of Europe, yes of the whole world, that Buddhism may spread its benign influence more and more.

C. T. STRAUSS.

Zurich, Switzerland, March 24/1921.

The Last Birth of the Bodhisatta, OR The Buddha Elect.



ABOUT the year 2400 of the Kaliyuga era, Sihahanu, son of King Jayasena of the Solar Dynasty (Suriya Vansa), became the King of Kapilavathu, on the bank of the river Rohini, the modern Kohana, about one hundred miles from the city of Benares. He ruled over a proud and aristocratic Aryan race, known as the Sakyas or the "Dominant Ones", who claimed their descent from the primitive Indo-Aryans. King Sihahanu married Princess Kaccana of the Koliya dynasty, daughter of King Sakya of Deva-daha, capital of Koliya. She brought forth five sons, named Siddhodana, Sukkodana, Amitodana, Dhutodana, and Ghanitodana, and two daughters named Amita and Parali. After the death of Sihahanu, Siddhodana, being the eldest, ascended the throne. He succeeded in winning the hearts of his subjects by his humanitarian spirit, by ruling in righteousness, and by promoting the welfare of the people. His Kingdom was in a flourishing state, and high positions were held by the Sakyas, of whom there were at that time 168,000 males in Kapilavathu, besides people belonging to other races. There was in that Kingdom a standing army of 82,000 infantry, besides cavalry, elephants, chariots, etc. The King was styled "Niketi", a title given to Kings descended from monarchs who reigned from great antiquity. The author of the *Lalia Vistara* calls him "Narestarā", a title given to very powerful monarchs or emperors. These facts show that King Siddhodana was a powerful monarch of that time and not a petty Raja as represented by some writers.

At that time Anu-sakya was the King of the Koliyans. He lived on one side of the river Rohini, and the Sakyas lived on the other side. Anu-Sakya, married Princess Maha Yasodhara, by whom he had two sons named Suprabuddha and Danda-pani, and two daughters named Maha Maya and Maha Prajapati. The daughters were very beautiful. On account of their beauty and of the reports which were spread abroad by astrologers who had cast their nativities, about their bright future, there were many proposals from the surrounding countries. Of all the suitors, King

Siddhodana being the most benevolent, wellborn, and powerful, both the Princesses were given to him in marriage. Siddhodana brought them to Kapilavathu in procession, and made Maha Maya his principal queen. They lived happily, but childlessness was, sometimes, a source of anxiety that marred their happiness.

The Conception of the Bodhisatta.

The Bodhisatta, or the one who is developing to attain the state called Supreme Enlightenment or Buddha-hood, was



THE NATIVITY OF PRINCE SIDDHARTHA.

at that time a Deva in the Deva-loka (or the world of Devas) called Tusita, which signifies "serene thoughts", as those in that Loka are endowed more with the serenity of thoughts than with things that produce happiness. He was perfect in the Ten High Virtues (Dasa Paramita) that qualify one to attain Buddha-hood, and was awaiting a suitable place of birth. Finding the Five Necessary Conditions in the city of Kapilavathu, and in the queen of the Sakyas, he willed that his birth should take place when the exit-thought (Cutti-citta) was accompanied by gladness and was associated with knowledge, and he was accordingly conceived in the womb of Queen Maya on the full moon day of the lunar month Ashādhā when the moon was in conjunction with the asterism Uttara Ashādhā (Alpha Sagittarii), and the sun was in the stellar sign Cancer in the year 2476 of the Kaliyuga era.

The full moon day was then observed

by the Northern Indians as the Uposatha or Fasting day and Queen Maya, like many others, observed the Five Precepts on that day, taking only one meal before the noon. That night she dreamt that four Devas took her to a pond, bathed her, clothed her with robes that Devas wear, applied perfumes and scents, decorated her with flowers, took her to a residence that was inside a silver mountain, and made her sleep on a bed. Then, a small white elephant came out of a gold mound that was close by, adored her, and entered her womb by piercing the ribs of the right side. She awoke and told this dream to the King. On the following day, Siddhodana sent for some sages, who were well known for their knowledge of occult sciences, and asked them to interpret the dream. They said that the dream was good, and foretold that the Queen shall bear a son of great wisdom,

and that as the sun was, during that night, in conjunction with the Crab, he shall be either a Cakkravartī monarch, or a Buddha who shall deliver men from Ignorance. When it was made known that the queen shall bring forth a son there was great rejoicing in the city, as the queen was childless for a long time; and Siddhodana became the recipient of many presents from relatives and friendly Kings.

The Birth of the Bodhisatta.

After some time Queen Maya expressed a wish to visit her relatives in Deva-daha, to which Siddhodana gave his consent. For this purpose, according to the orders of the King, the road from Kapilavathu to Deva-daha was properly levelled, decorated with flags, banners, and streamers, and was garnished with trees planted in flower-pots. When the preparations were complete, the queen with her sister and maids, accompanied by numerous attendants, left the city. Between

Deva-daha and Kapilavathu stood the beautiful grove called Lumbini, the place of sports of the Sakyas and Koliyans. This was the season of flowers, and the grove was one mass of flowers of various colours. When the queen beheld it, she expressed a desire to spend some time in the grove, and the courtiers, took her into the Lumbini Grove.* Seeing a large Sal tree which was full of flowers, she got hold of a branch to pluck some flowers when the labouring pains came upon her. The maids then hung a curtain round her, and the delivery took place, without any delay, whilst she was still holding the branch of the Sal tree, at noon on Tuesday, when the stellar sign Cancer was ascending, and the full moon was in conjunction with the Asterism Visakha, † (Iota Libra) in the year 2477 of the Kaliyuga era. ‡

Thereupon the procession returned to Kapilavathu, on the same day, bringing the new-born Prince, and there was much rejoicing all over the kingdom for several days. During that time a sage named Kala-devala, a friend and adviser of Siddhodana, who was versed in the eight stages of the Yoga philosophy, hearing the Devas singing songs at the Bodhisatta's last birth, came to the palace, and said:—"Great King, I hear that a son has been born to you. I wish to see him." When the Prince was shown, he said, "After thirty-five years, He will become a Buddha."

The fifth day was fixed to perform the rite of choosing a name for the Prince, and Siddhodana invited one hundred and eight Brahmins who were well versed in the three Vedas to perform the ceremony. The Brahmins consulted together, and gave the name

Siddhartha ("All Prospering") to the Prince. Eight of those Brahmins were physiognomists, and examining the marks of the Prince, seven Brahmins said that the Prince will become either a Cakkravartī monarch or a Buddha, but a young Brahman, named Kondana, said that He will certainly become a Buddha. The Brahmins, when questioned by the King as to the cause that will induce the Prince to renounce the household life, said that the sight of an old person, a diseased person, a dead body, a monk will be the causes that will produce dejection in the mind of the Prince and make him renounce the household life.

On the same day, eighty-thousand clansmen who came to the festival, dedicated each a son from his family saying, "Whether the young Prince becomes a King or a Buddha, each one of us will dedicate to him a son." This offer was kindly accepted by the King. In order to prevent evil sights, Sud-

dhodana ordered that guards be placed for a distance of a quarter league to prevent the three kinds of persons mentioned above by the Brahmins, namely, an old person, a diseased person or a monk, from coming towards the palace.

On the eighth day queen Maha Maya died, and Maha Prajapati became the foster mother of the Prince. Nurses, who were healthy, belonging to noble families, gave milk to the Prince from that time.

Education.

The education of the Prince was entrusted to a Brahman named Sabba Mitta, who was versed in grammar, prosody, rhetoric, mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, the Vedas, and other sciences and arts that were in vogue at that time. According to Pali and Sanskrit records, it appears that Prince Siddhartha received a very good education. He possessed not only

ments, and each was securely guarded to prevent the blind, the maimed, the aged and the diseased from entering therein. Orders were also given that the attendants in these palaces should never speak of illness, decay, suffering, and death in the presence of the Prince. These orders were so strictly carried out that even faded flowers and withered leaves were gathered and buried, and everything was made to look pleasant, fresh and lively. Within the guarded palaces, the Prince was not alone. He had as his companions some Princes of the same age belonging to the Sakya and Koliya royal families.

During this time some relatives of Siddhodana complained that if the Prince be allowed to devote his time to home pleasures neglecting manly exercises,



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King Siddhodana presenting Prince Siddhartha to Sage Kaladevala.

a knowledge of the eighteen principal arts and sciences called Atthā-dassasīlpa, but also of the sixty-four minor arts and sciences called Kalā-sīlpa such as singing, playing musical instruments, physiognomy, botany, mineralogy and magic, etc.

When the age of the Prince was sixteen, the King ordered to be built three beautiful buildings of equal height, for the Prince, and named them, "Sudha", "Ramma", and "Suramma". It is said that the residence for the spring was made of burnt bricks, and had seven floors; the residence for summer heat was made of marble, having five floors; and the one for winter season was made of planks and beams, having nine floors. Each of these had flower gardens, lawns, ponds, and other require-

ments, which are necessary in the event of war the consequence will be repentance. When the Prince was informed of this the Prince asked King Siddhodana to appoint a day by beat of drum to show his proficiency in the twelve arts. On the appointed day, the Prince surpassed all comers in archery, swordsmanship, riding, etc., and won the good opinion of relatives and of those who assembled to see the contest. According to the *Madurathā-vilasini* and the accounts of the Northern Buddhists, this display was made by the Prince for the hand of Yasodhara before his marriage.

The Marriage of Prince Siddhartha.

The worldly heart of Siddhodana desired that the Prince should be a King of

*The birth place of the Buddha was discovered in the Nepalese Terai, north of the district of Gorakhpur, near Bhagwanpore, on December 1, 1896 by Dr. Fühner, by the aid of an Asoka pillar bearing the following inscription, His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King, when he had been consecrated twenty years, having come in person, did reverence; and, because, "Here Buddha was born, the Sakya Sage", etc.

† A stanza considered very old as Bala and Keta (Dragon's Head and Dragon's Tail) of the modern Indian astrologers are not mentioned. It gives the following position of planets: Jupiter in the Ascendant Cancer, the moon in Libra, Mars in Capricornus, Saturn in Aquarius, Venus in Pisces, and sun and Mercury culminating.

The Kaliyuga era of this year being 5022, the birth took place 2545 years ago according to the Indian Astronomy.

kings, and that the whole earth should be under His sway. With this motive he consulted his ministers and wished to know what steps should be taken to avert the fulfilment of the prediction of Kondanna. Their advice was to bind the Prince with love. Every one thought the suggestion as good and sound. Siddhodana spoke to his brother-in-law Suprabuddha, the King of Koliya, expressing that his desire was that Prince Siddhartha should marry his daughter, Princess Yasodhara. At first Suprabuddha did not like the proposal, owing to the prediction that the Prince will become a recluse, and thereby, his daughter will be a widow. But he was, subsequently, compelled to give his consent owing to the strong attachment of his daughter to the Prince and to the great influence of Siddhodana, the King of Sakya, who were well-noted for their bravery and valour. After some

beings, the Prince thought of visiting the Royal Garden. The King was informed of this. Whereupon he ordered that criers be sent with drum ordering that people stricken in years, suffering from painful maladies, or hermits should not be allowed to be on the roads; that corpses should not be brought out from houses during the time the Prince visits the Garden; and that houses and gardens on the way should be kept clean. The Prince got into the royal car to which four horses were attached, left the guarded Palace, and on the way hearing the greetings of the people, he thought they were very happy, and the realm was fair to behold. But his thoughts were suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a very old man, having a shrivelled skin, grey hair, toothless jaws, holding in his bony hands a staff to support his quivering limbs. The Prince wanted to know from

to which the flesh is heir to. The Prince was deeply moved, and he ordered the chariot to drive home. The King heard of this incident, and ordered that the guards be moved to a further distance than before.

Four months after this event, the Prince went again to see the Garden. On the way, seeing a dead body borne by people, followed by weeping relatives, the Prince asked from Channa the meaning of this procession. He said that it was a dead body which was being taken to the cemetery; that everyone was subject to death caused by some ailment or other, and that no one was free from death. The shortness of life and the transitory nature of this physical life made a sad and deep impression on the Prince, who ordered the chariot to drive home without proceeding further. The King was very



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MARRIAGE OF PRINCE SIDDHARTHA.

Channa, the charioteer who that being was. He replied that it was a human being bowed down and debilitated by old age, and that it was the lot of everyone who lives long. The Prince, thinking on the inappreciable and repulsive nature of this physical body, became dejected, and ordered Channa to drive back home. When the King heard that the Prince returned home without going to the Garden having seen an old man, he posted guards to a further distance to prevent the appearance of evil sights, and ordered that new things be added to gladden the heart of the Prince.

Four months after this, the Prince thought of going again to the Garden. He rode in the same car with Channa as his charioteer. This time he saw a man afflicted with a painful malady, crying for help. When the Prince inquired from Channa the cause of his crying, he said that he is suffering from an unbearable disorder,

sorry to hear of this incident, and he ordered that the number of guards be increased and placed at a still further distance.

On another occasion the Prince took a drive to the Royal Garden accompanied by Channa. A handsome recluse wearing orange coloured robes met them on the way. The Prince, observing the unique dress of the man and his calm and noble mien, wanted to know who he was. The charioteer informed the Prince that the man was a recluse, who observes some precepts to escape from the sufferings of this life. This reply, which was in harmony with the views cherished at times, by the Prince, awakened in his mind the dormant memory of his past existences, and he resolved that he would go forth that night and become a recluse, seeking a remedy to cure the sufferings of the world. He went to the Garden without turning back, and spent the day with a light heart.

He met, when returning homeward, some messengers sent by the King, informing that Princess Yasodhara had brought forth a son. On hearing the news, "The Prince exclaimed: "Rahulo Jato!" which means "a feter is born". The messengers informed the King of the words uttered by the Prince, and the King gave the name Rahula to his grandson, which name he bore even after he became a Buddhist monk.

The Great Renunciation.

The Prince returned to the palace accompanied by crowds of citizens, and there was great rejoicing. That night when the Prince awoke after a short repose and came out of his apartment he found nautch-girls who were singing and dancing, sleeping on the floor, some with musical instruments in their hands, some gnashing their teeth, some in unbecoming attitudes, etc. This scene appeared to the Prince, whose mind was liberating from lust, like a cemetery where dead bodies are thrown unburied to decay. From this hall the Prince went downstairs, awoke Channa, and asked him to get his favourite horse Kantaka ready for riding. He went up again to see his son before leaving, but finding that the hand of the mother rested on the head of the infant, he did not like to disturb, thinking that his object will be frustrated if he awoke. Thus on the full moon day of the lunar month Uttarashada, in the year 2505 of the Kaliyuga era, Prince Siddhartha, in his twenty-ninth year, accompanied by Channa, left his home, his wealth, his kingdom, his father and step-mother, his young wife and his only son, a homeless wanderer, to find out the Path of Liberation for all.

After riding a considerable distance, the Prince turned back his horse to gaze once more at the town, wherein those dear and near to him lived, and then he rode a long distance that night, till he reached the bank of the river Anoma, beyond the Koliyan territory. He inquired from Channa the name of the river. "It is called Anoma," replied Channa. (Anoma means 'lofty'. My ascetic life too," the Prince then slowly observed, "will be then lofty." After that, the Prince crossed the river, and cutting the hair with his own sword, gave the sword and other ornaments to Channa to be taken to Kapilavasthu with the favourite Kantaka,

and went towards Rajagaha with the firm intention of not returning without finding the Way of Deliverance.

On the way to Rajagaha, the Prince received robes, etc., from a Brahman named Ihatikara. He donned the yellow robes, entered the mango grove called Anupiya, and stayed there six days. On the seventh day, the Bodhisatta entered from the eastern door the city of Rajagaha, the capital of Magadha, and the seat of King Bimbisara, then, a powerful monarch in the eastern valley of the Ganges. According to the custom of ascetics and recluses, the Bodhisatta begged alms from door to door. His handsome and majestic form attracted many donors, and each pressed on him his alms. His majestic form, graceful look, and peaceful appearance became the talk of many who admire pleasant and happy human faces,

King advised the Bodhisatta to give up the ascetic life as it is a disgrace to the royal families, and to accept half of his kingdom, which, he said, was between the five hills called Isigili, Vehhara, Vepulla, Pandava, and Gijjhakuta, having millions of subjects, and many rich men possessing immense wealth. The Bodhisatta declined in suitable terms to accept this offer as His object in view was to become a Buddha and bring salvation to every one. In several ways Bimbisara tried to induce Him to accept his offer, but failing, he asked the Bodhisatta to visit first his kingdom after becoming a Buddha. This was accepted.

The Bodhisatta thence went to Alara of Kalama family, and asked his permission to become his pupil. To this he consented, and the Bodhisatta practised and developed Jhana as far as Akincannayana or the sphere of Aimless Perception.



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THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

and some went and informed King Bimbisara that a new ascetic, whose handsome figure is similar to that of a Deva is come to the town to beg alms. He may, they said, be a Deva, a Yaksha, or a Naga in disguise. The King found the report to be true by observing the Bodhisatta from the highest floor of his palace, and sent watchers to find out the place where the ascetic goes after begging. The watchers found that the Ascetic went out of Rajagaha, sat under the shade of the Pandava Hills, and took meals facing towards the east, and they informed the King giving full particulars. On the same day the King went to the Bodhisatta, and after customary salutation, made inquiries about Him. It appears that this conversation led to friendship, and the

Alara told that it is the highest step in his philosophy, and as he could not teach anything further asked Him to be a teacher of his school of philosophy.*

Not satisfied with Alara's teaching the Bodhisatta went to Uddakarama, and studied his philosophy for some time, and developed the Jhana system as far as Nevasanna-nasanna-yatana or the sphere of Neither-perception nor Non-perception.* Uddakarama could not teach anything further. He left him and thought of finding out one who possessed a higher knowledge.

He went thence to Uruvela, near the modern Buddha-Gaya. From a very

* In this place, Asoka, in the third century B.C. Built a Cetiya called "Kanthaka Nivartana".

For further particulars see Pabbajja Sutta and Commentary.

* See Ariya-pariyesams Sutta of the Majjhima Nikaya.

* See Ariya-pariyesams and Maha Sacaka of the Majjhima Nikaya.

The festivities continued for several weeks on a grand scale, and Yasodhara, attended by maids from noble families, became the Queen of the Pleasure-palace.

The Married Life and the Omens.

For about nine years nothing disturbed the peace and happiness of the Prince and Princess in their new Palace, which, according to the orders of the King, was specially built by the cleverest architects of his kingdom. Flower and fruit trees, fountains and ponds, arbours and lawns surrounded the palace; and singing, music, and dancing of nautch-girls broke the dull monotony of this guarded Prince of Love, surrounded by massive walls and with brzen folding doors.

One day, while living thus without any knowledge of wants or woe, of pain or decay, of disease or death, that oppress human

early period this place was a favourite resort of hermits, ascetics, recluses, &c., and finding it to be a very suitable place for mental culture, the Bodhisatta decided to stay there for sometime. Kondanna, who predicted that Prince Siddhartha would be a Buddha, was a recluse at that time with the expectation of becoming a disciple of the Buddha, and with four others named Bhaddaji, Vappa, Maha Nama and Assaji visited this place on their way to a distant place. They were very glad to see the Bodhisatta in that place, and decided to stay there without going to any other place. For six years they attended on the Bodhisatta with the fervent hope of seeing him become the Buddha within a short time. During that time the Bodhisatta practised rigid asceticism by daily reducing the quantity of food, until it was reduced to a particle. By starvation the Bodhisatta became a mere skeleton with skin and bones. His complexion became dark, and his graceful and majestic appearance disappeared. He practised this rigid self-mortification to such an extent that at times, He was in an unconscious and breathless state. He found at last that the Goal could not be reached by asceticism and decided to nourish the body and practise Jhana in a different way. The five recluses thought that the Bodhisatta would never become a Buddha by nourishing the body, and departed to Isipatana. Notwithstanding his isolated state, the Bodhisatta continued to take sufficient food to nourish his body, and devoted all the time to mental culture. Continuing in this manner for some time, the Bodhisatta acquired physical and mental strength.

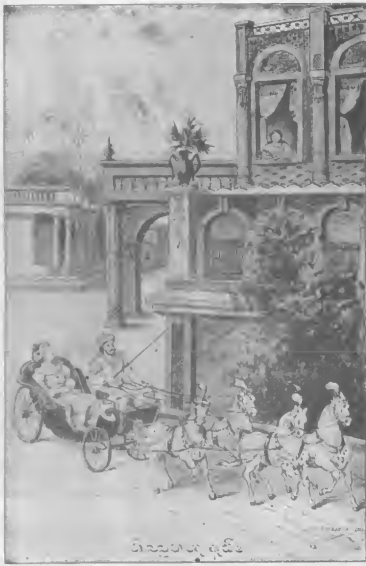
The Bodhisatta derived from practical knowledge that those devoted to higher life could not attain the highest state of development by being a householder and enjoying sensuous pleasures, which He did up to his twenty-ninth year. The other practical knowledge he gained by practising rigid asceticism for six years is that the highest state of development cannot be attained by self-mortification. These two formed "the two extremes" of "Dhamma Cakka Sutta, or the Reign of Law", the first discourse which he delivered after attaining Buddhahood.

The Five Dreams.

One night the Bodhisatta saw five dreams.

1. He saw that he made the earth as His bed, placed the Himalaya mountain as His pillow, kept His left hand on the ocean towards the east, His right hand on the ocean towards the west, and placed the legs on the ocean towards the south. This is said to signify the spread of Buddhism in the four quarters of the world.

2. He saw that a Kusa grass plant sprang from His navel, and spread its blades in the sky. This is said to signify the spread of Buddhism amongst Devas, Brahmas, and other celestial beings.



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A PRINCESS' BLISSFUL DISCOURSE.

A Rakya Princess named Kisa Gotami, who was observing from an upper storey of her house, seeing the Prince returning from the Royal Garden, sang the following which expresses her delightful feelings:—

Nibbata nima so piya,
Nibbata nima so piya,
Nibbata nima so piya,
Nibbata nima so piya,
Nibbata nima so piya.

The gist of this is:—

Apposed the mother's heart will be,
Apposed the father's heart will be,
Apposed the lady's heart will be,
To have a handsome Prince like thee.

The word Nibbata also means happiness arising from the tranquillized state after the extinction of lust. To the Prince, whose mind was liberating from the bindings of Tanha, or feeling the cool and placid state after the extinction of cravings, the song indicated: Apposed the mother, apposed the father, apposed the lady with the bliss of Nibbana. The Prince thought it a good lesson, and resolved to retire from the household life that very night in quest of Nibbana. He went to the palace, and sent her as a teacher's fee a valuable pearl necklace, on receipt of which, she built stupa in the air thinking she will also be made a favourite as Yasodhara.

3. He saw that maggots of white colour having dark heads were covering the whole of the lower part of His legs, as far as the knee-cap. This is said to indicate that He will be adored and worshipped by so many.

4. He saw that four beautiful gulls of different colours came and fell at His feet, and all became white. This is said to signify that people of different races, different nations, different colours and different classes will be converted to Buddhism.

5. He saw that he was walking on a dung-hill without soiling feet or robes. This signifies that he will receive gifts and donations very liberally, notwithstanding the accumulation of immense wealth, the Dhamma will be in its pure form without being soiled by extraneous matter.

Sujata's Milk-rice Gift.

At that time, in a village near Uruvela, called Senani, there lived a rich man named Senani, whose name was the village lore. He had a beautiful daughter named Sujata and she made a vow to a deity whom she thought dwelt in the Banyan-tree called Ajapala that if she got a husband of equal rank, and if the first-born be a son, she will annually give an offering of milk-rice in a bowl made of gold. Since then she offered milk-rice to the Wood-god annually on a full-moon day. It was on such a day the Bodhisatta sat under the shade of that tree. To prepare this food she pastured a large number of cows in a jungle where Latthi-madhu or sweet ginger creepers grew, and fed their milk to a less number until the number was reduced to eight. In the milk obtained from them the rice was boiled. This was done to increase the thickness, flavour, and nutritious properties of the food. This she put into a golden dish, and covering it with another dish also made of gold, offered to the Bodhisatta who sat under the Banyan tree thinking he was the Wood-god come down in bodily form to receive her gift. He accepted the offer, took the dish, and went to the bank of the river Neranjara to take a bath. He took this mid-day meal after making it into forty-nine pellets. By the nourishment which he received by partaking this food, He was able to be without any food for seven weeks. The Bodhisatta, after that,

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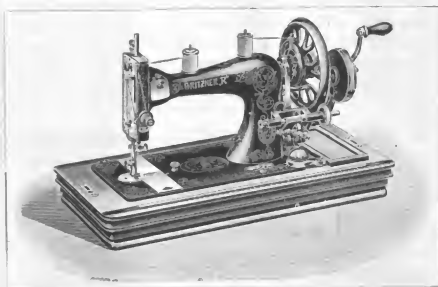
¹ See Pancatan Nipata, Anguttara Nikaya and Manoratha parani.

² This is a place of pilgrims from a very early period, and is called Suppattittha.

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took the rest on the bank of that river, in a grove of Sal-trees, which was then in full blossom. In the evening, He went toward the Bodhi-tree, and on the way met a Brahman named Sotthiya, who, pleased with his attractive figure, gave eight handfuls of Kusa-grass. He took the grass, spread it under the Bodhi-tree, and facing the east, sat with the firm resolve *I will never arise from this place, though this my frame shall perish of starvation—not even though the blood within these veins shall cease to flow,—till I have gained Perfect Enlightenment.*

Just as the early Indo-Aryans invested physical forces with names, forms, and attributes in their edification, likewise, the Indian writers of twenty-five centuries ago, gifted with rich poetical imagination, materialised mental processes as tangible sentient beings having thought, volition, consciousness, and physical power. The great Tempter called Mara is a bold personification of Deffilement. His army, which is said to consist of Ten Dimbaras are the various forms of evil thoughts connected with the mental processes associated with the Ten Hindrances known as (1) Delusion of self or soul (Sakkaya-dittai), (2) Indecision (Vice-Kicca), (3) Dependence on Rites and Ceremonies (Silabbata-pararnassa), (4) Carnal Appetite (Kama), (5) Hate (Patigha) (6) Desire for a future eternal existence with a material body (Ruparaga), (7) Desire for an eternal future existence without a material body (Arupa-raga), (8) Pride (Manna), (9) Excitement (Uddhacca), and (10) Nescience (Avijja). The Panca Mara are the Five Taints arising from Form, Sound, Odour, Taste and Touch. The nine storms of (1) wind, (2) rain (3) rocks, (4) weapons, (5) live coals, (6) hot ashes, (7) sand, (8) mud, and (9) darkness, are the nine types of Pride with which sentient beings are generally intoxicated. The great elephant of Mara called Girime Khala (Girdled-with-mountains) of 108 leagues in height is the great hydra-headed Tanha which inflicts suffering in 108 modes on sentient beings: that is, as it associates with the six Senses, it becomes six-fold; as it associates with Kama-tanha, Bhavatanha, and Vibhava tanha, it becomes eighteen fold; as intrinsic or extrinsic or with self or with others, it becomes thirty-six fold; and as regards time—past, present, future—it becomes one hundred and eight fold. The three daughters of Mara called Tanha, Rati, and Raga are words signifying Craving, Carnal Appetite, and Voluptuousness. The appearance of Devas, Brahmas, &c., is the genesis of benefic mental processes called Sobhana Cetasikas, &c.

After the Conflict with Passions and Deffilements, and the genesis of benefic mental processes, the Supreme Law of Evolution and Dissolution of mental and material aggregations in all the worlds that belong to the Sensuous Region, the Region

of Form, and the Formless Region; the great law of Cause and Effect associated therewith, the knowledge of the existence of suffering, the cause of suffering, the destruction of the cause of suffering and the Path that should be tread to destroy suffering; and Transcendental knowledge illumined the mind of the Bodhisatta. At dawn on Tuesday, when the full moon was in conjunction with the asterism Vaisakha (Iota Libra) in the year 2513 of the Kali-yuga era, the Bodhisatta attained the Supreme Enlightenment called Samma Sam-

Buddha, and uttered this solemn stanza expressing Genuine Delight,
"Many a house of Life
Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow fraught;
Sore was my ceaseless strife!
But now,
The builder of this Tabernacle—Thou!
I know thee! never shall thou build again
These walls of pain,
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay
Fresh rafters on the clay;
Broken the house is, and the ridge-pole split!
Delusion fashioned it!
Safe pass I thence—deliverance to obtain."

MAGANDIYA.

(Freely rendered and abridged from the Pali.)



THUS have I heard. At one time the Blessed One was sojourning among the Kuru folk at a Kuru town called Kammasa-sulamma, having taken up His abode in the grass-strewn sacred fire-house of the Brahmin Bhadravajagotta.

And the Blessed One went into Kammasa-sulamma one morning for alms of food; and returning, after partaking of His meal, retired to the foot of a tree in a certain wood with intent there to spend the remainder of the day. And Magandiya, a wandering ascetic, going about here and there on foot, came where was Bhadravajagotta's fire-house. And Magandiya saw in the fire-house the grass strewn and made ready; and encountering Bhadravajagotta, enquired: "For what is this grass strewn and prepared in the venerable Bhadravaj's fire-house? Some ascetic's couch, I suppose?"

"Venerable Magandiya, there is an ascetic Gotama, a Sakyan, heir of the Sakyas, who lives the homeless life, of whom it is noised abroad that He is a Perfect Buddha. For that venerable Gotama is this couch prepared."

"An ill sight have we seen, venerable Bhadravaj, that have seen the couch of that retrograde person, venerable Gotama."

"Have a care what you are saying, Magandiya! Have a care what you are saying! Many are the learned of the nobles and brahmins, of the householder and ascetic classes, who out of faith in that venerable Gotama, have been trained in the noble method, in wholesome things."

"If, venerable Bhadravaj, we were to meet that venerable Gotama face to face, then face to face with him we should say: 'A retrograde person is ascetic Gotama.' And why? Because so it is, according to our Scriptures."

"If the venerable Magandiya does not mind, I should like to tell this to the venerable Gotama."

"The venerable Bhadravaj may tell what he has heard at his leisure."

Now the Blessed One, with the heavenly power of hearing, the purified, the supraman, heard this conversation between Bhadravajagotta the brahmin and Magandiya the wandering ascetic. And His period of retirement for the day ended, He came to Bhadravajagotta's fire-house and sat down on the grass-strewn place prepared. And Bhadravajagotta came to Blessed One, and after exchange of due civilities, sat down at one side. And the Blessed One said:

"Well, Bhadravaj, what sort of talk passed between you and Magandiya the wandering ascetic concerning this spread of grass?"

Thus addressed, Bhadravaj the brahmin, startled, wonderstruck, answered the Blessed One: "It was just about this that we were going to tell the venerable Gotama. And behold! the venerable Gotama knows it without being told."

While thus the Blessed One talked with Bhadravajagotta, Magandiya in the course of his wandering about, came to the fire-house, and approaching the Blessed One, after due exchange of the customary civilities, sat down at one side. And the Blessed One addressing Magandiya, said:

"The eye, Magandiya, pleasuring, delighting, joying in form,—that by the Tathagata being subdued, controlled, guarded, restrained, He proclaims a doctrine of such restraint. Was it in connection with this, Magandiya, that you said: 'A retrograde person is ascetic Gotama'?"

"It was just in connection with this, venerable Gotama, that I said: 'A retrograde person is ascetic Gotama.' And why did I say so. Because so it is, according to our Scriptures."

"The ear in sounds, the nose in scents, the tongue in savours, the body in contacts, the mind in ideas, pleasuring, delighting, joying,—these by the Tathagata being subdued, restrained, He sets forth a teaching of their restraint. Was it in connection with this, that saying of thine: 'A retrograde person is ascetic Gotama?'"

"Even in connection with this was my saying, because it is so according to our Scriptures."

"What do you think, Magandiya? Say that a certain person formerly revelled in forms and sounds and scents and savours and contacts, wished, desired, charming, pleasing, bound up with sensual craving, provocative of lust; and that after a time having come to see of those things the arising and passing away, the happiness and distress, the worthlessness of these things as they truly are, having put away the craving for them, got rid of the fever for them, he should dwell with thirst at an end, stilled of mind within himself? In such a case, Magandiya, what have you to say?"

"Nothing at all, venerable Gotama."

"Formerly, Magandiya, I too, living the household life, revelled in the endowment, the possession, of the five pleasures of sense, forms, sounds, scents, savours, contacts, charming, pleasing, bound up with sensual craving, provocative of lust. Three palaces were mine, one for the rainy season, one for the cool season, and one for the hot season. And I passed the four months of the rainy season in the rainy-season, having no men about me but only singing girls, and never going outside my palace."

"But after a time, perceiving as they really are the arising and passing away of sensual desires, their sweets and their bitters, their worthlessness, rid of the fever of the senses, thirst gone from me, I dwell stilled of mind."

"And I see other beings not freed from the rage for the pleasures of sense, gnawed by the cravings of sense-desire, burning with the fever of sensual craving, in servitude to the cravings of sense; but I do not envy them, see no pleasure in such things. And why? Because that pleasure which stands apart from sensual desire, apart from unwholesome things, heavenly wellbeing, was attained; and in this pleasure delighting, I long not for the lower, there find no delight."

"Suppose, Magandiya, that some householder or householder's son rich, very

wealthy, owning great possessions, endowed, provided with the five pleasures of sense, should indulge in pleasing, delightful sights, sounds, scents, savours, contacts; and that practising right conduct in deed, word, thought, after death upon a happy journey, he should arise in the heaven-world in the company of the Devas of the Tavatimsa heaven; and there in the Nandana Grove, surrounded by a bevy of heavenly nymphs, possessed of the five kinds of heavenly pleasures of sense, should revel in the enjoyment of the same. And suppose him to see some householder indulging in the five kinds of sense-pleasure; what do you think, Magandiya? Would that son of the Devas there in the Nandana Grove in the midst of his celestial nymphs enjoying the celestial pleasures of sense,—would such an one envy that householder his five kinds of human sense-pleasure? Would he turn back

should bring him a physician, a surgeon who should make a medicine for him, and that using this medicine he should be completely cured of his leprosy, should be made hale, well, his own man again, independent of others' help, able to go about whithersoever he listed. And suppose that he should see another leprosy man, sore-covered, rotten, maggot-eaten, scratching his sores, roasting his body in a fiery pit. What think you, Magandiya? Would this man envy that leprosy man his fiery pit, his use of medicine?"

"Nay indeed, venerable Gotama. For where there is disease, there one needs to use medicine. But where there is no disease, there one does not need to use medicine."

"In the same way, Magandiya, I that aforesaid as householder enjoyed all the



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CROSSING THE RIVER ANOMA ON HORSE KANTAKA

to human pleasures of sense?"

"Nay indeed, venerable Gotama. And why not? Because, than human pleasures of sense, heavenly sense-pleasures are better, more excellent far."

"Even so it is, Magandiya, that I who as householder formerly indulged in all the five pleasures of sense, coming to see their worthlessness, attained to quiet of mind. And now seeing others burnt up with cravings for sense-delights, I envy them not, having found a heavenly well beyond such unwholesome things, such low delights."

"Suppose, Magandiya, that a man suffering from leprosy, his body and limbs covered with sores, rotting, gnawed by maggots, scraping his sores with his nails, should roast his body in a pit of glowing coals; and that his friends and kinsfolk

pleasures of sense, now perceiving their worthlessness, dwell stilled of mind; and having reached a higher happiness, apart from low, unwholesome things, I envy none I see enjoying such delights, I take no pleasure therein."

"Suppose, Magandiya, of that leper who had been cured of his leprosy, that all two strong men should catch hold of him by the armpits and make to drag him down to that fiery pit. What do you think? Would that man wrest his body this way and that in effort to escape?"

"That he would, venerable Gotama. For that fire would be painful to come in contact with, intensely burning, extremely tormenting."

"Is it only now, Magandiya, that that fire is painful to contact, intensely burning, extremely tormenting? Or was it painful to touch, burning, tormenting before?"

"Now venerable Gotama, that fire is painful, burning, tormenting. And before also it was painful, burning, tormenting. But that suffering leper, his organs of sense injured, called the painful contact of the fire, wellbeing, his perception being perverted."

"Even in the same way, Magandiya, sensual desires of the past and of the future, and those arising now in the present, are painful contacts, great burnings, great tormentations. And those beings who are not cured of the rage for sensual pleasure being gnawed by cravings for sensual pleasure, burning with the torment of sensual desire,—these with injured organs of sense call the painful contacts of sensual pleasure, wellbeing, their perception being perverted."

"Suppose again that leper scratching his sores by that blazing fire; just to the extent that he does so, the mouths of his sores become more unpleasant, more ill-smelling, more putrid. And what measure of satisfaction or enjoyment here may be, is purely on account of the itching of the mouths of his sores. In the same way, Magandiya, beings not rid of the rage for the pleasures of sense, gnawed by the craving for pleasures of the sense, burnt up with the fever for pleasures of sense,—these indulge in the pleasures of sense. And just to the extent that they so indulge their thirst for the pleasures of sense, to that extent does sensual craving increase in them, to that extent do they burn with the fever of sensual craving. And whatsoever measure of satisfaction or enjoyment here may be, all is on account of the five kinds of pleasures of sense."

"What do you think, Magandiya? Have you ever seen or heard of Raja or Raja's minister possessed of the five means of sense-pleasure and indulging in the same, who, not having ceased from sense-pleasure, not having made an end of the fever of sense-pleasure, has dwelt, or dwells, or will dwell, thirst allayed, quieted within his mind?"

"Nay indeed, venerable Gotama."

"Well said, Magandiya. Neither have I ever heard of king or minister of king who, revelling in sense-pleasures, has come, or comes, or will come, to quietude of mind. But whatsoever religious have dwelt or dwell, or will dwell, thirst ended, quieted of mind, all such so have dwelt, or dwell, or will dwell, having perceived in truth the worthlessness of all sense-pleasures, having put away the craving for the pleasures of the senses, having made an end of the fever of sense-desire."

Then, upon this occasion, the Blessed One breathed forth that exalted utterance:

"Health, gain the greatest is;
Nibbana, highest bliss;
The Eightfold Path, the way secure
That leads to deathlessness."

Thereupon Magandiya said to the Blessed One: "Wonderful, extraordinary, Venerable Gotama, this that is so well said by the venerable Gotama:

Health, gain the greatest is;
Nibbana, highest bliss."

But this verse we have heard spoken before by masters and disciples of the sect of wandering ascetics. Here the venerable Gotama is in agreement."

"Since by thee this verse has been heard uttered before by teachers and pupils of the wandering ascetics, what is this health? What this Nibbana?"

Upon this, Magandiya, stroking his own limbs with his hand, said: "This is



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PRINCE SIDDHARTHA CUTTING OFF THE HAIR.

that health, venerable Gotama, this is that Nibbana. I, venerable Gotama, at this moment am hale and well; I suffer from no ailment whatever."

"Suppose, Magandiya, a man blind from birth. Such a man would not see forms either black or blue or yellow or blood-red or light-red. He would not perceive what places were rough or smooth. He would see the shapes of neither stars nor moon nor sun."

"And suppose that this blind man should hear some man with sight say: 'Fine indeed, sir, is white clothing, beautiful, spotless, pure,' he then would go about in quest of clothing. And suppose that another man should trick him with an oil- and soot-smear black woollen robe, saying: 'Here, good sir, is a white robe for you, beautiful, spotless, pure'; and that the blind

man should take it, and put it on; and having done so, pleased, should express his pleasure thus: 'Fine indeed is a white robe beautiful, spotless, pure!' What do you think, Magandiya? Would that blind man be taking the dirty black robe and putting it on and expressing his pride in it, knowingly, seemingly? Or would he be doing so from faith in the man with sight?"

"That blind man, venerable Gotama, would act thus, unknowing, unseeing. He would do so out of faith in the man with sight."

"In the same way, Magandiya, the homeless ones of other beliefs, blind, lacking eyes, not knowing health, not seeing Nibbana, yet repeat the verse:—

Health, gain the greatest is;
Nibbana, highest bliss."

But, Magandiya, of old by Arahans

and Perfect Buddhas was this stanza uttered:—

Health, gain the greatest is;
Nibbana, highest bliss;
The Eightfold Path, the way secure
That leads to deathlessness."

And now by degrees it has come into the mouths of the many. And then, Magandiya, of this body that is a disease an ulcer, a sore, a wound, an ailment—of this body that is of such a nature, thou sayest: 'This is health; this is Nibbana.' But, Magandiya, that noble eye whereby thou mightest know health, see Nibbana,—that noble eye is not in thee."

"Thus have I faith in the venerable Gotama: He is able, the venerable Gotama, so to expound the Teaching to me that I may know health, may see Nibbana."

"Suppose, Magandiya, that a man

Continued on page 56.

The Birth.

Softly, thro' the night, there comes a throbbing,
Throbbing from, the ancient temple, where
Gathered close, midst maze and happy sobbing,
The people watch the portents in the air.

Old Ram can see, and Gunga's child is laughing,
Where one was blind, the other sick to death;
The cripples dance, the useless crutches doffing—
And deaf ones list to dumb with bated breath!

Up there, in cloudless sky, a star is shining,
Rivalling the moon's great golden globe:
The old folk list to learned seers opining
The birth of some great Lord of light and love.

On every tree the flowers thickly cluster,—
Thus earth rejoicing smiles to greet earth's Lord;
Thus descended Maya's son, Siddhattha,—
And banished, for that day, was all discord!

Plainly yet, to us, resounds the echo
Of that first *VESAK*, thrilling thro' the years,
Waiting cooling breezes on life's sorrow,
Dispelling our doubting thoughts and fears!

DUKKHINDA.

THE BUDDHA'S DAILY LIFE.

(By F. L. WOODWARD, M.A., F.T.S.)

Ah! When the Lord of the World went forth to beg,
The gentle winds made smooth the ways before Him,
The clouds poured down their waters on the dust
And from the sun's hot rays protected Him.
The breezes wafted flowers to His path,
Raised were the ruts and hollows of the road,
Smoothed the rough places, and where'er the Lord
Trod, even was the ground and soft; thereon
Sprang lotus-flowers to receive His feet.
No sooner had He reached the city-gates
Than all the six-rayed brilliance of His form
Raced here and there o'er palaces and shrines
And decked them as with yellow sheen of gold
Or with a painter's colours. Then the beasts,
Birds, elephants and horses, one and all,
Gave forth melodious sounds, and all the folk
Crashed loud the drums; lutes twanged and instruments
Of divers sounds; tinkled the women's jewels:
And by these tokens did the people know
"The Blessed One has entered now for alms."
So donning their best robes and finery
And taking perfumes, flowers and offerings
They issued from their homes to the street,
And worshipping the Blessed One therewith:
Some said "Lord! Give us ten monks for to feed,"
And some, "Give twenty," some, "Lord! Give a hundred!"
And then they took His bowl, prepared a seat,
And eagerly their reverence displayed
By placing choicest food within the bowl.

Now when the meal was done, the Blessed Lord
With nice discrimination of their minds
And dispositions, taught each one the Doctrine.
Thus, some were established in the Refuge,
Some in the Precepts Five, some reached the Stream,
While others would attain the Second Path,
And some the Path of No-Return, and some
Became established in the Highest Fruit,
Were Arahants and left the world. Thus showing
Such kindness to the folk the Lord would rise
And, to His dwelling-place would wend His way,
And there when He arrived He sat Him down
On a fair Buddha-mat they spread for Him,
And waited till the monks their meal had eaten.
This done, the body-servant told the Lord,
And to the scented chamber He retired.
Such were the duties of the morning meal.

These duties done, in the scented chamber sitting
On a seat made ready, He would wash His feet.
Then, standing on the jewelled stairs that led
Unto the scented chamber, He would teach
The gathering of monks and thus would say:
"Oh monks! Apply yourselves with diligence!
For rarely comes a Buddha in the world,
And rarely beings come to birth as men:
Rare the propitious moment and the chance
To leave the world and hear the Doctrine true!"
Thereat some one would ask the Blessed One
For meditation-lessons, which He gave
Fit for each man's peculiar bent of mind.

Then all would do obeisance and depart
To places where they spent the night or day:
Some to the forest, some to the foot of trees,
Some to the hills, some to the heavens where rule
The Four Great Kings, or Vasiratti's heaven.
Then going to His room, the Blessed One
Would lay Him down and rest there for a while,
Mindful and conscious, on His right side lying,
Like a lion; till, His body now refreshed,
He rose and gazed forth over all the world.
Then came the folk of village or of town
Near which He might be staying, they who gave
The morning meal, garbed in their best, and brought
Their offerings of flowers and scents. The Lord,
His audience thus assembled, would approach
In such miraculous fashion as was fit:
And, sitting in the lecture-hall prepared
On the fair Buddha-mat they spread for Him,
He taught the Doctrine fit for time and season,
And seasonably bade the people go.
Then all would do obeisance and depart.
Such were the duties of the afternoon.

These things all done, He left the Buddha-seat,
Entering the bath-house, if He wished to bathe
And cool His limbs with water there prepared
By His body-servant, who fetched the Buddha-seat
And spread it in the scented room. The Lord,
Donning His double tunic orange-tinted
And binding on His girdle, threw His robe
O'er the right shoulder and thither went and sat
And stayed retired, in meditation plunged.
Then came the monks from this side and from that
And waited on the Blessed One. Some asked
The solving of their doubts, and some would beg
For meditation-lessons, others a sermon.
Thus answering, teaching, preaching, would the Lord
Spend the first night-watch, granting their desires.
Such were the duties of the first night-watch.

When the duties of the first night-watch were done,
The monks would do obeisance and depart.
Then came the Gods of the ten thousand worlds,
Seizing the chance of questioning the Lord,
Were it but single words of letters four.
He, answering those questions, passed the night.
Such were the duties of the middle watch.

Into three parts the last watch He divided:
And forasmuch as, since the morning sitting,
His body would be tired, He spent one part
In pacing up and down to ease His limbs.
Then going to the scented room the Lord
Would lay Him down and rest there for a while,
Mindful and conscious, on His right side lying,
Like a lion. But in the third He rose and sat,
Gazing with Buddha-eye o'er all the world,
To see if any man, by giving alms,
Keeping the Precepts, or by deeds of worth,
Under some former Buddha took the vow
Himself to be a Saviour of the world.
Such were His habits of the last night-watch.

* Being a literal and metrical version of Buddhaghosa's *Sumangala-Vilasini*, (1.45) or Commentary on the *Digha Nikaya* of *Sutta Pitaka*.

Questionings.

By SRI ANANDA ACHARYA.

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O sorrow, why afflictest thou these dear flesh-forms, these sylvan forms and all the manifold forms of breathing, groaning Life?

Alas, these nescience-veiled creations, uprising out of the beginningless and endless flux of man-unmeasured protean substance, project forth on the vast canvas of events myriads of creeping, swimming, flying, walking, creatures perpetually lashed by the cruel hand of many a master of Birth, of Death, Disease, Decay!

Why O, dumb spirits, is Pain created to father these million families of pain, who are at last devoured by their heartless progenitor? Shall not the Light who lights the pathways of the stars, the trackless, clouds dim air tracks of migrating swallows, the sunmer-shadowed woodland ways of creeping ants, the paths of scale-clad citizens of the sea, swimming in the ocean's blue-dark depths—shall He not also light man's way through the mist-wrapped forest of Doubt to the shining Temple of Certitude?

O my heart, thy searchings are in vain—these distant mountains lamped with radiant glow-worms, yonder Milky Way, embossed with diamonds, the epic-hallowed groves of *sal*, haunted by ghosts of elder Ages,

wanderers among the palm-shadows of Night's sable heath—these hear thee not; nor do the demons heed thee who dwell beneath the earth, nor the dancing stream,



gorging the everlasting music of Monotony; O my heart thy prayer to Nature goes

unlistened, unheeded, unanswered—like an ascending wreath of smoke afar it rises, only to fall again to earth.

But despair not if the finite answers not thy questionings, nor heals thy wounds, nor smiles upon thy sorrow-furrowed brow. O my heart, dive into the lucid ocean of thy self, closing the doors of thy eleven senses: retire within the Eternity-shaded temple of thy soul and meditate on Sorrow, on Sorrow's cause, on Sorrow's remedy and on the obtaining of the remedy.

O resolve no more to taste life's transient joys, which are but passing clouds of sorrow, till thou hast found the Great Magician's golden wand that shall disenchant thine illusion-heavy eyes and reveal to them the all-transcendent beauty of the jewel of Deliverance, deliverance from birth and death, from re-birth and re-death, deliverance from the rainbow tinted silken cord of Pindeity—be it of the highest here or the most dream-perfect beyond.

O dream no more this waking dream, but seek to wake into the lustrific heaven of silence, into the great uprising of non-be-ent Nirvana.

Norway,

10-12-1920.

THE PRACTICE OF BUDDHISM.

PRIZE ESSAY.

"Go forth, Bhikkhus, rendering, for the gain of the many, the welfare of the multitude, out of compassion for the world, for the sake, for the gain, for the happiness of living and men. Preach the Dhamma, the refined Noble Living, both in the spirit and in the letter, beautifully expressed in its commencement, beautifully expressed in its conclusion, and beautifully expressed in its consummation."

MAHA VAGGA.

THESE words expressed by the Blessed One when sending sixty Arhats to different parts of the world, show that Buddhism is a Universal Religion. Based on the four cardinal virtues called Universal Love, Universal Pity, Universal Sympathy, and Universal Neutrality, and supported by rationalism, the practice of Buddhism, must, inevitably, produce Peace, Justice, and Happiness everywhere.

Buddhism is a practical and ethical religion, and the Blessed One, in several Suttas, distinctly says that His teaching produce immediate results, which are visible both to oneself and to others, and can be shown to those who doubt them saying, "Come here, and look at these results!" This teaching and the Dhamma Dhamma Vedaniya Kamma that produces its results in this life, furnish a considerable stimulus to activity and responsibility. Further, the Blessed One says: "There is no spot either on this earth or in the sky, under the sea or in the cleft of mountains, whither going, an evil-doer can escape from the sufferings which result from his evil deeds". These show the perfect Justice in the working of the Natural Law called Kamma which was discovered by the Blessed One twenty-five centuries ago. When contrasted with other religions, this teaching not only shows its practical and positive nature, but also gives a fatal blow to the theory of forgiveness, and to such puerile teachings as "Be good, and God will take you to the kingdom of heaven; and if you are wicked, you will be sent to hell."

Moral Development.

The Buddhist law of Kamma provides a great incentive to do good by its

invigorating power over the moral nature: it advocates perfect justice by teaching that each man's life is the result of his own thoughts; and gives a pleasing satisfaction to those who are enjoying a happy fate by reminding them that they reap the good seeds they have sown; inspires a man with the principle of plain living and high thinking; sweeps away indolent and humiliating fatalism; removes all cause for complaint against the unequal distribution of good and bad in the world; and teaches that even the highest of aspirations may be crowned with success through fortitude and meritorious deeds. Also it comforts those that are in dark despair by giving hopes that they will have a bright future for the good deeds they have done and they are doing, though they suffer now for

One teaches that parents should educate their children in arts and sciences, and teachers should train their pupils in all that is good and teach them arts, philosophies, and sciences. Further, in the Anguttara Nikaya the Buddha says: "The knowledge of the existence of suffering, the knowledge of the cause of suffering, the knowledge of the destruction of suffering, and the knowledge of the path leading to the destruction of suffering, is the transcendental knowledge. The advantage in gaining that knowledge is the development of Wisdom; and by the development of Wisdom the advantage gained is the destruction of Delusion or Ignorance." The principal teaching in Buddhism is that it is Ignorance that generates in man the never satisfying desire to enjoy sensuous pleasures



SUJATA'S GIFT OF MILK RICE TO BODHISATTA.

some evil deeds they may have committed in a previous existence. It opposes the pessimistic view that this world is a vale of tears and this earthly life a punishment for sins committed by our "first parents". It teaches that all the dark phenomena of life are the outcome of the passion, delusion, malice, and indolence of each individual, and that all that is bright and noble is the result of knowledge, good behavior, fortitude, and activity. In this manner, Buddhism promotes the Moral Development of all who follow its teachings.

Intellectual Development.

In the exposition of Lay Morality called the Sigalo-vada Sutta, the Blessed

again and again; to crave for immense wealth, high position, respect, and honour; to desire an eternal future existence either in a material or in a spirit world; to depend on the efficacy of prayers, hymns, incantations, charms, holy waters, consecrated things, rites, ceremonies, and sacrifices; and to attach and pin their blind faith to crafty priests, false intercessors, and to put their trust in unmerciful and jealous gods, who send famine, war, plague, and pestilence. The aim of Buddhism is to dispel these cloudy conceptions and delusive ideas, and open the eyes of those who are blinded by faith to see things as they really and naturally are, and to take man out of the

bondage of superstition and ignorance. Therefore, it can be safely said that the practice of Buddhism promotes Intellectual Development.

Race, Liberty and Tolerance.

Rationalistic views appear in many Suttas preached by the Blessed One. In the Kalama Sutta it is distinctly said that we "should not believe anything because it is believed by parents, teachers, learned men, men of high positions, or by the majority of people; or because it is alleged to be a divine inspiration; or because it is said that it came down for generations as a tradition; or because it is said to be an oracle; or because one's conscience says it is true; or because it appears in books; or because a certain individual emphatically says that it is the truth; but to believe a thing if it agrees with one's reason, investigation, and practical knowledge."

Of all the religions that exist to-day, it can be safely said that Buddhism is the only religion that maintains the liberty of man. Buddhism does not say: "Man is a sinner and a depraved being, and should be under the control of a priest or a divine," but teaches, "Self is the lord of self," therefore, the advice of the Blessed One is that one should work out one's own worldly affairs and salvation, and persevere without depending on hypothetical beings, saints, intercessors and saviours. Regarding man, the Buddha says that it is a rare thing to be born as a man (*dullabhaṇa manussatta*): also that a morally and intellectually developed man is far superior to the happy beings called Devas, who are very silly beings (*te deva māha mulho honti*).

In many Suttas, the Blessed One taught Tolerance as a noble virtue, and in the Brahma Jala Sutta in immortal words He declares: "Monks, if any one speaks against Me (the Buddha), against the Dhamma (Buddha's teachings), or against the Sangha (Buddhist Order), be not displeased, annoyed or excited, as you cannot then judge whether what is said is true or false. Or, on the other hand, if anyone speak in praise of the Buddha, the Dhamma or the Sangha, do not be pleased, gratified or elated, because, when you are prejudiced, you are unable to judge properly whether what is said is true or untrue."

Women's Independence.

In countries where Buddhism prevails, women are independent. This is due to

the teaching that she can, like man, attain the highest stage of moral and intellectual development. In the Sigālo-vāda Sutta, the Buddha says that the husband should cherish the wife (1) by treating her with respect and attention, (2) by using kind and affectionate speech, (3) by being faithful to her, having no attachment to other women, (4) by causing her to be respected and honoured by others, and (5) by giving her necessary ornaments and dresses. In the life of the Blessed One recorded in the Pitakas, it appears that ladies of the royal families such as, Queen Māhā Prajā Pati, Princess Nanda, Queen Kāśyapa, Princess Janapada Kalyāṇī, Queen Mallikā, Princess Abhirāma Nanda, Queen Anojā, and ladies of rich and noble families such as Visākha, Smmāsa, etc., as well as women

and admitting some of them to the Order. Some nations, despite their much boasted civilisation, have exterminated weak aboriginal races. Not only the Buddha, however, but some of the Kings who embraced Buddhism, made a point of looking after the well-being of such races. In the Bockser's Edict, Asoka lays down rules to his officials for the government of the aborigines:—

"If you ask what is the King's will concerning border tribes, I reply that my will is this concerning the borderers, that they should be convinced that the King desires them to be free from disquietude. I desire them to trust me and to be assured that the King bears them good will, and I desire that (whether to win my good will or merely to please me) they should practise



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THE FIRST SERMON AT MIGADAYA IN ISIPATANA.

of low status, such as Cāpa, the hunter's wife, and thousands belonging to various grades, attained supreme moral and intellectual development during the time of the Buddha. This shows that Buddhism promotes the welfare of woman.

Aboriginal Races, Hunters.

The Buddhist teaching of Peace and Happiness was addressed to all mankind, irrespective of race, creed, colour, caste, status, or sex. The Buddha not only cared for the high and the mighty, but also those of the lowest grade. It is recorded in the life of the Buddha that on several occasions He went to the jungles and outskirts of cities, and preached the Dhamma to robbers, highwaymen, hunters, and other wild tribes who lived in jungles, as well as to the low-caste people called Candalas, etc., and succeeded in giving sainthood to some,

the Dharmā, and so gain this world and the next. Understanding this, do your duty, and inspire these folk with trust, so that they may be convinced that the King is unto them even as a father, and that, as he cares for himself, so he cares for them, who are the King's children."

Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In the East, to appease the wrath of jealous and blood-thirsty gods, thousands of animals were daily killed for sacrifices. Sometimes, human beings were also killed to satisfy the cravings of some deities. After the Buddhist movement took root, stoning sacrifices and other nefarious immolations diminished to a very great extent. To cultivate mercy towards all sentient beings is one of the principal teachings of Buddhism. In the Metta-Sutta the Buddha says: "As a mother, even at the

risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son; so let him cultivate goodwill without measure among all beings. Let him cultivate goodwill without measure towards the whole world, above, below, around, unstinted, unmixed with any feeling of differing or opposing interests. Let a man remain steadfastly in this state of mind all the while he is awake, whether he be standing, walking, sitting, or lying down. This state of heart is the best in the world." In the Nalaka Sutta, He further says that one should consider thus: "As I am, so are others; as others are, so am I. Identifying oneself with others, kill not, nor cause others to kill." Further in the Dhamma Pada, the Buddha says: "All fear torture, all fear death: comparing self with others, neither torture nor kill." Some of the Buddhist kings truly and practically observed these precepts by making hospitals for man and beast. Emperor Asoka, in Rock Edict II. says:—

"Everywhere in the dominions of His Majesty, and likewise in neighbouring realms, such as those of Chola, Pandya, Satyaputra, and Keralaputra, in Ceylon, in the dominions of the Greek King, Antiochus, and in those of other kings subordinate to Antiochus—everywhere, on behalf of His Majesty the King Pyradasin, have two kinds of remedies been disseminated,—remedies for men and remedies for beasts. Healing herbs, medicinal for man and medicinal for beast, wherever they were lacking, have everywhere been imported and planted. In like manner, roots and fruits, wherever they were lacking, have been imported and planted. On the roads trees have been planted, and wells have been dug for the use of man and beast."

Peace and Universal Brotherhood.

The four Brahma-vihāra (Noble Dwellings), called also the Four Infinities, such as Universal Love, and so on, form the foundation of the ethics of Buddhism. Southern Buddhists daily meditate on Universal Love as one of the Bhāvanas (subjects of mental development) that produce great merit as well as beneficent results in this life. The Blessed One says that the following good results are produced by cherishing Universal Love firmly and constantly: They are:—(1) He who cherishes unselfish love towards all sentient beings (1) sleeps well, (2) wakes well, (3) is not troubled by frightful dreams, (4) becomes agreeable to human beings, (5) becomes agreeable to non-human beings, (6) is protected by Devatās, (7) is not hurt by fire, poison, or weapons, (8) his thoughts are easily and readily concentrated, (9) his

countenance becomes pleasant, (10) he will be conscious in his dying moment, and (11) if he be one who did not enter into one of the Paths of Tranquillity, he will be born in an abode of the Noble Ones." Owing to these sublime teachings, the peoples of those countries that belong to the Southern Church, except those who are contaminated by Semitic creeds and foreign civilisation, are charitable, tolerant and hospitable. They are peaceful and moral, and are gifted with the happiness of philosophic content. Even the kings of those



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TAKING OF PRINCE RAHULA FOR ENNOBLEMENT.

countries were contented with what they possessed, and were not empire-builders with a lust for victory and the acquisition of foreign countries by sacrificing thousands and thousands of weak and innocent people. History proves that brooding over the phantom of a "divine grace," or a "divine aid," earnestly sought by songs and hymns and prayers, is an utterly useless and idiotic waste of time to secure peace and drive away the unrest arising from anarchy, strikes, rebellion, revolution and the clash of creeds and feuds of trade. Pure knowledge that is built on the experience of by-gone events clearly shows that the "Universal Love, Universal Pity Universal Sympathy and Universal

Neutrality," taught by the Blessed One twenty-five centuries ago, constitute the indispensable Foundation of Universal Peace and that Brotherhood of Man which is needed to ameliorate the present condition of the East and the West.

A Serious Misconception.

Buddhism is not an elaborate or a sensuous religion. It can be observed by all, as it requires no priests, prayers, rites, ceremonies, or sacrifices. It suits the beggar in the street, the poor and the lowly, the high and the mighty alike. It suits the savant and the sage, the poet and the philosopher, the psychologist and the scientist. In simple teachings—to abstain from evil thoughts, to cultivate benevolent thoughts, to purify one's mind from evil thoughts and greedy cravings, can be easily grasped by anyone who has common sense. But some people think that it is impracticable, owing to the precept about destroying life, as thousands of lives are daily destroyed when walking, cooking, eating, drinking water, lighting lamps, and so forth; and also owing to the abstinence from fish and flesh. This misconception arose from the inability to grasp a simple teaching. Merit or demerit, according to Buddhism, depends upon the inward Motive (*Cetanā*) that produces ideation, prompts the word, or provokes the deed. Just as poison, says the Buddha, when handled, is not absorbed into the hand that has no wound, likewise, no demerit attaches to him whose mind is not defiled by the feeling of desire to inflict pain or to kill (*Pāṇinhi cevāno nāssa, hareya pāṇina vāsan, &c.*). Therefore, lives destroyed by the aforesaid acts, as well as in tillage, burning down forests for clearing and planting, and so forth, produce no demerit.

When Devadatta requested the Buddha several times to add the ascetic rule of abstinence from fish and flesh to the Vinaya (Discipline of the Order), the Buddha sanctioned *Tikoti-parisuddha-māṇsa*, or flesh that is free from the Triple-conditions; that is, a monk may take fish or flesh, if he has not seen, not heard, or not suspected that it was killed for him. Fish and flesh brought or exposed for sale are free from Triple conditions, and can be taken by monks as well as by laymen. However, if anyone leaves a standing order to supply a certain quantity at specified times, then he incurs the demerit of aiding, though not of killing. The butcher and the person who ordered the meat incur proportionately the demerit of killing, according to the nature and gravity of their greedy thoughts associated with malevolence.

"Good Hope,"
Madampitiya, Mutual.

T. A. PEIRIS.

The Pitaka-Literature and The Higher Criticism.

[BY EDWARD GREENLY, D.S.C., F.G.S.,]

[Ex-President, Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd.,]

OF the various intellectual activities of the present age, none is so remarkable as the direction of the mind of man to the scientific investigation of Nature. Science, however, is not a subject: it is a method, and that method has now been applied, with striking success, to the study of ancient historical and religious documents. Its achievements in other realms are widely recognised, but what it has accomplished in this domain is known, as yet, only to a small minority of even the well-educated classes. In the literature of modern Ceylon, I do not remember to have seen any allusion to discoveries of this kind. As they press for the East a profound interest, and that in more than one direction, attention may be profitably drawn, first to a few illustrations of what has been accomplished, and then to certain other investigations which will assuredly be undertaken before very many years have passed away.

Even in the present infancy of the science, floods of light have been thrown upon the age and origin of a great variety of ancient documents. Here it must suffice to merely enumerate such cases as those of the Homeric Poems, the quasi-history of the early ages of Rome, the British Arthurian Cycle, and even the brief Swiss and Welsh heroics of T. and G. and G. And in case after case with the result that what had passed for authentic history turns out to be partially or wholly mythical. The examples just quoted are of works that had been widely known for ages; but sometimes the axe of criticism falls much more swiftly. The briefly-famous Gaelic "Poems of Ossian," "discovered" by one James Macpherson in a castle in the Scottish Highlands and published by him in 1760-1763, were, in only 12 years from that time, proved to be quite modern compositions, leaving no doubt whatever that they were the work of James Macpherson himself!

The interest of such cases, however, pales before that of the "Higher Criticism"

(which is nothing but a technical term for the scientific study) of the miscellaneous collection of books which, grouped together under the title of "The Bible," constitute the sacred scriptures of Christianity. The study is of the first importance to the well-being of man-kind: in the west, because of the age-long belief in the "divine inspiration" of these books, and the excessive veneration accorded to them: in the East,

in the East.

Here are a few of the results. The apparently earlier books of the Old Testament were compiled by unknown scribes, who wrote together portions of four documents, technically known as J., E., D., and P. J. and E. were first combined as J. E.; then D. (that is Deuteronomy) was added in the period of later Kings, P. being a work of the period of the exile. Of the Psalms, it is doubtful whether more than a very few can be the work of David. Isaiah is a composite, by more than one author. Daniel is a product of the period of the Maccabees, vastly later than the age to which it purports to belong. In the New Testament, we find the same phenomenon. The Synoptic Gospels were compiled from unknown sources; the second being founded upon lost documents or traditions: the first



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TAKING OF PRINCE NANDA FOR ENROBEMENT.

because they are now being widely disseminated there, by persons who are ignorant of their real history and origin. The admirable pioneer work of Astruc and Spinoza (1753 and 1670 respectively) has been followed up and expanded by the patient and penetrating scholarship of Germany, Britain, Holland, Switzerland, France and the United States, until there has been built up a vast body of learning, far too great for any one man to master in the work of the original writers, but which has, fortunately, been summarized and made accessible to us in the wonderful compilation called the "Encyclopædia Biblica." This work of reference, comprising 5,444 columns, in four large volumes, is composed of contributions from the leading scholars, of all countries, edited by T. K. Cheyne. It ought to be in every library

and third having been redacted partly from the second, partly from another lost composition technically known as Q. All these are full of unhistorical and indeed mythical material. The Fourth Gospel is even less historical, is later still: it is doubtful whether the author had ever been in Palestine, and even whether he was a Jew at all. The "Acts of the Apostles" was put together by someone who utilised fragments (the "We"-passages) from a manuscript of unknown authorship, and is also full of manifestly unreliable and mythical matter. If any portions of the New Testament are really by the author to whom they are attributed, it is the four "Cardinal" Pauline epistles Rom., 1 and 2 Cor., Gal.; but they are at variance with important statements in Gospels and Acts, and controversy concerning their date and authorship is at present in progress. In

short, scientific investigation of these documents has made it abundantly clear that, just as with the "secular" books mentioned at the outset, they are of widely different dates and authorship from what they seem to be, and are replete with the mythical and the legendary, so that the problem of disentangling from them such real history as they contain is an exceedingly perplexing one.

Moreover, even the Higher Criticism is but one line of investigation: for it takes hardly any account of those illuminating researches into the primitive ideas and practices of mankind which have been given to us in the great works of Tylor, Spencer, Frazer and others. In them, the real significance of the Higher Criticism becomes apparent. That method shows us the dates and the growth of documents. This one indicates for us the true nature and sources of the legends, ritual, and ideas which the documents contain.

The motive of the foregoing sketch has been to lead up to the subject of the Pitaka-Literature. Pali scholarship, so far, has been occupied largely with the work of the editing and translating of the texts. Nevertheless, in the hands of Oldenberg, Windisch, and especially of Rhys Davids, historical criticism has not only been begun, but has already made considerable progress. And, as may be seen in the masterly analysis by the last-named scholar in his introduction to the Dialogues, to the Maha parinibbana Sutta, and in the 10th Chapter of his "Buddhist India," the result (with one all-important exception, to which we propose to draw attention) is the same as with other ancient literatures. The Pitaka-documents have been demonstrated to be composite, to have been the work of many hands, and to have been a growth of several centuries. This, moreover, is but a beginning, is the work of pioneers, and we may be certain that, so soon as the subject attracts general attention from European scholars, the process of scientific scrutiny will be carried much further.

There is, however, one particular aspect of the matter to which insufficient attention has, perhaps, been directed, and which may be, with profit, considered in this article. The Pitakas, being of great antiquity might have been expected to be thoroughly primitive. Yet, while characters of that kind are undoubtedly present, the books are by no means cramped throughout of primitive ideas, as are nearly the other, later, books to which we have alluded. Nothing, indeed, is more curious about them than the way in which they combine the truly archaic with the ultra-modern. We may pass, in a page, from one story that seems to belong to the childhood of the race to discourses which

reach, in the Anatta principle, a standard barely attained by the psychology of to-day!

Let us take a case which is unusually clear. In the Dialogue with Malunkya putta (Majjhima Nikaya, sutta 63), the Buddha is described as declining to solve such problems as whether the universe be eternal or not eternal, finite or infinite, giving as his reason the fact that the questions which he has come to answer are those of sorrow, its cause, its ceasing, the path which leads to that cessation, and no other questions. If, on the contrary, we turn to the Maha parinibbana Sutta (III, 10-20), we find him reported as giving to his followers an explanation of the origin of earthquakes. Now: is it to be supposed that a teacher who would give no answer with regard to the infinity or eternity of the universe, on the ground that he had come to point out nothing but the way to Sorrow's ceasing, would go out of his way to explain any particular phenomenon of Nature? And that, moreover, in the very last hours of his career, just before he was about to pass utterly away, when his followers were hanging upon every preceptor word which he might utter! Is it not doubly evident that, in these two passages, we are listening to two totally different voices. Whoever spoke the one, assuredly never spoke the other. Further: what manner of elucidation of the origin of earthquakes is given to us? The earth, we are told, is shaken either by wind and water, or by the mental action of some powerful personage. Well: what can any geologist be expected to think of the first of these propositions? While to an anthropologist, the second one would be nothing new. He knows it well, and can class it at once, as belonging to a world-wide group of primitive animistic beliefs, great numbers of examples whereof are given in Tylor's "Primitive Culture," and Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" (Vol. I.), both of which classic works, also, ought to be in the library of every thoughtful Buddhist in Ceylon. We see, then, that the comparative method, applied to these two Suttas, proves that one of the two scribes here concerned did not hesitate to put into the lips of the Buddha words which cannot possibly be historical; and that ideas which belong to humanity's childhood have in some way or other found their way into highly philosophic literature.

That established, we can proceed a little further. In the Maha parinibbana Sutta, one cannot help being conscious of a lack of cohesion and unity. The successive episodes are but loosely strung together, and it is clear that the compiler is drawing upon tradition which was known to him, without much literary attempt to weld the

parts into a coherent whole. Now, these episodes differ greatly in character. Some are profoundly philosophical and ethical. Others, as we have seen, are patently primitive. The two types cannot emanate from one and the same tradition. In this Sutta, by reason of its literary incoherence, they are easily separable. But most of the Dialogues are of much higher literary quality, and present the aspect of a unity. Nevertheless, even in these, the presence of two elements may sometimes be discerned, and analysis will probably succeed in disentangling them.

We accordingly conclude (1) that the Pitakas, considered as a whole, are composite, and contain material derived from traditions of widely different character and value; (2) that this composite structure can be found even within the limits of a single Sutta.

How could such different traditions have become intertwined in one and the same literature? We may never know, precisely. But the following suggestion may point out a conceivable method. Suppose that some very eminent philosophical and ethical thinker of our own time (Spencer let us say) had never written anything, but taught orally. Suppose him to have been, as well as a profound philosopher, a highly-attractive, or, as it is often called, a "magnetic" personality. He would then have had a following, not of a few scholars only, but of all sorts and conditions of men. Among these would be large numbers who, while intensely attached to him, would have been quite incapable of comprehending his ideas, yet abundantly capable of setting as fact within a few days of his death, or even during his life, most amazing legends concerning him. In our time these would soon be checked by criticism. But at the time of the rise of Buddhism the higher minds, keenly critical though they were in regard to philosophical and ethical questions, do not seem to have directed that faculty into the realm of history, so that the earlier legend was able to root itself well in long before the Pitakas were committed to writing.

It is a conviction of the present writer that of all the possessions of mankind, none is so precious as the ideas embodied in that which we call the Dhamma. The first object of this essay, accordingly, is to strengthen its position in the East by pointing out the kind of analysis to which the Pitaka-literature is already being subjected; and the inevitable results of that analysis. After the fine examples set by S. Z. and others, we need not doubt that the Truth, whatever it may be, will be welcomed in the old Buddhist countries with wide-open mind. Suppose, indeed

* In his later years Cheyne took a deeply sympathetic interest in Buddhism. An obituary notice of him by the present writer, appeared in the "Buddhist Review" in 1915.

* Nevertheless, it is no small tribute to the system that there is not in that literature so far as I am aware, a single story which could tend to make men harsh or cruel.

a Buddha to arise in this our own time. Sound ideas (Samma-ditthi) being now, as of old, the very first stage of the path, would not be certain to impress upon us that Samma-ditthi can be attained only by those who maintain unswerving Loyalty to Truth.*

The second is to ask the following question. Why should Oriental Buddhists wait for the work to be carried out by the scholarship of Europe? They are far more at home in the Pitakas than Europeans (except a handful of Pali scholars) are likely to be for years to come. Why should they not, and without delay, study the methods of the Higher Criticism, of Anthropology, and Comparative Hierarchy; and do the work themselves?

Its third purpose is to point out that, to whatever degree the apparent literary unity and historical validity of the Pitakas may disintegrate at the touch of the critical solvent; that can, in the case of Buddhism, have no corresponding effect upon the validity of the *principles and ideas* of the system, which stand solely, upon their own merits, as principles and as ideas. For, unlike another famous religion well-known to all of us, Buddhism does not depend upon the actuality of a central miracle, or upon the historical reality and present existence of a particular person.

This is no exaggeration or vainglorious boast. In the first place, it is evident in the fundamental principles of the religion. Those principles are summed up, as Rhys Davids has abundantly shown, in the Four Aryan Truths, in the Three Lakkhans, and in the Aryan Eight-fold Path. And, in the whole of these, there is no miracle, nothing legendary, nothing even purporting to be historical, not a single word about any person, not one mention of the name even of the Buddha himself. In the second place; the statement can be substantiated from the Pitakas themselves. In the Dhammapadam there is the well-known verse (No. 276) which warns us that we ourselves must make our own effort, for that the Tathagatas are no more than teachers. In the Mahaparinibbana Sutta there is the noble passage wherein the Buddha, then about to pass away, declares emphatically that the Order is not dependent upon him, and that his followers must be lamps unto themselves, refugees unto themselves, looking not for refuge to any other person. While, in the Anguttara (III, 184) we have that recitation of the three Lakkhans (placed, appropriately, by Warren in the forefront of his book of Translations), wherein it is repeated, three times over, that those principles hold good "whether Buddhas arise or whether they do not arise."

The Buddhist Dhamma, in fact, holds the noteworthy position among religions that, though believed to have been founded by an historical personage, whose memory is rightly regarded with the greatest reverence, it is in no way dependent upon that Founder. By Robertson and one or two other scholars, his historical reality has been called in question. That will not be discussed in this essay. We will merely recall that the theories of gravitation, of the atomic structure of matter, and of natural selection, are believed to have been founded respectively, by Newton, Dalton and Darwin, whose memories are deservedly held in high honour in the scientific world. Now, should such an unlikely thing

happen as that those men were some day proved to be wholly legendary figures, no one can possibly suppose that such discovery would make the smallest difference to the validity of either of these theories.

So with the Buddhist Dhamma. It can contemplate with equanimity the Higher Criticism, the most searching anthropological and historiographical analysis of its literature. It can sit by with calm while scholars discuss—nay,—it can itself discuss—even the very historical existence of its Founder. For it is a thing, not of a book, not of an episode, not of a person; it is a thing of Principles.

A Modern Critic of the Dhamma.

Mr. W. T. Stace in his brilliant treatise, "Buddhism and Western Thought", has rendered a signal service to both Buddhism and European Philosophy. It is indeed a rare treatise to read such vigorous thought expressed with such refreshing candour, in pellucid English. The work is iconoclastic to a degree. He has pulled down right and left even at the risk of hurting himself in the debris. He has completely demolished that poor thing Christianity in a rather unceremonious fashion. "Christianity is no longer extant It died nearly two thousand years ago," says Mr. Stace, but concludes with a strange inconsistency, "Buddhism pales as a religion before Christianity"—a non-existent thing. This is the result of attempting epigrammatic pronouncements of the *ex-cathedra* type, in which our learned author seems to indulge a little too frequently.

He has traced the evolution of philosophical culture and religious thought which in Europe had proceeded on parallel lines in contra-distinction to the East, where religion and philosophy always formed one indissoluble whole. He candidly admits that: "In the East religion and philosophy are one and the same thing. In the West they are divorced from each other. The whole of Buddhist philosophy is contained in Buddhism, but almost the whole of Western philosophy lies outside Christianity. Western philosophy satisfies the head and not the heart. Western culture is thus split up and divided against itself." Frank but damaging admissions indeed!

He has thus made it clear that in the West owing to these reasons philosophy had no connection with religion. In the

East philosophy was always the help-mate of religion. Philosophy supplied the *raison d'être* of religious doctrine and formed its rational basis and complete explanation. Philosophy was cultivated in Europe as an aesthetic accomplishment, or in plain English as a hobby. The mechanical inventions and discoveries of physical science had far-reaching consequences on material progress. There was no equivalent service rendered by philosophy to religion, ethics or civilisation. This was in sharp contrast to the conditions in the East, where "Religion and philosophy being one and the same thing, Oriental Culture formed one harmonious whole."

It therefore followed, Mr. Stace argues, that in Europe philosophy grew only on the soil of empiricism and rationalism. In other words it appealed to reason and reason only. But religion was more a matter of the heart, than of the head. It is not the head that requires religion but the heart. In the East religion and philosophy being one and the same, philosophy was therefore as much a matter of the heart as of the head.

This is the reason for Mr. Stace's conclusion: "Is (philosophy's) abstinence, its cold rational attitude, renders it the playing of a few recuses, takes it out of the human world and tends to give it a merely academic air. To the man in the street it is simply non-existent. It has no influence on the life of men and women, no message for the common people, to whom it seems cold and bloodless." No wonder the Buddhist calls Western philosophy "an insipid thing"—to use our critics' own words. "But in the East" he continues,

"philosophy is instinct with life, with beauty, with religious feeling, so that it influences national life. It is practical as well as theoretical." But Western philosophy is theoretical only. The sharp contrast has never been so admirably expressed to the evident discredit of Western culture.

I ask in all seriousness *Cui bono*? Our scholarly critic should learn a lesson in modesty after this catastrophic confession. Are we unfair in concluding that European philosophy is nothing more than mental gymnastics and intellectual jugglery? The Oriental will rather admire the athletic feats of a Sandow or a Carpenier, than European metaphysics, for there is indeed much practical use in the former and admittedly none in the latter.

Be slow therefore to hurl reproaches at the Eastern "heathen"! Where is the much-maligned practical good sense of the European as opposed to the dreamy fancies of the unpractical Indian?

What further advantage in pursuing the comparison? But our philosopher has many entertaining things to tell us in developing his Comparative Study. Let us try and follow him.

He describes the evolution of the soul-theory from the Scotch Materialist Hume, evidently ignoring the whole of the philosophy before that time as animistic. Hume's conclusion and even his methods of argument seem so strangely similar to Buddha's *Anatta* teaching that Mr. Stace is led to think that the developments of philosophical thought since Hume were an advance on the Buddha's conception of the "soul." He is at pains to elaborate Kant's "improvement" on Hume's position, although he concedes "that in a sense Hume's doctrine has never been overthrown and remains a component part of philosophy to-day." Kant seriously challenged Hume's position, therefore by implication the Buddha's teaching of *Anatta*. The theory of the "transcendental unity of relations" reached by Kant is explained with reference to a tune, the Buddhist simile of a wave, and the splendor of a ball. The argument of Hume was that there remained no soul-entity when man was analysed, just as there was no substratum left when the pieces of a chariot were taken apart. But Kant's conclusion was that the soul was Hume says "not a thing, it is simply the fact of the unity of things, it is a unity of relations among things"—Mr. Stace's conclusion that this idea is an advance on Buddha's teaching would never have been made had he known that the last and the "Great Book" of the Abhidhamma Pitaka called *Patthana Pakarana* contained a treatise on the Laws of Relation.

It therefore behoves our critic to observe a little diffidence when he attacks a philosopher who has been adored for 25 centuries by a majority of the human race as the Omniscient One and who even according to Mr. Stace formulated a system of Psychological Ethics culminating in the sublime idea of Nibbana—the Absolute. He must now admit that no teacher or philosopher ever ventured even to propound

"chariot" is but a mode of expression for axle, wheels, chariot-body, pole etc., placed in a certain relation to each other—in exactly the same way *atman* is only a mode of expression of the presence of the attachment groups, but when we come to examine the elements of being we discover in the absolute sense there is no living entity there to form a basis for such figments as "I am" or "I," in other words that in the absolute sense there is only name and form. The insight of him who perceives this is called knowledge of the truth."

Our author admits that Kant however from this point became vague and obscure. But Dr. Paul Carns states: "That Kant did not exactly deny the separate existence of an ego. Theoretically he rejected the existence of an ego—soul, but for the sake of morality he retained it as a postulate of practical reason."

Fichte and Hegel carried the idea of an ideal or transcendental unity a step further by conceiving this 'unity' which they called the 'soul' as not individual, but a universal ego or the absolute. This ego was not individual and had no existence but was only an "idea." Nevertheless it was the supreme and only reality. Everything that exists is not real. The universal ego only was real and that has no existence. "This is the beginning of wisdom," continues Mr. Stace "and the veritable *pons asinorum* of Western philosophy."

This universal ego or the absolute though not existing is at the same time the supreme reality. This idea is only interesting as a parallelism to the Nibbana-concept, but seen through a glass darkly.

The Buddha says in Udana. VIII—8 "There is something not born, not caused, not made, not formed. If there were not this, there would be no escape from the born, the originated, the made, the formed." But Mr. Stace is in the end obliged to make the significant admission: "The speculations of Kant and Hegel are simply speculations. The idea that by means of them men could be shown the way to the extinction of evil or of suffering never even occurred to their authors."

This is the climax of our critic's formidable contention: That all the conjectures of Western philosophers were only a puppet-show of views (speculations) barren of practical good.

It therefore behoves our critic to observe a little diffidence when he attacks a philosopher who has been adored for 25 centuries by a majority of the human race as the Omniscient One and who even according to Mr. Stace formulated a system of Psychological Ethics culminating in the sublime idea of Nibbana—the Absolute. He must now admit that no teacher or philosopher ever ventured even to propound

a complete scheme of salvation based on an ethical philosophical basis such as the Dhamma.

Let me hark back. Mr. Stace has all along in the course of his argument taken for granted that Western philosophy has always proceeded only by "the exercise of reason, exclusive of emotion"—as distinguished from the methods of Eastern philosophers who had recourse to Intuition as well as Reason. In fact he has become somewhat over-bearing, apparently owing to confidence in the soundness of his position. But I beg leave to think that here he has oversteered his case, for he has forgotten his former admission about "the speculations of Kant and Hegel." Why does he call their conclusions "speculations" if they were the results of pure logical reasoning alone? Nay, the fact is that "Intuition" has played a great part in the evolution of Philosophy, as well as the physical sciences, indeed a part almost equal in value to the part played by Reason and Experiment.

Dr. Dahlike has explained with wonderful felicity the function of Intuition in the domain of Science: He says "Galileo's law of falling bodies, the Newtonian law of Gravitation, Robert Mayer's law of the Conservation of Energy are all intuitions. But many another flash of insight to which science has denied the status of legitimate child continuing them instead for bastards are like intuitions such as the phenology of Gall, Hahnemann's homeopathy and many others. All these intuitions have these in common that they have not been abstracted from a duly defined number of experiments. They are each an experience in the domain of cognition that has come to pass by reason of a single impulse." Dr. Dahlike proceeds: "Such an intuition is the Buddha thought also. The sight of an old man, a sick person, a corpse, gave rise in Siddhattha to the impulse which drove him forth eventuating finally the ripe fruit of the Buddha-teaching. Though I lay the Buddha-teaching before the ablest scientific thinker that ever lived, it must always remain for him an entirely insipid thing if his intellectual faculty is not in such a condition as to vibrate in harmony with it, reach to the 'provocation' offered, work it up, assimilate it." No wonder that our learned critic approaching the subject, as Mrs. Rhys Davids aptly puts it, "wearing the spectacles of our own Greek tradition", sees it all wrong with regard to Buddhism.

Dr. Dahlike continues: "Strictly speaking, no intuition whether pertaining to the Buddha or to science can be proven. All so-called proofs are unscriptural proofs, as is most clearly to be seen in the case of the scientific proof of the law of the conservation of energy. The value of an intuition admits of being measured only by its usefulness as a working hypothesis."

*Perhaps it may be as well to add that certain simple observances (such as the Laying of Flowers, for example) if recognised as external forms only, need not conduct to that loyalty. I for one have the sincerest sympathy with such. I treasure, indeed, a leaf of the Tree at Anuradhapura, because it symbolises an idea—the idea of Attainment.

Is our critic therefore justified in his severe strictures, when he says: "In the East a metaphor is held to be the solution of a problem. In the West nothing excites the philosophers' anger more than the man who gets over a difficulty in thought by a metaphor, instead of giving a bold, hard, actual, logical reason."

In the first place let me submit to our critic that in the East nothing can excite a "philosopher's anger." This weakness is a peculiar characteristic of Western philosophers, quite in keeping with the purely "secular" nature of their philosophy. Let me also add the somewhat humorous remarks of Dr. Dahke: "Science conceals within herself a domain in regard to which it is with her as it is with us all in regard to the sexual commerce of daily life. We are proud of our children but we are shame-faced over the act that has brought them into the world. Even so it is with science in respect of those of her children that have not originated as hominuli in the reagent tube, but have really been begotten—her intuitions." So Mr. Stace need no longer be ashamed to admit that Western philosophical speculations are bastard children as distinguished from the legitimate facts of physical science. He can no longer deny the claims of the Intuitive method of the Eastern thinker, specially because he admits the practical benefits of Eastern philosophy in contrast to the futility of Western philosophy.

This conclusion becomes of great value when we proceed to examine the fifth chapter of Mr. Stace's book on his "Difficulties in Buddhism." I say they are his "difficulties" advisedly, because they do not really exist for the Buddhists.

As Mrs. Rhys Davids says: "The perspective of the Western thinker is that of the Greek tradition." Until Mr. Stace changes his angle of vision he will never "see things in themselves as they really are," in Matthew Arnold's happy phrase. Notwithstanding the Herculean efforts of our critic to shake them off, I fear he still continues to be influenced by the "animistic beliefs," which are hereditary in every Western-born. That is how he has come to a complete dead-stop on the question of moral responsibility in the absence of a soul. He does not grasp it—all the time he is "thinking of something else." If one has once actually divested himself of the notion of "personal identity," which the teaching of *Anatta* involves, why bother about the identity of the person who is rewarded by his good deeds and punished for his bad deeds? What then becomes of the grandiloquent idea of Western moralists that "virtue is its own reward"? Advanced moralists maintain that virtue lies in altruism regardless of consequences. The good deed loses in value when the doer calculates on the reward. Try and realise the sweet simplicity of the *Dhammapada* verse:—

"I have sons, I have wealth, thus the fool thinks, when you have no I, how can you have sons, or wealth?"

The sure and certain philosophical basis for morality is the absence of this I, where there is the idea of self, virtue cannot exist. Then let there be a truce to all these fine speculations as to personal identity and moral responsibility, but whoever wishes to pursue them can find numberless similes, metaphors and illustrations in the *Mitinda Pankas*, *Visuddhimagga* and *Katha Vattika Pakarana*.

Sri Wickrama Raja Sinha.



RI Wickrama Raja Sinha, the last Sinhalese king, was a South Indian Prince of the Nayakkas of Wund, and was known as Kannaasamy Kumara before he ascended the Throne in 1794. He reigned for seventeen years holding his court at Kandy. At that period in our island's history, the English having estab-

lished their authority over the Lowlands were making preparations to penetrate further inland, and fortune favoured this enterprise, for just at this time certain Sinhalese ministers, who had fallen out with the king, were conspiring to hand over the Kandyan kingdom to the English Sovereign. To this end Ehelapola Adigar went over to the English camp and persuaded the English Regiment to march on Kandy. The king, who had become aware

of the gathering tempest, left Kandy in secret and fled with his two queens to a place of safety at Dumbura. There he found refuge in the house of a trustworthy village headman by the name of Setapenagei Appa hanny. The English had meanwhile crossed the river, Mahaweli ganga, at Alimgantota and had encamped about a mile away from Meda Mahanuwara. One evening Ehelapola Mohotala with about 500 soldiers was taking the air on a large stretch of uncultivated fields not knowing that the king himself lived in the neighbourhood, when some soldiers espied a

ARIYA DHAMMA

band of about twelve years running in great excitement across the fields. The soldiers gave chase and captured the king who



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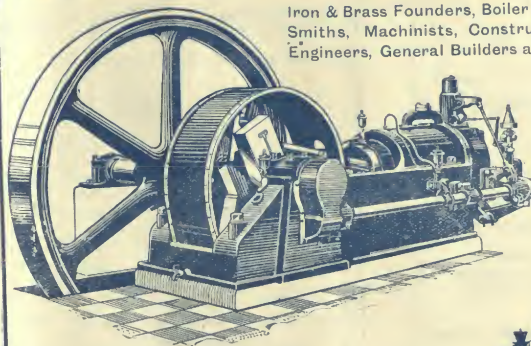
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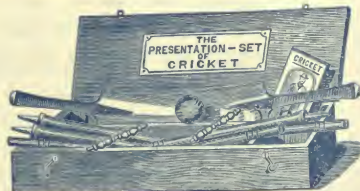
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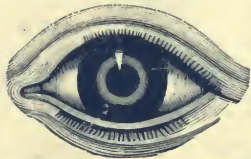
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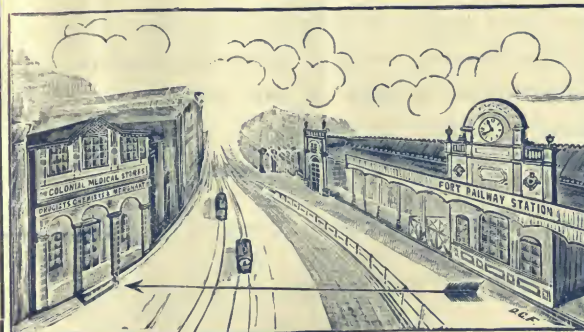
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immortal fright yelled: "Oh Lord, leave me alone. I will point out to you where Deiyawahanse (meaning the king) resides." Ekneligoda was highly elated over this piece of good luck and leading the boy along with them went in the direction shown by the boy. A Naga tree on a neighbouring hill was pointed out as the landmark where the abode of the king stood. As Ekneligoda, approached the place, he saw Setapenagai Appulamy mounting guard on his liege-lords' temporary palace. The faithful headman was taken by surprise. He knew that the king was now doomed, but he gathered up his courage for a last essay and asked Ekneligoda in stentorian voice: "Whither comes Ekneligoda?" Ekneligoda made answer: "We also are coming here." "Then take this," said the brave and loyal man, and

suiting action to his words, levelled his lance at the intruder. But lo! the lance missed its work and hitting against the ground broke in two. The man was taken in hand by the soldiers and done to death in the most unmerciful manner. The door of the king's room was forced open and himself and the queens captured.

This was on the 18th day of February 1815.

Thus ended, the oldest dynasty in the world, after enduring for twenty-four centuries and the whole Island passed under the sway of Britain.

The Aratchy standing by the pillar is a grandson of Setapenagai Appulamy referred to in the article.

The Making of a Buddhist My Mental Pilgrimage to Buddhism.

[By DR. CHRISTIAN F. MELBYE.]

(Physician in the Hospital for Mental Disease at Nykøbing, S. Denmark,
Representative for Denmark for the Maha Bodhi Society, and Bund für buddhistisches Leben.)



WHEN you inquire about my "conversion" to Buddhism, the term is not quite correct. In my case the question was of a quite slow development by degrees, without any sudden leap.

My father was a minister in the Lutheran Church; he was, however, a man of unusual largeness of mind, intelligence, and comprehensive education. The form that religion assumed in him was void of all dogmatism and narrow-mindedness, its kernel being what is implied in Jesus' words in the Sermon on the mount and in the Commandment of Love. He understood how to introduce us children into his rather considerable library, and with his fine feeling for nature and art, he opened our eyes to the beauty of life, as well as to truth and goodness. My mother's influence was entirely in the same spirit. On this basis which, albeit truly Christian, yet contained some of the essence that was implied in Buddhism long before the rise of Christianity, on this basis was my religious development founded.

I was never an adherent to the so-called Christian dogmatics. At a very young age I began to study various religions and philosophical systems, mostly together with my brother, who is now a minister in the Lutheran Church. Theosophy disappointed me with all its occultism and total confusion of ideas in regard to religio-historical facts. As an undergraduate I was introduced into the free inquiry of modern philosophy by my highly revered teacher,

Professor Harald Höffding, the modern philosopher who, more directly and in a higher degree than anybody else, has given me impulses for my subsequent spiritual development. This standpoint of free inquiry, and this striving after an ideal, was gradually continued, and resulted in my withdrawing from the National Church because, on the whole, I found it to be too bound up with absurd dogmas. Through my studies, now, philosophical thoughts arose in me, which, unconsciously to me, were truly buddhistic. I shall state a few examples: psychology and psychiatry led me to what is called in Buddhism the anatta doctrine; through physics, chemistry, physiology, &c., I arrived at what Buddhism calls the anicca doctrine, which had its peculiar aid illustration at the hospitals and post mortem rooms. And such it was the case with many buddhistic ideas, of which I was, however, not as yet aware that they were buddhistic. It was not until I read Dr. Paul Carus's books,—to which my attention had been drawn through the reading of monistic literature,—that I discovered that my development had led me to a philosophy which was truly buddhistic. It was a grief to me to learn that Dr. Paul Carus had died. His beautiful book "The Gospel of Buddha," and "Buddhism and its Christian Critics," which bear the impress of a wide understanding, as well as many of his other books, have contributed greatly to my understanding of Buddhism. The form of Buddhism which eventually became mine, does not involve—which, I dare say, it is unnecessary to remark—any belief in Paradises, Purgatories, Gods or Devils, etc.,

otherwise than as animistic expressions of motives and conditions in us; compare in regard of this point, the opinions advanced in Professor Lakshmi Naras's excellent book "The Essence of Buddhism." One of the most valuable features of Buddhism is, that it is entirely compatible with modern science, so as to afford a religion in which there is nothing supernatural, nothing in conflict with the law of causation, no restraint on free inquiry and criticism. My further buddhistic development was now conducted through private studies supported by correspondence with some few leading Buddhists, both in and outside India. The four truths, the paramita's, the bodhisatta ideal, Buddha's wise knowledge of man, his gentleness and philosophical emancipation, his counsel to us to be our own lamps, the all-embracing love which permeates the whole teaching, and which, in a peculiar way, is attached to the anatta doctrine,—all these afford instances only of that which, in Buddhism, supplied me with something to work on with in thought, word, and action.

All this exposition can be of interest to Asiatic Buddhists only in so far as it may appear from it what basis an eventual buddhistic mission would find to build on in Europe. A true buddhistic mission cannot be narrow, Buddhists should come as friends of the people they go to, building on what they may find to build on in Christianity, in modern philosophy, in modern science. Buddhists must not commit again with us the same errors as these committed by the Christians among the Buddhists. And besides, there is something to learn with us, our magnificent physical science, our beautiful sublime music, to mention only some examples.

May it be allowed to me, finally, to express my most heartfelt thanks to the Buddhists of Ceylon for having treasured through generations the old buddhistic Pali literature, as well as my thanks to the energetic Buddhists over there, who are now about arousing the population out of stagnation to new life and energy: we European Buddhists follow this development with the greatest interest and sympathy.

Namo tassa bhagavato, arahato sammasambuddhassa!

THE WEAK AND THE STRONG

Size and strength, after all, seem to be inconceivable facts in the struggle for Existence. The Mastodon and the Mammoth, the mighty reptiles that once were "lords and masters of earth," the "dragons of the prime," they have all passed away. Nothing is left of them save fragments of their purified remains in our museums. The sabre-toothed tiger, the huge cave-bear, they have vanished also. The creatures they preyed upon small, weak and defenseless, have survived and increased and multiplied: But they, the oppressors, have long since disappeared for ever.

BUDHS' ANNUAL.

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Paticca Samuppada.

[BY DR. CASSIUS A. PEREIRA, L.R.C.P., (LONDON), M.R.C.S., (ENGLAND)]



At that time the Buddha, the Blessed One, was living at Uruvelā, near the river Nerarjārā, having just attained Enlightenment at the foot of the Bodhi Tree. For seven days, cross-legged, sat He, experiencing the tranquil happiness of deliverance." Thus records the ancient scribe the greatest event of earth's history.

"Deliverance" from what? From the Wheel of life's suffering. Forwards, and back again, the Blessed One reviewed the chain of cause and effect that constitutes existence. For this is the chain the links whereof bind mankind in pain,—the chain which the Enlightenment of the Blessed One snapped for Himself. And the Supreme Knowledge that a Buddha confers on humanity is just this flash of light on the nature of this chain of cause and effect, the sequence of its links, and the method whereby, each one of us might break, for himself, the chain, thus attaining emancipation.

That flash of Absolute Knowledge, variously termed Nibbāna, Intuition, Enlightenment, Freedom, is by no means the same thing as the intellectual grasp of the Wheel of Life. But it is essential for one, who would understand clearly the why and the wherefore of the Doctrine of the Buddha, and the reason underlying His particular methods for the attainment of Bliss, to first understand, and intellectually accept, the truth of this chain of cause and effect. It is this "intellectual acceptance," and the determination to follow the Buddha's Path to Salvation, that makes one a Sammaditthi, a Right-viewed one, a "Buddhist."

This Wheel of Life, or Chain of Existence, is known as the "Paticca Samuppada," Paticca "because of," and Samuppada "happenings", i.e., Causes and Effects. It is the Cause and Effect Philosophy (*Hetu-phala dhamma*) of the Buddhas. But if anyone studies the Wheel of Life expecting to find therein an exposition of the evolution of worlds, or humanity, or even of "evil", he is doomed to disappointment. The Paticca Samuppada only shows how "evils" originate. It is a "Discourse on Evil." The Discourse can be illustrated with a circular diagram showing—

1. Four Layers (*catu sankhepa*). The outermost layer gives the outstanding "links" of the Wheel. The second layer

shows the forces that underlay some outstanding links. The third layer explains the "active" or "passive" nature of the corresponding "links." The innermost layer indicates "time" sequence.

2. Three Periods (*layo addha*) of past, present and future.

3. Four Groups. One past Causal, one present Resultant, one present Causal, and one future Resultant.



The Wheel of Life, or Samsara Cakka.

4. Twenty Conditions (*visatākārā*) of five factors (*angas*) or "links" in each of the above four Groups. These are shown in the first and second "layers."

5. Twelve Links, or factors (*angas*) of the Wheel; shown in the first or outermost "layer."

6. Lastly, three connections (*ti-sandhi*). These unite Past to Present, the two "Groups" of the Present, and the Present to the Future.

All this should be closely studied, and understood, with reference to the Four Noble Truths, and the fruit of that understanding should be applied to the treading of the Path to Deliverance

IGNORANCE (*avijjā*) is the first "link" or "Cause". It is the cloud that veils all Right Understanding, that darkens the mind and hides the Truths of Suffering, Suffering's Cause, Suffering's Cessing, the Noble Eightfold Path, this very "Wheel of Life", and of past and future existence. It is the non-understanding that all action, good and evil, is a sowing that will inevitably yield its own fruit.

"As it is a fact that iron sinks in water, and a sufficiency of air-bladders will raise it to the surface again, so also," say the Books, "is it a fact that not seeing the Four Noble Truths, not seeing things as they really are, increases the complexity of life and its cravings, and tends to the continuance of this painful flux that is called 'being.' Blind men can adhere but little to the path. They are mostly outside it, and hence the hard knocks and grief. Beings go but little righteously, and much astray,—hence the preponderance of actual woe.

"Ignorance" too has a "Cause." A being that is subject to decay, death, sorrow, lamentation, pain, grief and despair, "does" all in his power to escape these, and gain, somehow, what he calls "happiness." This flux of "doing" is what is called "āsava" (a and su—"to-flow") which "flow" from lowest hell to highest heaven. These āsavas, or fluxes, fortify, bolster up and "build" Ignorance. There are four āsavas. They are Craving for Sense-pleasures (*Kāmasāva*), Craving for "Existence" (*Bhāvasāva*), erratic views (*Ditthi-sāva*),—such as the running after phantom ideas of "self", which has to be protected at, no matter what cost or injury, to "not-self", and so come pleasing rites (*dānā*), and ceremonies (*parikkama*),—and the creation of imaginary deities and all the blind faith and paraphernalia of the animistic religions. When the particular "flux" enters narrow channels, then indeed springs narrow-mindedness, jealous bigotry and persecution. All this is due to the fourth āsava, the flux of spiritualisation *avijjā*, that blindly prefers the accustomed darkness to light and novelty.

"He that will not reason is a bigot.
He that cannot is a fool;
He that dares not is a slave."

But all are bound by "avijjā" for "Reason" is the only countervailing power.

The Kāmasāva for chicken-broth,—allied perhaps with the second, and certainly with the third āsava,—leads to the killing of chickens, and so on—through the whole gamut of the precepts of virtue. Few see that this "unskillfulness" leads to worse misery. The ignorant cow, that has parched all day in the sun, will drink even salt water, in an effort to slake its thirst. Thus does pain come, and thirst increase. Such is the thoughtless frantic haste, to do evil, that comes from *avijjā*'s thirst Because of pain, men do things, seeking relief from pain, and they lead to worse pain. The thief robs to lose more.

"By this the slaver's knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms itself; the creeping thief
And spoiler robs, to render.
Such is the Law—"

So does all action spring, skilful or meritorious (*kusala*), and unskilful or demeritorious (*akusala*), and

ACTIVITIES (*sank-hāra*) make the second "link." These Activities usually tend to prolong "life", even the skilful ones. Too often do men do "good" merely to go to heavens, and avoid evil merely to escape hell. These "activities" too, though "skilful", (*kusala*) are yet due to Ignorance; Ignorance of the fact that "all" mundane life (even the undoubtedly existing periods of what men called "happiness") is not happiness at all. "Not even

for the duration of a lightning-flash," says the Buddha, "is there such a thing as real happiness in the world." All this talk of "happiness" is due to Ignorance. Right understanding of this, almost more than anything else, helps to break the chain.

Understand that all here is transient (*anicca*); being transient, this so-called "happiness" is bound to pass. How then can it be "happiness" to a thinker? And truly, they are the shallow, the thoughtless and the ignorant, who are "happyest". These are the folk who soon forget pain; forget the loss of loved ones,—the death of parent, wife, or husband, sister, brother or child, and can dance, gay and "lighthearted" again very soon. But to the wise man, these butterflies are like a man, sentenced to be drawn and hanged, who, on his way to execution, is offered sweet food, drink, clothing and garlands, by passers by; the foolish man is "optimistic"; he eats, drinks, dons on gay clothes and garlands, and is "happy"; he even calls the man, who dares to remind him that he is marching to execution, a "pessimist". Such is life. We are enamoured of our ulcers and are so busy pontificating, fomenting, scratching, fanning and otherwise coddling them,—and thereby gaining moments of exquisitely tingling "happiness",—that we have no time to set about healing the ulcers once for all.

There is no "happiness" here. There is only "less sorrow", at times to the thinker. There is no "cold". There is only "less heat." He who, from the sunshine, comes to the shade of a tree, feels nice and "cool," though perhaps a man is fanning himself there, because of the "heat" And always there is the possibility, nay, the certainty, that one must go out into the sun again, to attend to one's needs, even if one were not kicked out into the glare.

It is all a Sorrow Wheel, a lump of sorrow, a leaven of sorrow, from lowest hell to highest heaven a pall of sorrow shrouds existence.

The Activities, then, that make up the second link of the chain, being due to Ignorance, are mostly seed for future pain. These Activities constitute Kamma, and Kamma is the being. Apart from "activities" there is no being. Born of craving (for happiness) and clinging (to whatever even remotely resembles happiness) these activities are mostly misdirected; they

Because of these seed (*bija*) for inevitable result (*vipāka*), the third link comes to be. This is

RELINKING CONSCIOUSNESS, or kamma-re-sulting (*patisaṃdi-viññāna*).

This only means that the forces that sustained the last "appearance" of the being have been exhausted, the life-span there has expired, (the collection of molecules sustained by kamma, life-heat, *utu*,—food, *āhāra*,—and thought, *citta*,—have decayed), and "death" has come, followed by a re-sulting in a fresh existence. This is a junction (*patisaṃdi*) of past and present.

The Ignorance-born Tendencies, or Activities, clinging to a symbol (*nimitta*) of past action (*kamma*) or future experience (*gati*) are "reborn" here but as an echo "comes" from nowhere, though it certainly is the effect of a sound,—so this "new" consciousness does not "come" from the last existence, though it is based on causes that obtained there. One, of four types of activity (*kamma*), whichever happened to be strongest, i.e., Weighty Kamma (*garuka*), Death-proximate Kamma (*āsanna*), Habitual Kamma (*bhāva*), or Cumulative Kamma (*Kasāya*), operates as "Reproductive" Kamma (*janaka*).

The dying man "sees" a symbol of the operating Kamma, which enters by one of the "gates of consciousness,"—i.e., eye ear, nose, taste organs, body or mind,—and vividly objectifies some past activity (which may be meritorious or demeritorious).

This "vision" stimulates a train of thought (*citta-vithi*) of seventeen "thought-moments," (*cittakāhāna*) Fourteen thought moments, after the entry of this kamma, death (*cuti*) occurs. The next thought-moment, is the rebirth, or conception (*Patisaṃdi*), and two thought-moments of flux (*bhavaṅga*), based on the death-vision, follow. And so a train of thought, of seventeen "thought-moments," begins in one "life" and is completed in another.

The new birth might be in hell (*apāya*), in one of five Sense-planes, one of five Form-planes, or one of four Formless planes. Thus does past action, "activities", or Causal Kamma operate, and "a being" comes to be "adrest". If the Relinking-consciousness is reborn in the human plane, then it is a human being that is "reborn", with a human

MIND AND BODY (*nāma-rūpa*), or human "Individuality". This is the fourth link. If the rebirth is in a Brahma heaven, the cosmos, even the highest heavens).



H. H. MAHA RAJA OF BARODA.

are unskilful and tend to prolong life.

The demeritorious activities (*akusala sankhāra*) are twelve in number:—Eight due to "greed" (*lobha*), two due to "hatred" (*dosa*), and two to "delusion of self" (*moha*).

The meritorious activities are seventeen:—Eight give rebirth in the worlds of the "senses" (*Kāma-vācra*). Five lead to worlds of "form" (*rūpa-vācra*), and four to the "formless" worlds (*arūpa vācra*);—the two sets making a total of twenty-nine main classes of "activities".

They are all due to ignorance, even the meritorious activities, for the motive is "delusion of self" i.e., permanent mundane happiness, ("mundane" here including the cosmos, even the highest heavens).

there will be no taste, scent, or touch. In the Formless world only Mind is reset, and in the *Uttama* tala only Body.

THE SENSES AND SENSE-OBJECTS are only subjects to Mind and Body. These are the subjective powers of eye, ear, nose, tongue, body and mind, and the "objects" corresponding to the exercise of their function (*Salayatana indriyas*). These are only a lengthening out of the Wheel of Life. There are but three "senses" (mind, sight, and hearing) in the Form-planes, and only one in the Formless-planes. Because of Senses and Sense-objects—

CONTACT or stimulus (*phassa*) comes to be. Contact is "good" or "bad" according to the pleasure or pain derived thereby. Contact gives rise to—

SENSATION (*vedanā*) which might take birth through any of the sense-doors, or mind (from thought and recollection). One "wants" the pleasant sensation again and again, and one would avoid and repel the unpleasant sensation, and so

CARAVING life-thirst (*tanhā*) comes. From Relinking Consciousness, or Birth, up till Sensation, is more or less the "passive" side of the present life. It is the fruit of past "action"; but with "Craving" begins a series of three links that constitutes the "active" side of this life.

This is very important to note: for the Buddhist seeks the weakest link in this chain, and that link, for him, is weakest, which is most within his power to break. The inevitable fruit of past action has to be suffered with fortitude and calm forbearance, but the course we would now and hereafter follow must be adhered to with grim determination. There are one hundred and eight forms of Craving, and because of these varied forms of Craving, all born of Ignorance.—

CLINGING, attachment (*upādāna*) comes to be. "Craving" is like an arm that a thief thrusts out, and his grip on his spoil is the "Clinging" that would have and hold fast. One wants to keep the "good" for always.

Clinging is of four kinds. Clinging to the "soul" idea (*ātma-vedā*), to empty "views" (*dīṭṭhi*), to ceremonialism (*sīlabbata*), and to sensuousness (*kāma*).

Because of this clinging, there is more adding to the complexity of the being, more accumulation of vain burden, more activities; and this activity is

KAMMA, which is the "being," or becoming (*bhava*) of a future being. And this "becoming" process goes on till either the force that brought about rebirth is exhausted, or the life-span of that particular class of being is spent, or action of some force, stronger than that which led to the rebirth, kills the being. Such is all "life," and death rings another change. The present "life," is over and another "life," of the FUTURE is reset.

This is *REBIRTH* (*jāti*), the eleventh link on the wheel.

This one word "Rebirth" is intended



HYMALAYAS FROM DARJEELING.

to include all the five phenomena, from "Relinking Consciousness" (in the next life) to "Sensation"—(as detailed above, under the "passive" side of the present). *Jāti*, or "rebirth," then leads, by a flux of instants (*kāmas*), "arising," "static" and "passing away" (*uppada, thiti, bhanga santati*), the path of DECAT, to resultant DEATH (*jāti maraṇa*.)

If there is Deasy anywhere, there Death also shall be found, for these two are indissolubly one. And Deasy is everywhere, so Death is ubiquitous. It is the nature of all things, for all things are transient (*nica*). And so, to the worldling, come sorrow, lamentation and mourning, pain, grief, misery and despair. Some things are painful in themselves, pain is inherent therein,—such as sickness and physical hurt. Other things lead to pain, tend toward pain, and the chief of these is Birth.

Sorrows may be evident, as boils, disease, and distress; or concealed, as in mental trouble and anguish. But Birth will surely

lead to the sampling of all these.

So Ignorance operates, and so the Wheel rolls. And, because it is a circle, there is no beginning, no end.

Dukkha, pain, literally signifies "worthless emptiness." The world is *Dukkha*, we are all *Dukkha*. There is but one method of escape. Break the chain.

If because of any one link the next comes to be, then, because of the Cessation of any one link, the next ceases to be.

The Middle Path of the Buddha shows the "Way Out" of this tangled labyrinth. Liberality (*dāna*), the portal, Virtue (*sīla*) is the very threshold, and Meditation (*Bhāvanā*) is the Path.

"Thus have I faith in the venerable Gotama: He is able, the venerable Gotama, so to expound the Teaching to me that I may know health, may see Nibbana."

"Suppose again, Magandiya that a blind man who hears a man with sight praise the beauty of white robes, and seeking the same, has passed off on him for a white robe, a dirty black one which he wears and takes pride in thinking it white and clean. And now suppose that his friends and kinsmen bring him a physician who prescribes a medicine for him purging upward and downward, also repeated applications of an eye-lotion, and doses of snuff; and that using these remedies, his eyesight comes, his eyes are cleared. With the coming of his eyesight all his desires to possess that oil and soot-smear black woollen robe would go from him; and that man with sight he now would regard with enmity, with deep hostility; and even he might think to take his life, saying to himself: 'O how long by that man was I cheated, deceived, robbed regarding that dirty black robe of which he told me that it was a clean, speckless, handsome white one!'"

"And in the same way, Magandiya, if I should not see the Teaching before thee, saying: 'This is health; this is Nibbana'; and then shouldst know health, shouldst see Nibbana; then with the coming of thy eyesight, what desire to possess the five masses of cleaving thou hadst before would go from thee; and even thou wouldst say to thyself: 'O how long by this mind was I cheated, deceived, robbed! Cleaving I clave to form. Cleaving I clave to sensation. Cleaving I clave to perception. Cleaving I clave to mental functionings. Cleaving I clave to consciousness. Through that cleaving of mine came becoming. Through becoming came birth, through birth there came to be growth and decay, death, sorrow, lamentation, suffering, grief and despair. Even this is the arising of the entire aggregation of ill."

"Thus have I faith in the venerable Gotama: He is able, the venerable Gotama, so to expound the Teaching to me that from this I may arise unbind."

"Then, Magandiya, thou must consort with good men. In so far as thou shalt consort with good men, thou shalt hear good doctrine. In so far as thou shalt hear good doctrine, thou shalt practise the greater and the lesser rule. And in so far as thou shalt practise the greater and the lesser rule, thou shalt know for thyself, Magandiya, thou shalt see for thyself: 'These diseases, ulcers, sores,—here these things wholly cease. Through the entire ceasing of my cleaving comes the ceasing of becoming. Through the ceasing of becoming comes the ceasing of birth. And with the ceasing of birth, cease growth and decay, sorrow, lamentation, suffering, grief and despair. Thine comes the ceasing of the entire aggregation of ill."

"That he would, venerable Gotama."

"In the same way, Magandiya, if I should explain the Doctrine to thee saying: 'This is health; this is Nibbana'; and thou shouldst not then know health, shouldst not then see Nibbana, this to me would be vexation, this to me would be annoy."

When the Blessed One had thus spoken, Magandiya the wandering ascetic addressed the Blessed One thus:

"Excellent, venerable Gotama! Excellent, venerable Gotama! It is as if one set upright the overturned, revealed the concealed, shored his road to one gone astray, brought a lamp into darkness so that those with eyes can see. Even thus in many ways by the venerable Gotama has the Teaching been set forth. I take my refuge in the venerable Gotama, in the Teaching, and in the Order. I would receive ordination to the homeless life under the venerable Gotama."

"Whom, Magandiya, formerly of another sect, desires ordination in this doctrine and discipline, waits four months; and when the four months are over, earnest-minded Bhikkhus ordain him Bhikkhu. But in this matter I recognise difference between individuals."

"SITA."

[BY NEL RICA.]
PRIZE STORY.
I



HE son was going swiftly down, behind the great dagoba. All round were the ruins—marks of Lanka's glorious past. Great stone pillars, and large stone steps with wonderful carvings. The young man's heart bounded, and he felt his blood grow hot and fiery,—the Lion's blood awoke in him, a desire to see his nation rise again. The Singhalese had lost their nationality as well as their individuality. No wonder the foreigner cast on them such sneering glances. Garbed in the robes of the West, and with their dark skins, and jet black hair, surely they must present funny caricatures. The force of caste distinction was the bitterest enemy they had. If they could stand up as one man for the rights of the country, Lanka would gain a better position amongst the other nations of the world. Thus pondering, he walked on till he reached the temple gate. Pulling off his shoes he entered the place of worship. The sound of the throbbing chants rolled on like the throbbing sounds of an organ. He joined the crowd and was lost in his devotions.

After years of exile in the west he felt a strange sense of peace stealing over him as he prostrated himself before the statue of the Mighty Buddha. Through all those years in Christian countries, his pure faith had not failed him. He soon rose and looked on the sea of heads before him. Young and old, rich and poor, the humble "goiya" and the merchant prince—Sing-

"If Lord, those formerly of other sects thus wait four months for ordination, I am willing to wait for four years; and on the expiry of my four years, let earnest Bhikkhus ordain me to the homeless life as Bhikkhu."

And Magandiya the wandering ascetic received ordination to the homeless life under the Blessed One. And not long after his ordination, the venerable Magandiya, dwelling alone, aloof, diligent, strenuous, resolute, in no long time became attained of that supreme goal for sake of which youths of good family forth from home vow themselves to homelessness, here and now for itself penetrating and realising the same. "Ended is birth; lived out the holy life; done what was to do; this world for me is no more"; thus he well knew. And so the venerable Magandiya became yet another of the Worthy Ones.

SILACARA.

halese of all castes he saw. Many of them had been at the grand function held to welcome him back to Lanka. He had left the fair shores of his native land as a boy of sixteen, and now he stood there as a lonely man of twenty-five. His parents were dead, and the young cousin whom he loved as a sister, had left the old people to seek her fortunes in the busy world. The news of all this reached him a year before he sailed for home. His friends had given him a hearty welcome, but the thought of the dear old parents and of Lena made him feel very lonely. He walked a little distance away from the crowd and came to another statue of Buddha under an old bo tree. Soon he heard a low musical voice chanting.

"Surak-kā-tho, Bhaga-va-to
saa-ditti-co, aka-ko-ko"

Nearer, and nearer he was hured. Although his thought had been of a purely devotional character, the man in him was stronger. Softly he approached the kneeling figure and caught a glimpse of a countenance serene and pure, and indescribably lovely. The face was that of a girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, who evidently ranked amongst the "Carava" folk, as her graceful and elegant attire showed.

No picture in Europe stamped itself so indelibly on the young man's memory as this picture of the beautiful serene-pled dauser. Her delicate hands folded reverently, her large, liquid black eyes raised in adoration,—her full crimson lips as red as the young "na" leaves, parted as she chanted. Just above the folds of her hair drooped the heart-shaped leaves of the

bo-tree, and the rays of the setting sun cast a rosy tint over her saffron complexion and white saree. He dared not stand there and gaze at the fair picture. No other woman had touched his heart all these years as the pure face of the kneeling votary. He stole cautiously away. Would he see her again? The curse of caste distinction! Would it die out? Come what might, he would somehow find her, and woo her, and win her.

II

The noise of the streets was dying away. Now and then the sound of a car, or the shout of the fruit-seller etc. "Amba, ambo! rata amba, rata ambo!" "acharoo, acharoo! lunu miris achi—roo!" "or! aini sambola, aini-sambo-la!" could be heard. His handsome head bent over a book, Dr. S. sat at his desk. It was five years since he had returned to Lanka. He had risen high in his profession and was a rich man. Many were the proposals of marriage made to him through those professional match-makers so familiar in the East. To all he had lent a sympathetic ear, but still he remained a bachelor.

"I have yet to meet the woman I could marry," said he to many an inquisitive person. In the circle in which he moved there were many beautiful women, and to his cousin Lena he had been deeply attached, but where she was now he knew not. Could Lena's radiant face brighten his home, and make him forget the face of that beautiful girl he had seen in that great city of ancient Lanka? Could Lena win his heart from its devouring regret? Could he ever persuade himself to call that fair passionate young thing, that capricious, obstinate girl, his wife? Involuntarily he frowned; for a while pity pleaded for the refugee from home and happiness. But the man's honest nature scouted all shams, and he had to acknowledge to himself that he could never feel the need of her lips or hands,—could never insult her womanhood, or degrade his own nature by holding to this heart one whose touch for him possessed no magnetism, whose presence would exert no spell over his home.

One night and day he saw the picture of the beautiful saree-clad votary, kneeling before the shrine of the Lord Buddha. What if she was a happy wife already? The thought maddened him! Could he marry her even if he should find and win her tomorrow? Was she not a "Carawa" girl? Caste distinction must die out. Thus mused the unhappy man. But still through all the dreary years, that frivolous creature, blue-eyed Hope, had kept him from sinking. Something told him that he would again behold the face of his fair idol. Buoyed up with this wild hope, his life could never be a burden!

III

After a weary day's work he had just returned to his lonely hearth-stone. As he sank into a chair he heard the sound of the telephone ringing. Hastily he quitted the room. The message was from Lena. Would he please come over to see a patient at Villa C.? She was staying with a young widow as governess to the lady's only child! The sudden surprise dazed the man.

He jumped into the car that waited near the gate. "Why had not Lena informed him that she was staying in the neighborhood?"

Lena, governess to Mrs. M.'s child! And he living alone in that lordly mansion, enjoying all the luxuries that money could buy!



ISURUMUNI VIHARA.

The car stopped at the gate leading to the house, and he was shown into the room by a dignified appu.

A moment, and the door opened to let in Lena. "A strange meeting, Edwin? Is it not?"

"Poor Lena, how pale and thin you are? Have you too been ill?"

"No Edwin, but I have suffered much since I left the shelter of our old home. How is Aunt?" Edwin moved near her and took her hand in both his own.

"Lena, did you not hear? My parents are no more. I am all alone in the world. The dear ones I left behind waited not to welcome me home." The man's voice quivered as he spoke.

Lena sank into a chair close by, overcome with grief.

"Ungrateful wretch that I was to have left the roof which sheltered me in my

childhood,—the dear kind souls who loved me. I left them when they needed me most, to tend and cheer them. Oh Edwin! can you forgive me? I have had my punishment, for is not remorse the bitterest punishment given to mankind?"

"Have I not a brother's right to know where you have been all these years? Why did you not write to me?"

Rising from her chair she held up her hand commanding silence.

Some day you will know, not now. Mrs. M. is waiting anxiously for you. It is her little child who is ill. Poor thing! She has been in a fearful state of excitement since Anna fell ill. Come let us be quick as the child is very ill."

As he passed along the passage and hall, he noticed the refined and artistic arrangements of the establishment. He had seen the house when in the hands of a former tenant and had wondered how people could live in such gloomy rooms. But to-day how cheerful and bright the place looked. The sun streaming in through the windows, the bright crotches and light furniture had converted the once dreary abode into a cosy nest.

They soon came to a large and airy bedroom, in the centre of which stood the cot of the little sufferer. Even in this room the presence of fresh flowers and spotless linen marked the character of the mistress of Villa C.

The mother knelt by the bed trying to soothe her child. She stood up as the doctor drew near.

The doctor almost gasped as he saw the beautiful face of the lady. The sadness of her expression could not change the clear-cut features. Was it not the same face he had seen six years ago? The face which had been his guiding star,—the idol of his dreams?

IV.

He calmed down almost in a second. The doctor's natural instinct made him move close to the bed. There lay a beautiful child of about five years of age. The flushed face, the laboured breathing and writhing showed that the child was very ill. He examined the pulse and inquired from the mother since when the child had had fever. "Only six days ago. Is it anything very serious, doctor? Do not keep me in ignorance if there is any danger. I would rather know the truth."

The indescribable sadness with which she uttered the words made him wish he had the right to hold the pleading woman in his arms, and soothe her aching heart.

Do not be too anxious," he replied "the child is very ill, but we will see what medical aid can do for her. I shall send

her some medicine, and if she sleeps you need not be anxious much longer. You need strength to nurse the child, and I fear you will not be able to do much if you do not rest. Goodnight, madam." He went out. "Goodnight". She turned towards the bed and stood gazing at her child.

"Oh baby mine, do not leave me. You are all I have left, my precious one. I cannot reconcile myself to the thought!"

She fell on her knees and caressing the little feet wept softly till Lena entered with the medicine. Lena raised the weeping mother and tried to soothe her.

"Sita dear, for your sweet babe's sake be brave. There is hope while there is life, so do not despair."

Raising her tear-stained face, Sita plaintively said:

"Lena, even you cannot realise the great grief I have borne all these years;—an unhappy woman forced into an unhappy marriage by a parents' stern command;—a year of misery and then left widowed, friendless, and forlorn, to roam over this dreary earth,—and after all that, I am to lose my only child! Oh Lena, I dare not even leave this room for fear of my little darling taking flight while I am away!"

V

The dawn heralded the child's death. The exhausted mother lay on her bed in delirium.

Lena, pale-faced and heavy-eyed, watched by her bed. The doctor came in at every hour. His brow was wrinkled, and his face very sad. The apprehension was acute. If she revived, would she accept his devotion? Lena had told him of the girl's unhappy marriage. "Let the world say what it will. Come sorrow, come humiliation, I will shield her with my name, defend her with my arm, uphold her by my honour, comfort and gladden her heart with my deathless love." So mused he. Yet he doubted in his heart.

He knew that to-day would decide her fate. Her feeble frame could not much longer stand the struggle between life and death. She pleaded in her delirium: "Wilt thou, why did you torment me? Think of our little babe. Oh my poor innocent babe!" He could no longer hear it. He felt he could wring the neck of the man who could thus spoil a woman's life. How could men so degrade the divine laws of marriage? Silently he left the room, having prescribed an opiate for the sufferer.

In the night the crisis came. Lena was there and did all that was necessary. Long and patiently she watched, and then the beautiful thickly-fringed lids lifted.

"Lena, is that you? I have slept so long, and yet feel sleepy."

"Sleep, darling, and I will watch by you." Kneeling by the bed the unselfish girl resumed her watching. The eyes closed once again, and Lena got up with a sigh of relief.

Only to a few noble natures such self-control and unselfishness is possible. Lena had guessed her cousin's secret, and nobly she bore her sorrow. Soon after Mr. M.'s death she had met her old school-mate Sita and her child at Nawalapitiya and ever since had been with them. The lonely widow confided in Lena as in a sister, and as a sister Lena loved her. She gratefully accepted the brotherly affection her cousin extended to her. Her noble nature overcame the jealousy that might have existed.

The doctor came in the morning and found his patient much better, and in his heart he thanked Lena. Nothing but her tender nursing could have restored his darling to life.

Slowly the invalid gained strength tended by the loving hands of faithful Lena. Anxiously the doctor watched her, slowly but steadily regaining health and strength. Sita was aware that the doctor took a great

To all the Buddhas of the times to come,
To all the Buddhas of the times before,
To Buddhas of to-day, our hope and home,
We worship everywhere and evermore
No other refuge do I know for me,
No better refuge in the world than this:
Buddha! Thy magic truth has power to free,
My heart from hell and crown with victory-bliss

EDMUNDS.

interest in her welfare. Her unassuming nature thought it was owing to Lena he paid those frequent visits.

Mrs. M. was lying on her couch in the sitting room when the doctor was ushered in one afternoon. Lena had gone out shopping and was not expected till 5 o'clock.

As the doctor entered Sita sat up. "Mrs. M. I am very glad to see you looking so well. As I had nothing particular to do today, I thought I would bring you round these blossoms."

"Oh! Thank you doctor, how very kind of you. I love these deep red roses. Thank you very much. Are they all from your garden? How I envy your garden!" He stood gazing at her and then spoke slowly and deliberately, "Mrs. M., Sita—, you will listen to me patiently? You seem strangely unsuspicious of the real nature of the interest which you have inspired in me. I owe it to you as well as to myself, to avow the feelings that prompt me to seek your society so frequently." She lifted her hand, but he went on, quickly, "Nearly 7 years ago I had the good fortune to see

the face of a beautiful girl in a temple at A....., and my heart which had never before acknowledged allegiance to any woman was strangely touched. Six years later I met that same girl as a widowed and childless woman in my own city. Overcome with grief she fell ill, and I was called to attend on her and partly nurse her. Have I not a right to love her?"

Sita's face had grown pale, and a slight shudder passed through her. Then she spoke and her voice shook: "Doctor, please stop. I cannot listen to you."

"Is it because you can never return my love, that you vehemently refuse to hear its avowal?" he asked.

She stood up, and her eyes were aflame, and her proud head held up: "It is because your love is an insult and must not be uttered!"

She shivered as if buffeted by an icy blast. Shocked and perplexed he looked at her features, and put out his hand.

"Can it be possible that you so utterly apprehend me? You surely cannot doubt the earnestness of my affection which impels me to offer my hand and heart to you,—the first woman I have ever loved? Will you refuse.....?"

"Stand back! Do not touch me. Take your hand from mine. Do you not know the barrier that exists—Caste—Oh doctor!"

She covered her face with her hands and staggered towards a chair.

He went and knelt at her feet, took her cold hands in his, and gazing into the dark eyes pleaded his cause.

"I care not for those caste distinctions. They but lead to the degradation of our nation. Do you think that I will let it stand in our way? Let the world say what it will. I shall shield my fragile little flower with my name, from the stormy blasts of wicked tongues."

"Darling will you not be mine? Do not keep me in suspense. Say, 'Yes', and together we will leave this isle and take our love together to some other clime."

She looked up at him. Then he knew her answer. With her arms around his neck she plighted her troth.

"Yes Edwin, let it be as you wish. We will leave this for a nook of refuge shut off from the world."

"My Darling! For the long years I have waited, ah! what a reward is mine! My darling, my first and only love! My brave and beautiful Sita!"

They were in each other's arms, and the heart which had been locked for seven long years, had found freedom and joy.

Tathagata Dhamma.

[By the Rev. Karandana Jinaratana Thero.]



THE Dhamma of the Tathagata has a message for the whole world. It was with the one determination to publish the True Doctrine which makes for the well-being of all humanity that the Enlightened One having stored up immeasurable merit and exercised the (Viriya Paramita) during many births attained the Bodhi. For this His Compassion He is called the Great Compassionate One (Maha Karunika). He is also named the *Ananta Guno* which signifies that he is possessed of the rare qualities of Karuna (kindness) Metta (compassion) and Sila (perfect conduct). He is also known as the (Ananta Nāna), the All wise One. He is so called because He is possessed of unfathomable wisdom (Pañña).

As a result of the birth of this great Being all classes of beings, inclusive of gods and men, have obtained happiness, mundane and supra-mundane. The nobility of His Life will be patent to all who study Teachings promulgated by Him.

That the Tathagata Dhamma is conducive to saintliness and pure and unadulterated happiness is admitted by men of thought. But it is not a teaching that has to be forced down one's throat. It is one whose own truth and Excellence must perforce appeal to the mind. And the adherent must accept it with honest confidence (Saddhā). It is a religion which should be realised by each one for himself.

This religion has spread in many parts of the world but not a drop of blood has been shed for its advancement. It has spread by its own inherent worth. Its principles of Karuṇā, Mettā, and Paññā are the weapons with which it has made its way. It condemns as demeritorious all things which are productive of lust and harm, here and hereafter. It inculcates all that is good and pure. In this manner this religion has maintained an unblemished record.

This teaching points out a way of Salvation which rids one who walks therein of decay and death, of sorrow and lamentation. Unalloyed happiness awaits the walker on the Path. And this Doctrine is such that he who walks therein realizes its Truth in daily life. Therefore to realize it for oneself one has to understand the Teachings and follow it.

The essence of the Tathagata Dhamma is this: Man is the product of the coming together of the five *skandhas*. Because they are subject to coming to be and passing away they are impermanent and transient

(anicca). Because they are subject to suffering, burning, they are *Sorrow* (*Dukkha*). Because they are subject to death and are not immortal, they have no abiding entity (anattā).

The *Pancaskandha* whose characteristics are *anicca*, *dukkha* and *anattā* are not the result of creation, nor of a first cause, nor are they the product of blind chance, nor are the result of ignorance and craving (*avijja* and *tanha*). And it is by the eradication of the root-cause of this mass of sorrow (*dukkha papacca*) that the pure and eternal peace of Nibbāna can be realised. The great Noble Eightfold Path alone points the way thereto. All those principles are embodied in the following stanza:—

Sabbha pāpassa akaranam,
Kusalassa Upasampadda,
Saccita pariyojapanam,
Etaṇ Buddhān Sāsanam.

To abstain from evil,
To perform all good,
To purify the mind,—
This is the Teaching of the Buddha.

In fine, we commend this Doctrine of Deliverance to all who desire to attain peace of mind and clarity of vision.

Prize Competitions 1921.

1. POEM.

Prize not Awarded.

2. ESSAY.

The Prize of Rs. 25 Awarded

to T. A. PEIRIS, Esq. of "Good Hope" Madampitiya, Mutwal, Colombo.

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Hon: Mention.—Messrs F. DIAS ABAY GUNAWARDENA, A. DAHANAYAKE, and J. WETTERINGHE.

3. SHORT STORY.

The Prize of Rs. 15.

Awarded to E. DE ZYLVA Esq., Walpita Estate, Poddala Road, Galle.

Donor:—Mrs. A. E. DE SILVA (jr.) Colombo.

4. COVER DESIGN.

Prize not Awarded.

Hon: Mention.—MISS M. WERERAMAN, and Mr. A. G. ALWIS.

In thanking the various ladies and gentlemen who sent in contributions to the above competitions, we regret to mention that the number of entries for the

"Poem" and "Short Story" sections was discouragingly poor. The poems were so few in number and so deficient in quality that no award has been made.

The "Essay" section has found many competitors, of whom Mr. T. A. Peiris has come first, the article sent by him being "thoughtful and well wrought out."

It is a pity that there were but four entries for the "Short Story" section which should have been the most popular. But Mr. E. de Zylva's story has won the prize, being in the opinion of the judge "quite above the average."

None of the cover designs sent in were suitable enough to be accepted. Hence no prize could be awarded.

To the donors of prizes, and to the judges, the Rev. Silacara Thero (Essays), Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Pearce (*Poems and Short Stories*), our hearty thanks are due. Last year the judges were Dr. Cassius A. Pereira and Mr. J. N. Vethavanam.

APOLOGIES!

It is a matter of no little regret to us that we are compelled to hold over a number of articles owing to pressure on our space. We ask the indulgence of our contributors.

A professor of the University of Hamburg has written to us drawing our attention to a casual reference to Germany made by one of our contributors in the last number of the *Annual*. We assure the learned professor that no offence was meant.

We also take this opportunity to state for the information of all concerned that the Editor and the Publishers do not hold themselves responsible for, nor do they necessarily endorse, the individual opinions or views of contributors.

AN APPEAL.

We are requested by Aryadhamma to state that he is prepared to contribute Rupees One Thousand to form nucleus of fund for the propagation of Buddhism in foreign lands if four others contribute a similar sum.

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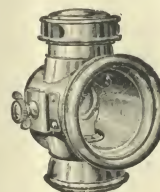
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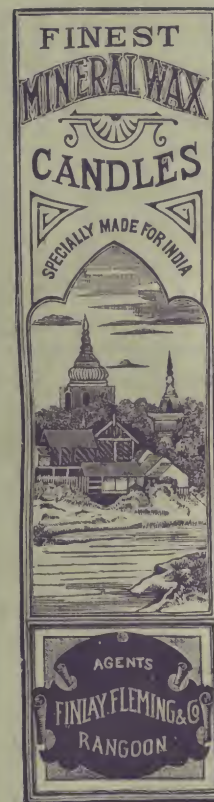
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Edited By:—

S. W. WIJAYATILAKE.



To a BUDDHĀ-RŪPĀ.

WHY dost Thou smile sweet Master?

What hast Thou seen, that brings Thee such a
serene calm? What is the Secret unexplored that
lights Thy countenance?

The world has known Thy Doctrine twice a thousand
years—and five hundred more, and yet the
world knows not the meaning of Thy cloudless smile!
Thy features, all unruffled and alight, must veil
a Mind of untold Deeps!

And yet, and yet—I wish we understood
the meaning of Thy inscrutable smile!

The Buddha smiles, my son, because He knows
The end of toilsome round, and all life's woes,
What's won is won, nor ever lost again;
Its fruit is sure,—Beyond this present pain.
The Goal is sure for you, that's won by Me;
'Tis **this** that lends to Buddh, Serenity!

DUKKHINDA.

MY SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE.

Towards an Understanding of the World-Process (Samsara)
and the Goal of Evolution (Nirvana.)

[By VICTOR E. CROMER.]

*"Each for himself must run Samsara's certain round,
By each himself The Way of Surety must be found."*



O many of the East, who believe in the teachings of the Lord Buddha, the question must often have arisen: seeing that the man of to-day is the outcome of forces set going in the past, how is it that the modern European is not sympathetic towards Oriental teachings, since many Westerners must have passed through those Eastern lands in past lives? Following that question arises another in which the Easterner will ask himself whether he himself, when later perhaps born in a Western land, will be hostile to the things he now believes in?

The writer, who is of Western descent according to the physical body though born in a southern land (Australia), having some knowledge of these matters, feels impelled to write, for the benefit of his Eastern brothers, about some of his experiences, the results of his search for the truth that lies beyond the phenomena of life, of his endeavours to get at the real causes of things.

I was born in 1883, and three years later my father died, leaving my mother with seven children practically unprovided for; hence our childhood, so far as this world's goods are concerned, was spent in very straitened circumstances.

I was naturally of a religious disposition, and being born in a Christian land, the story of Christ made a great appeal to me, and before I was ten years old I had read the Bible through and through, and was acquainted with its general principles. Not only so, but, being interested in the various interpretations of Christianity as propounded by the numerous sects, I sometimes organised the boys in our neighbourhood to come round in groups with me to visit the places of worship of the various religious denominations. So, on many occasions, a number of small boys in my native place were to be seen visiting different churches,—Catholic, Church of England, Methodist and so forth; and in this way I acquired a fair smattering of the ideas and methods current in the various denominations of Christianity.

By the time I was 12 years of age I had quite a passable understanding of Christianity. About this time I left school to go to work in a printing office, and in course of time passed through the various phases of journalistic and printing work generally.

During all this childhood period, I had had many experiences that would now be called psychic. I found myself, when my body was asleep, wandering through scenes of beauty, entering magnificent temples, and listening to lectures from beings of dignified appearance. It will easily be understood that the orthodox teachings of the Christian churches began to seem very flat beside the memory of those spiritual experiences.

When I was thirteen years of age, I came in contact with two movements which exercised a considerable influence upon me; they were the New Thought Movement and the Theosophical Movement. I was attracted to these movements because my mind was already working along those lines. I had discovered great disparities between the teachings of the Bible and the practice of the churches; and I was searching for underlying principles.

However, a year later I decided to study in a larger way on my own account. So I went to the Adelaide Public Library, and began to study "The Sacred Books of the East." For the next four years I settled down for three nights a week to make myself familiar with the teachings of all the Sacred Books of the World. I made myself familiar with the sayings of Lao-tze, the Chinese sage, and his conception of the Tao. Confucius and his follower Mencius, were likewise read. The Vedas, the Upanishads, and the Brahmanas, the Ramayana, and the Mahabharata, the sacred books of the Hindus; the Zend-Avesta of the Parsees; and the Koran of the Mohammedans, all had their place in the curriculum of my studies; and lastly came the teachings of the Lord Buddha, as contained in the Three Baskets (Pitakas).

Not content with this, I made myself familiar with the origins of Christianity, the writings of the Church Fathers, and the innumerable differences and discussions that arose in the course of the eventful history of Christianity. Through all this period I had no one on earth to guide me in my studies, but I felt impelled to go on. Moreover, at night, when my body lay asleep, I felt myself being led through many spiritual experiences by teachers, the memory of some of whom I brought back with me into waking consciousness.

Moreover, in my waking life I began to see spiritual things consciously; beautiful colours began to radiate in the atmos-

phere; when I shut my eyes I found that, instead of it being dark, I could see luminous clouds of light pervading everything.

Also, at night, when asleep, I often found myself in the library studying the books that I had been reading in the daytime; so that at times when I came to the books to continue my reading I felt that I had already read that part.

At this time memories of the past commenced to flow into my mind, and I began to realise whence I had come, and whither I was going.

One day, when I was in the public library reading one of the "Sacred Books of the East," I noticed a man looking down at me very intently. After some time he spoke to me. He told me he was a clairvoyant, and that he saw some very advanced spirits around me, who impelled him to tell me certain things. We had several chats after this, and he told me that these beings, some of whom I had already seen in my dreams, were in the habit of taking me regularly to India at night.

About this time the minister of a certain church which we were in the habit of attending, having heard that I was studying Buddhism, called on my mother and told her that if I studied Buddhism I "would not get on." That may have been excellent worldly wisdom, but it was beside the mark in spiritual matters. Buddha on one occasion said that "The path to wealth lies in one direction, and the path to Nirvana in another."

However, I continued my studies, until I was familiar with the main principles of all the religions of the world. Then began a process of analysis and synthesis, in which I was endeavouring to get at the source from whence all these teachings emanated. Did they arise by accident, or were they the outcome of the operations of Divine Wisdom working through the world? The deficiencies of Christianity, the doubts regarding its historicity, directed my attention towards the Buddhist Scriptures for the solution of the questions that were arising in my mind, and I would not rest until I had found the answer to these problems.

The mere statement of the orthodox Christians that Christianity was the only true religion, all others being heathen, idolatrous, and outside the pale, was utterly untenable to my mind: because, with a knowledge of the philosophic side of Buddhism, I realised that Christianity was not to be compared with Buddhism as a philosophy—that Christianity was not a philosophy at all; whereas Buddhism compared at least favourably with the highest Greek philosophy, and in many respects was infinitely superior to Greek philosophy because it spoke with authority, whereas Greek philosophy was speculative.

Remember, I was alone in my studies; there was no one to help; to have asked help would have been to bring down upon me hostility and misunderstanding; therefore I had to work out these problems unaided on the physical plane. However, after much meditation and intense search, I realised that in the teaching of the Buddha regarding the cyclic coming of Buddhas to the world to proclaim ever anew the principles of truth, lay the key to the understanding of the world-problem; while in the idea of the Bodhisattvas ever working towards the goal of perfecting themselves in order to become Buddhas, and so in the end taking their places as Buddhas when their enlightenment was perfect, was the key to the understanding of the religions of the world.

Buddhism, I realised, was a complete religion, philosophy, and science; a world-religion, capable of suiting the needs and aspirations of all races of mankind; the teachings being the outcome of the ripened experience of a fully enlightened teacher expounded through forty-five years of continuous labour to instruct mankind.

To understand the place of Christianity I felt that the teaching regarding Bodhisattvas was essential; for here we had a teacher, not fully enlightened, but on the way to enlightenment; one who was preparing to found his Kingdom in a later incarnation, for Jesus himself stated distinctly that his teaching would reach its fulfilment "in the Regeneration," when he came again into the world.

Buddha, on the other hand, referred to a Buddha who was to come, the Buddha Maitreya, "he whose name is Kindness," indicating the quality that would be uppermost in the character of the Buddha-to-come. This quality is essentially the one found in Jesus, and in the course of time the world will undoubtedly see the coming of that Buddha to the world, whose teaching will be "glorious in its beginning, glorious in its progress, and glorious in its end," as Buddha prophesied. Christianity is not that yet, but the Bodhisattva who founded it, in fulness of time, will perfect his ideas, his methods, and his organisation, and on

the attainment of his Enlightenment, propound his teaching through long years on earth, instead of three scanty years, and establish the Kingdom of Righteousness.

Realising that, I felt that both Buddha and Jesus were great living brothers of humanity, working for the progress of the world-process (Samsara) to that "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves" (Nirvana); while at the same time proclaiming the Way by means of which individuals may throw off the shackles of ignorance, the fetters which bind them to the round of existence, so as the more speedily to gain Nirvana.

I realised, too, from the memories which welled up in my mind concerning my own past, re-inforced by the increasing development of clairvoyance, that what I was studying in this incarnation was but the carrying on of my tendencies brought over

me with His hands upraised in blessing, radiating golden light, and filling me with an effulgence that nothing can ever take away from me. Shortly after this vision, I was impelled by some inner force to visit a clairvoyant, and this was what I learned from her:—

The clairvoyant said she saw a form of the Buddha, seated in the customary attitude. Then He stood up, and raised His hands over me. The clairvoyant then added that I appeared to bring with me a great deal of spiritual knowledge from India out of the book of the past. She described a vision of me in India. She saw me engaged in teaching occult things there. She described me as being within an Indian temple kneeling for the moment in front of an image of the Buddha that was there. She saw me get up and go out, and turn to the left in a wonderful Indian garden, which was most beautiful, full of palms, flowers,



Photo by Richard Salgado.

SARANATH, BENARES.
A close view of Isipatanarama Ruins.

from the past. I had been a Buddhist priest in India at the time of King Asoka, and had something to do with the introduction of Buddhism into Ceylon. Wherefore, when in 1918 I became for a period manager of the Buddhist Press at Colombo, Ceylon, I felt that I was but continuing something with which I was connected by spiritual affinity. During my travels in Europe, India, and Ceylon I had many opportunities of going deeper into these mighty religious problems, and endeavouring to solve them. My spiritual experiences have likewise been confirmatory of the mental conceptions of these problems; for in London on one occasion, the memory of which will ever be precious to me, I was vouchsafed a vision of the Lord Buddha as I was sitting in meditation; for He came and stood before

and statues. One particular statue was of dark marble, inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl. It was a statue of the Buddha. She then saw me go along to a smaller temple, and enter, and go up to a sort of desk, and unrolling the manuscript I had in my hand, gather the students around me, and begin to speak.

My purpose in giving such experiences as these is to direct attention to the imperative need of this age, the bringing together of all nations into one great brotherhood of Truth. I feel sure that if we discard our illusions, and concentrate our minds on the truth, we will the more speedily attain through merit that happier age, "which by demerit halteth short of end."

The Ethics of Suicide in Greek, Latin and Buddhist Literature.

[By F. L. WOODWARD M.A., F.T.S.]



THIS is a subject which I have not seen treated in Buddhist literature, I have collected a few specimens of opinions, from books within my reach, covering the times of the Buddha and Pythagoras down to the Neo-Platonists and early Christian Fathers, a period of about a thousand years. There is not space here to discuss the philosophy of these writers and opinions, but a general idea may be obtained of what suicides had in their mind as regards life, present and future, and their duties towards both. It will be seen that the motives for the deed are various, namely, heroism, despair, fear of dishonour, spite, disappointed love, weariness of life, remorse, inability to bear pain and sorrow, self-sacrifice, utility and sympathy, and, where no motive can be assigned, it has been judged that the person was not in his right mind, and there are some who maintain that all inexplicable deeds are due to this cause: thus charitable coroners and jury-men give this verdict in the case of Christians, in order to obtain for the dead the privilege of Christian burial.

It is assumed that men are deterred from suicide by religious belief: this means that they acknowledge some authoritative teaching as to the reason and cause of life, its value and aim, and as to the results of acts done here on some future state of existence: philosophers leave aside this aspect of the matter, treating it logically and practically. However, when things come to the point, religion has probably no voice in the matter: the deed is done under sudden impulse of emotion or is due to long-continued obsession of the idea, the person being really *non compos mentis* (the origin of the word "nincompoop"), or, as will be seen further on, it is a traditional custom into which reason does not enter at all: lastly, it may be due to national or racial temperament, as a table of statistics may show.

"Revenge," says Bacon, "triumphs over death: love slights it: honour aspir-eth to it: grief fleeth to it: fear preoccupateth (anticipates) it: nay, we read, after Otho the Emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of the affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers," and adds a story told by Seneca of a young man who called together his friends to help him decide whether he should kill himself. One of these, who was a Stoic, then said: "Consider how

often one does the same thing in life: food, sleep and lust—such is the round of daily life: so that not only the wise, the brave or the wretched, but also the fastidious may well aspire to die." And in *Hamlet* we have the well-known lines expressing the doubts of the would-be suicide:—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them

. Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Pythagoras, who taught re-incarnation, left no writings, but is quoted by his follower Plato thus (*Phaedo* 62 B): "The saying that is uttered in secret rites to the effect that we men are in a sort of prison and that no one ought to loose himself from it nor yet to run away, seems to me something great and not easy to see through: but this at least I think is well said, that it is the gods who care for us, and we men are one of the possessions of the gods."

Euripides, who has been called the most philosophic and learned of the three great Greek tragedians, was a rationalist and had the courage to oppose the foolish notion of his age that suicide was a brave and honourable act in any case, and he chose a very wise way of opposing it, by holding it up to contempt as the reverse of either brave or honourable. In this view he was followed both by Plato and by Aristotle in the *Ethics*, on the ground that trials and earthly sufferings are no real evil to man. For instance, in the *Orestes*, 415, he makes Menelaus say to Orestes, who had hinted at a short way of ending his cares: "Speak not of dying, for this is no wise course:" and again, Theseus says Herakles ought to bear his lot patiently: even the gods have done deeds to be ashamed of. So, not to be thought a coward, Herakles refrains from suicide. Again in *Helene*, 801: "'tis a trifling thing to rid the flesh of life" (compared with the infinitely harder task of enduring ill).

The Greeks highly applauded that sort of firmness and resolution which could deal the fatal blow, but did not generally estimate that much greater courage which makes men dare to live on in apparently hopeless misery (we shall see further on the view taken of this by the Stoics). In the following instances, however, Euripides makes his characters follow the traditional view that hanging and the sword were hon-

ourable means of exit from life, especially the latter. In the *Troades*, 1012, and *Helene*, 299, we read:—"hanging is an unsightly thing, but killing oneself with a knife hath somewhat fair and noble in it": the sword being denied her, the heroine seeks to throw herself down a precipice. This way of hanging was resorted to by distressed maidens. In *Fragments*, 850, we find:—"dreadful it is to cut one's own throat, but it has a goodly name". Fear of shame led people to seek death in other ways, thus (*Hiketides*, 1013): "May Fortune guide my leap from the rock, whence I will spring to save my good name", and further on in the same play we have a description of a case of Hindu *suttee* or self-immolation of a widow on her husband's funeral pyre. In the same play it is suggested that "old and useless people, when they can no longer benefit the world, should kill themselves to make room for a new race." Plato, who lived after Euripides, in the *Phaedo* (quoted above) argues: "Philolaus (an eminent Pythagorean of Thebes) says that suicide is never to be commended. Now you may think it strange if this is a rule without exceptions: death, you may say, is sometimes better than life: why then should not a man choose the one instead of the other?" Then he quotes the saying of Pythagoras about being on guard here.

It is said that Cleombrotos, an Ambraciot, was led by reading this famous dialogue to commit suicide, thinking thereby to attain "the immortal lot", as we learn from an epigram of Callimachus:—

"O Sun farewell" from the tall ramparts' height,
Cleombrotus exclaiming, plunged to night.
Nor wasting care nor fortune's adverse strife
Chilled his young hopes with weariness of life:
But Plato's godlike page had fixed his eye,
And made him long for immortality."

(Dean Merivale)

But Milton (*P. L.* III, 471) puts him in the Fools' Purgatory:—

"And he, who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leapt into the sea,
Cleombrotus".

In his later writings Plato seems to have favoured suicide, in certain cases, e.g. *Laws*, 854 C.—"and if this way of life will cure your disease, well and good: but if not, it were better to devise a means of death and be quit of life". Again, *Laws* 873 C.—"Whoso slays himself, unless it be justly ordained by the state, or except in the case of misfortune coming upon him with unavoidable pain, or except in the case of irremediable disgrace and inability to live on, brings upon himself an unjust charge of unmanly cowardice".

However the self-sought death is itself a cowardly act, as many think. The Elizabethan poet, Thomas Kyd, says:—

When for feare of an ensuing ill
We seek to shorten our appointed race,
Then 'tis for feare that we ourselves do kill:
So fond we are to feare the worlde's disgrace.

After Aristotle and Alexander arose the philosophers Zeno and Epicurus, the founders of the Stoic and Epicurean schools of thought. The Romans, who had no philosophy of their own, were much influenced by these two, and their best thinkers professed the one or the other. Suicide was favoured by the Stoics, and their views are to be found below in the quotation from Seneca. Cicero, the most notable Latin writer, who was an Academic or follower of Plato's philosophy, refers to Pythagoras' dictum in his essay *On Old Age*, chap. 20. Referring to the recent suicide of Cato the younger, after the defeat of the Republican army in B. C. 48, he says (*Tusculan Disputations*, 30, 74.):—

what else is it to sever the mind from pleasure (the body), from family life (the handmaid and servant of body), from politics and from business? What else, I ask, are we doing but calling the mind to itself, forcing it to be with itself, above all drawing it out of the body? For to separate mind from body—what else is it but learning to die?"

Virgil in the 6th *Aeneid*, describing the 'descent' of Aeneas into the intermediate world, 435 ff. assigns a special *loka* to suicides, who wish themselves back again in life.

Next these a hapless tribe, the self-destroyed,
Who without crime, but weary of the light,
Cast life away. How gladly would they now

In the New Testament, the authority for Christians, I cannot recall any reference to suicide, except that of the traitor Judas, who is said to have hanged himself in remorse for his deed: which reminds me that many years ago I read an account of a spiritual *seance*, at which Judas appeared and through the medium indignantly denied the scriptural account of his death, saying that it was a gross libel and had given him much pain for many centuries! Nor do I include under this heading cases of martyrdom, even when the martyrdom is self-sought, nor those cases of Greek and Roman heroes like the Decii and Regulus, nor even that of Cicero, who, when the Republic was lost, being pursued by assassins,



Photo by W. E. Bastion & Co.,

VIDYODAYA PIRIVENA, THE SEAT OF ORIENTAL STUDIES, MALIGAKANDA, COLOMBO.
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"But Cato has given up his life in such a way as to rejoice that he had found a good reason for dying. For the god that rules within us forbids us to depart without his orders (see Pythagoras and Plato): since then the god himself gave a just cause once to Socrates so has he now to Cato, and to many oftentimes. Nay in very truth that good man joyfully passed from the darkness of this life into the light yonder. Nor did he break his prison bonds, for that the law forbids, but did so as it were at the bidding of an officer and by permission: called and set free by the god, forthwith he went. For the whole life of philosophers, as he himself says, is a practising of death. For

In realms of light bear poverty and toil!
But Fate forbids: and dreary Stygian waves,
With ninefold stream surrounding, bar return.

This agrees with what occultists, spiritualists, clairvoyants and others tell us of the state of suicides after death, namely that they suffer great spiritual darkness for some time: others say that they have to stay in that condition till the natural period of their earth-life has expired: and others again that in their next birth they will have to die *against their will*. Here also, it will be remembered, Aeneas meets his old love Dido, who killed herself when he left her. Now she treats him with silent contempt.

put his head out of his carriage that he might be slain.

Cato sought death at his own hands when the Roman Republic perished, and under the influence of Stoic teaching Brutus and Cassius refused to survive the battle of Philippi, B. C. 42. Under the emperors, at a time of great licence and corruption, those in power hated the philosophers, especially the Stoics, who were not afraid to speak out against the wickedness of the time. Some were banished, others received a message to end their lives, for instance the poet Lucan, who said of dying:—

'Happiest who can, next happiest who must'. Under this tyranny of the Roman Emperors suicide was recommended. Thus Seneca writes (*letters*, 8, 1, 70) :—

"Thus, when some outside power threatens you with death, you cannot lay down a universal rule whether death is to be forestalled or waited for. For there are many circumstances influencing one to this course or that. If the one death be accompanied by torture, the other be plain and easy, then why not choose the latter? Just as I choose the ship when I am to make a voyage and the house I am going to live in, so I choose the better way of death if I am to leave my life. Moreover, inasmuch as a longer life is in any case no better, so the longer death is at any rate the worse. In nothing ought we to humour the inclinations so much as in the matter of death. Let a man go forth in whatever direction he feels inclined: if he prefers the knife, well and good; if he incline to hanging himself or to a poisonous drug, let him go on and burst the bonds of servitude. Each man should make his life acceptable to others besides himself, but his death to himself alone. That is the best which pleases one. Such thoughts as these are foolish—"Someone will say that I acted in a rather cowardly fashion: someone else, that I was over squeamish: another, that there might have been found a more spirited way of exit". But do you remember that you have in your own

hands a course of action with which reputation has nought to do. Look to this alone, how you may quickest escape the clutches of fortune. There are sure to be some who will think ill of your deed. And you will find some professors of wisdom who deny that violence should be offered to life, and think it a sin for a man to be his own executioner: that one should await the way out which nature has decreed (*note*. This is an allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine alluded to above). But he who says this does not see that he is barring the way to liberty. In giving us one way into life but many ways out, the eternal Law of things never acted better. Am I to wait for the cruel tortures of disease or of my fellow men when I have the power to go

right through my pains and brush aside all opposition? This is the sole matter in which we can attach no blame to life—it binds no man."

Again, in *letters*, 70, he says:— The wise man lives as he ought, not as he can: he will look to it where he shall live, with whom, how and what he should do. If many troubles come upon him which break up his peace of mind, he lets himself go, and that too not merely in dire extremity, but as soon as his good fortune seems doubtful he reckons it of no importance whether he make an end of life or wait for it"..... (*letter* 17) "But if dire extremities should befall him, let him leap from life and cease

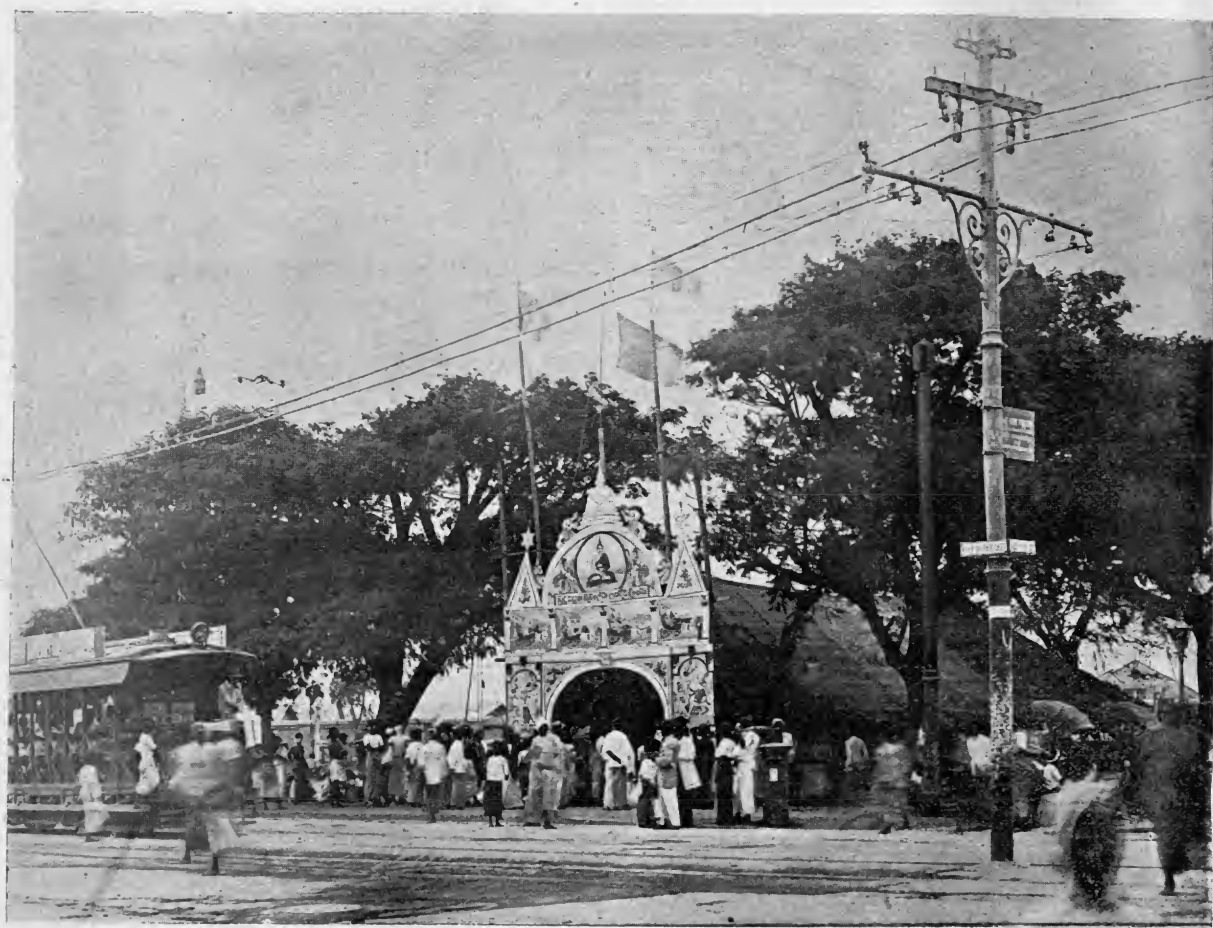


Photo by W. E. Bastian & Co.,

A DAN SELA WHERE LIGHT REFRESHMENTS ARE SERVED FREE ON WESAK DAY.

to be a nuisance to himself." (*letter* 58) I will not run away from disease by dying, so long as it be a curable disease or one that does not cloud my mental faculties. I will not lay hands upon myself because of pain. To die thus is to acknowledge defeat: but if I know that this pain has to be endured endlessly, I will go forth, not on account of the pain itself, but because it makes life not worth living. A feeble coward is he who dies because of pain: a fool is he who lives on merely to bear it." Religion, as we see, does not enter into these reasons: they are logical and practical reasons for living or dying. Yet the religious element is seen in the following example from Epictetus, the Stoic, c. 150 A. D.:— (Epictetus, 2. 9. Rolleston trans.)

"Suppose ye should come to your master and say, 'Epictetus, we can no longer endure being bound to this body, giving it food and drink, and resting it and cleansing it and going about to court one man after another for its sake. Are not such things indifferent and nothing to us? And is not death no evil? Are we not in some way kinsmen of God and did we not come from Him? Let us depart to whence we came: let us be delivered at last from these bonds wherewith we are bound and burdened. Here are robbers and thieves and law-courts and those that are called tyrants, which through the body and its possessions seem as if they had some

power over us. Let us show them that they have no power over any man.'

"And to this it should be my part to say 'My friends, wait upon God. When he himself shall give the signal and release you from this service, then ye are released unto Him. But for the present, endure to dwell in this place wherein He has set you. Short indeed is the time of your sojourn and easy to bear for those that are so minded.....Remain then, and depart not without a reason'.

Marcus Aurelius, the famous emperor-philosopher, recommends 'the open door'. This phrase "the open door" is used in pointing out to the average man that it is unmanly to complain of life which he can

at any time relinquish. But the philosopher does not need this advice for he accepts life and awaits his end with composure. But the Stoics taught that the arrival of this time might be indicated by some disaster or affliction which rendered further life impossible. In such cases suicide was permissible and was often resorted to by the leading Stoics, generally when old age or disease made them a burden to their friends. Marcus says referring to Plato, who echoes Pythagoras:—"In my opinion, when a man holds a post by his own choice or has been put there by a superior, he ought to stay there in the hour of danger, and fear nothing but disgrace and cowardice. If you cannot hold out you may give life the slip, but do this without anger. Walk simply, gravely and freely into the other world, and thus the last action of your life will be the only one worth the owning."

Plotinus, who follows Plato, who follows Pythagoras, was the chief representative of the Neo-Platonic school that arose at Alexandria in these times. His views on suicide were these:—"To depart from the present life by one's own hand will not purify the soul from the passions that cling to the composite being, and so will not completely separate it and set it free from re-incarnation. In fact by not submitting to its appointed discipline it (the soul) may even have to endure a worse lot in its next life. So long as there is a possibility of making progress here it is better to remain. (*The Neo-Platonists*, Whittaker, 93). Again [Plotinus, *Enn.* 11, 4, 7.]

"Where Plotinus differs from the Stoics is in the prohibition of suicide, except in the rarest of cases. The philosopher must no longer say to his disciples, as the Stoics did that, if they are dissatisfied with life, "the door is open."

Aristotle had held the view that suicide is an injury to the state, a view which would hold good only where the citizens had an interest in the public welfare, which was not the case under the Roman emperors.

Diogenes Laertius, a Greek historian of the third century of the Christian era, writes (*Zeno*, 7, 30) "and with reasonableness they say that the wise man will betake himself from life, for the sake of his country and friends: all the more may he do so if he be suffering from some exceeding bitter grief, from bodily mutilation and from incurable diseases."

Lactantius, one of the Christian Fathers of the fourth century, sometimes called "the Christian Cicero" writes (*Institut.* 3, 18) "If murder be a sin, then suicide is a greater one, the punishment of which lies with God alone. For, as we did not come into this life of our own freewill, so we must leave this bodily habitation, given

to us to take care of, at the bidding of that same God who put us into this body, there to dwell until He bid us go forth again: and if any violence be offered us, we must bear it calmly; for the killing of an innocent man cannot go unavenged and we have a mighty judge 'to whom alone vengeance belongeth' (a quotation from the Bible)." These reasons may be compared with those of the Buddhist further on.

Another Christian, Father Augustine, contemporary with Lactantius, and reckoned as the greatest of them all, may be taken as authoritative for the position of Christians as regards suicide. He writes (*de civitate Dei*, 1, 26-7).

"This I say, this I assert, I approve this by all means, that no man should take upon him his own death, by way of fleeing from worldly troubles, lest he fall into everlasting troubles: that no man should do so on account of others' sins, lest thereby he,

now go back in time and consider the Buddhist teaching as regards suicide. Take first a case of suicide as self-sacrifice, that of the Bodhisattva and the starving tigress [*Jatakamala Story* 1.] The Bodhisattva says:—"Therefore I will kill my miserable body by casting it down the precipice, and with my corpse I shall preserve the tigress from eating her young, and the young from death by their mother's teeth.....Thus I shall set an example to those who wish for the good of the world: and I shall encourage the weak: rejoice those who understand charity: I shall stimulate the virtuous, disappoint the hosts of Māra and gladden those who love the Buddha virtues, confound the selfish, strengthen the faithful, astonish the contemptuous, show the way to heaven for the charitable and finally accomplish my own wish to offer even my own body and so acquire Wisdom.

"Now as this determination does not proceed from ambition, thirst for glory, for



Photo by W. E. Bastian & Co.,

KELANIYA TEMPLE.

This Temple which was built by King Yatala Tissa in the third century B.C. situated about 7 miles away from Colombo.

whom another's sins could not pollute, begin to bear a very heavy burden as his own: nor yet because of his own sins, which need the longer life for the repentance thereof: nor yet for the desire of a better life, hoped for after death, because a better life does not await suicides. There is one more argument against suicide—one should not commit this sin owing to either the enticements of pleasure or the pangs of pain. If we admit this to be right, we might just as well advise persons who have been baptized (and thereby freed from sin) to kill themselves forthwith, and by so doing make sure of sinning no more."

For the Buddhist, none of these arguments goes to the root of the matter, that is, the question of balancing of Karmic debts, binding one to existence; which are not paid by disappearing from the scene of life where their payment is due. We will

heaven or royalty, nor for supreme and everlasting bliss for myself, but solely for others' benefit—so may I diminish the world's sorrow and increase its happiness".

In *Digha Nikaya*, ii. 330—2. The *thero* Kumāra Kassapa is represented as conversing with the chieftain Pāyāsi, a disbeliever in a future existence, in rebirth other than that by parents, and in *Karma*.

Pāyāsi says:— (*Dialogues of the Buddha*, 2, 367, Rhys-Davids). "I see Wanderers and Brahmins, moral and of virtuous dispositions, fond of life, averse from dying, fond of happiness, shrinking from sorrow. Then I think, Master Kassapa:—"If these good wanderers were to know—"When once we are dead we shall be better off"—then these good men would take poison, or stab themselves, or put an end to themselves by hanging or throw themselves from precipices. And it is

because they do not know that, once dead, they will be better off, that they are fond of life, averse from dying, fond of happiness, disinclined for sorrow. This is for me, Master Kassapa, evidence that there is no other world, no beings reborn otherwise than of parents, no fruit and no result of deeds well and ill-done."

Kassapa then tells him a story of a brahmin's wife, who was pregnant and, on the death of her husband, was anxious to see whether her child would be a boy or a girl (for if it were a girl the property would pass to another): so ripping herself open with this intention, she met her end and thus destroyed her child as well. Then the *thero* adds:— '*Moral and virtuous Wanderers and Brahmins do not force maturity on that which is unripe: they, being wise, wait for that maturity. The virtuous have need of their life.* In proportion to the length of time such men abide here is the abundant merit that they produce and accomplish for the welfare of the many, out of compassion for the world, for the advantage, the welfare, the happiness of gods and men."

In *The Questions of King Milinda*, 1, 273 (trans. Rhys Davids) the King says: "Venerable Nāgasena, it has been said by the Blessed One: A brother is not, O Bhikkhus, to commit suicide. Whosoever does so shall be dealt with according to the law (that is, if he survived the attempt)." 'And on the other hand you (members of the Order) say: 'On whatever subject the Blessed One was addressing the disciples, he always, and with various similes, preached to them in order to bring about the destruction of birth, of old age, of disease, and of death. And whosoever overcame birth, old age, disease and death, him did he honour with the highest praise. "Now, if the Blessed One forbade suicide, that saying of yours must be wrong, but if not, then the prohibition of suicide must be wrong....."

"The regulation you quote, O King, was laid down by the Blessed One, and yet is our saying you refer to true. And there is a reason for this, a reason for which the Blessed One both prohibited the destruction of life and also (in another sense) instigated us to it."

"What, Nāgasena, may that reason be? The good man, O king, perfect in righteousness, is like a medicine to men in being an antidote to the poison of evil; he is like water to men in laying the dust and the impurities of evil dispositions; he is like a jewel treasure to men in bestowing upon them all attainments of righteousness; he is like a boat to men inasmuch as he conveys them to a further shore of the four flooded streams (of lust, individuality, delusion, and ignorance); he is like a caravan-owner to men in that he brings them beyond the sandy desert of rebirth: he is like a mighty

rain-cloud to men in that he fills their hearts with satisfaction; he is like a teacher to men in that he trains them in all good: he is like a good guide to men in that he points out to them the path of peace."

The *thero* then quotes the passage above from *Digha Nikaya*, and proceeds to show the meaning of "putting an end to life," that is to the round of birth and death, which is far more important. There are, however, passages in the *Nikāyas* where the Buddha approves of the suicide of bhikkhus; but in these cases they were Arahants, and we are to suppose that such beings who have mastered self, can do what they please as regards the life and death of their carcase. The Buddha Himself committed suicide, in so far as He "deliberately and consciously rejected the rest of His natural term of life" at the shrine of Chapala (see *Mahāparinibbana Sutta*, D. 2, 107)

For the ordinary man, who is the result of previous action by thought, word and deed, life is of the greatest value as an opportunity for clearing off past *Karma* and minimizing present. Therefore to kill himself is an act of folly: he must then be born again, in perhaps less favourable circumstances. This is not punishment but natural causation. His future is in his own hands, and it rests with himself alone whether he 'make an end of *Samsara*, quickly, or undergo *āṅkhaṇīya punappanā*."

In *Samyutta Nikaya* there are three or four cases of suicide condoned by the Buddha, as said above: viz. S. i. 121; iii. 123; iv. 57 and v. 320. The first is the case of Godhika bhikkhu, who abiding in zealous, ardent and strenuous study, touched temporary emancipation of mind, and then fell away therefrom. And this befel him a second, and yet a third time, yea, even six times. Then he thought, 'Up to six times have I fallen away from temporary emancipation of mind. What if I were now to use the knife?' Māra the evil one, seeing this, goes to the Buddha and complains: evidently he wishes to keep Godhika in his clutches. Just then Godhika killed himself, and the Buddha replied:—

'Ay thus the strong in mind do go to work,
No longing have they after living on;
Craving and root of craving tearing out
Hath Godhika passed utterly away:'

Māra then hunts for Godhika's re-birth-consciousness, but the Buddha says: 'Godhika of the clansmen, bhikkhus, with a consciousness not re-instated, hath utterly ceased to live' (i. e. apparently he had attained arahantship at the moment of death [I have condensed the episode from Mrs. Rhys Davids trans. in *Kindred Sayings*, i. 151—2.]

A similar story is given in S. iii. 123, but the suicide of Vakkali bhikkhu is owing to incurable disease. He sends a message

to the Master, who visits and comforts him, asking:

'Have you any worry, Vakkali? Have you anything on your mind?'
'Indeed, Lord, I have no little worry: I have much on my mind.'
'But does the self reproach you as to (lapse from) virtue?'
'No, Lord.'
'Then why have you worry and trouble in your mind?'
'For a long time, Lord, I have been longing to go to see the Exalted One, but I had not strength enough in this body to do so.'
'Enough! Vakkali. What is it to see this vile body of mine? He who sees the Norm, he it is who seeth me; he who seeth me, seeth the Norm.'

The Master then, after instructing him in impermanence, went away; but not long afterwards Vakkali killed himself ('used the knife'), and the rest of the episode is the same as that of Godhika (above), the Buddha saying: "consciousness not being established anywhere, Vakkali hath utterly ceased to live"

In S. iv. 55-60, the bhikkhu Channo commits suicide when sick, although dissuaded from it by Sāriputta and Mahā Cundo. On hearing of it the Buddha said 'He who lays aside this body and takes up another (i. e. who is not yet free from re-birth), him I call *Sa-upavajjo* (culpable: really 'attended by a supporter'): but it is not so in the case of Cundo. The bhikkhu Cundo's suicide is an *upavajjo*, blameless. And so must ye uphold it.'

In S. 5, 320, after preaching to the Order in praise of the contemplation of the unloveliness (*asubha*) and worthlessness of life, the Master went away for some weeks. Meanwhile, the brethren practised this contemplation with such effect that 'ten brethren slew themselves in a single day, twenty, nay thirty in a single day'. Upon the return of the Master, who remarked that the numbers were reduced, Ananda complains and says: 'It were well if the Exalted One would teach some other method for the establishment of insight.' No comment, however, is made on the conduct or fate of these suicides, but the Order is assembled and taught the methods of attainment of mental balance by control of breath, for the purpose of ease and the suppression of evil conditions"

In *Theragatha*, v. 115, we read of Māhanāma, who, unable to control his evil desires, exclaims: 'of what use is life with this corrupted mind?' and in disgust was about to throw himself down a precipice, saying (of his body) 'I will kill him!' but in the act of self-reproach, he attained insight and was saved, becoming Arahant.

In the same, vv. 350-4 Vakkali (another), sent away by the Master, contemplates suicide. But upon the Buddha's revealing Himself to him, he realized Arahantship there and then. The case of Sappadāsa (Therag. 405-10) is similar to

that of Māhanāma. In *Therigatha* (Psalms of the Sisters, P. 54) we read of the bhikkhuni Sihā, who could not restrain her mind for several years: so she resolved to hang herself, and had actually tied the noose, when insight arose, she loosed the rope and became Arahant. Her reasons are worthy of notice.

Better for me a friendly gullows-tree!
I'll live again the low life of the world (by re-birth)

In her note, Dr. (Mrs.) Rhys Davids says: compare the Western idea of suicide—to 'put an end to it all'—with this of 'starting it all again'

I will conclude this paper by referring to Japan, where suicide is not only a caste custom of the Samurai warriors, observed frequently in our own times, but also very common among all classes. In ancient times loyalty to the feudal lord urged the warrior to end his life by *harakiri*, ripping oneself open—a deed which requires the greatest self-command and physical endurance. The West calls this 'fanaticism,' but it may be considered a virtue too. Tacitus describes similar deeds done by the devoted soldiers of the Emperor Otho B. C. 68. Yet, compared with the rest of the world, Japan's average of suicide is moderate, only 170-80 per million annually, (I quote statistics of about fifteen years ago). The rate in England was then 70-80, in France 200-210, in Germany 210, Denmark 250, Italy 40-50 only per million. So that we must here take into consideration temperament, race, nationality and climate. In Japan suicide is a refuge from disgrace, real or imaginary, disease, love and love-disappointments. I give one instance (out of many) from Lafcadio Hearn's *Kokoro*, called 'By force of Karma'.

"There was a young bhikkhu of a village near Osaka, living in a temple. He was very handsome—and was compared to a beautiful *Buddha-rupa*. He was young, and considered by the men a pure and learned monk. 'The women did not think about his virtue or his learning only: he possessed the unfortunate power to attract them, independently of his own will, as a mere man'. They used to come to him to talk and just to see him, and to ask questions. He often received love-letters, of which he took no notice.

"One evening there came to the temple a little boy, who gave him a letter, whispered the name of the sender, and ran away in the dark. According to the subsequent testimony of an acolyte (boy servant), the priest read the letter (one of admiring love asking for a compassionate answer), restored it to its envelope, and placed it on the matting, beside his kneeling-cushion. After remaining motionless for a long time, as if buried in thought, he sought his writing-box, wrote a letter himself, addressed it to his spiritual superior, and left it upon the writing-stand. Then he

Lafcadio Hearn discussed the religious aspects of this case with a learned Buddhist friend, thinking it a heroic deed. The friend disagreed. 'He reminded me that one who even suggested suicide as a means of escape from sin had been pronounced by the Buddha a spiritual outcast—unfit to live with holy men. As for the dead priest, he had been one of those whom the Teacher called fools. Only a fool could imagine that by destroying his own body he was destroying also within himself the sources of sin.'

'But', I suggested, 'this man's life was pure. Suppose he sought death that he might not, unwillingly, cause others to commit sin?'

The friend disagreed. 'The priest should have tried to convert those who tempted him. This he was too weak to do'. It would have been better for him to return to the world and follow the lower precepts. He had obtained no merit. Perhaps this suicide was the result of previous suicides in former lives, in the attempt to escape sin. Only a Buddha could solve that riddle. The man would have to face the same temptation again and again, even for a thousand thousand times, till he should learn self-mastery. 'It is not possible for us to know what was in the mind of that man.' So we had better leave the whole question at that, and be charitable in judging of suicides.

Tasmania.

FREEDOM.

Yon hawk that swings about the blue,
Nor thinks where he is going to;
I am that hawk when I have done
With this low earth where now I run.

Then I shall soar and spiral free,
Upborne in bright air-ecstasy.
I shall not have a fear to fall.
I shall not have a care at all.

SILACARA.

A BUDDHA-RUPA.

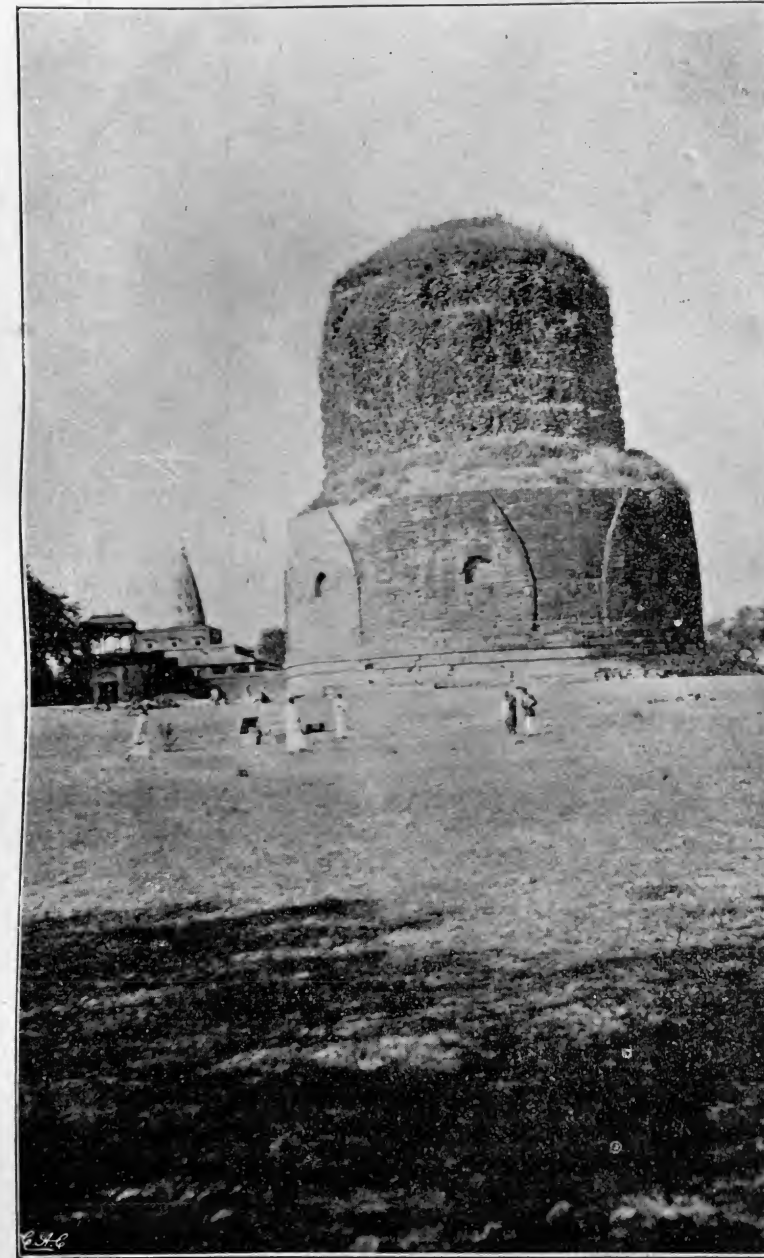
These eyes, far-seeing, have pierced through time
to time's last end.

This brow has compassed the reach of all that
may be known.

These lips, pitying, patient, are man's best,
faithful friend,

For they have given him Truth, and Truth
alone.

SILACARA.



1st Prize

Richard Sulgado.

SARANATH, BENARES.
A View of "Isipatanaramaya" where Buddha
preached His first Sermon.

consulted the clock, and a railway timetable in Japanese. The hour was early: the night windy and dark. He prostrated himself for a moment in prayer before the altar: then hurried out into the blackness, and reached the railway exactly in time to kneel down in the middle of the track, facing the roar and rush of the express from Kobe."

THEORY AND PRACTICE IN BUDDHASASANA.

*"Sabbapapassa akaranam, kusalassa upasampada,
Sacittapariyodapanam, etam Buddhana sasanam."*

DHAMMAPADA. 183.



IN the Puggala Paññatti (116) we read: "which is the man whose intelligence may be likened to the lap?"

"Here is the man who often goes to the Vihara in order to hear the Law expounded by the Bhikkhus. And the Bhikkhus expound to him the Law that is excellent in its beginning, in its progress, and in its end, the sublime Teaching, according to the spirit and according to the letter, proclaiming a life of holiness perfect and pure. And while this man sits there in his place he ponders over what is said, its beginning, its middle, and its end. But once having arisen from his seat, he thinks no more about beginning, middle, or end of what he has heard.

"Just as a man in whose lap has been spread all kinds of eatables, such as sesame, rice, sweets, jujubes, upon thoughtlessly rising from his seat should upset and throw off all these things, even so is it with the man who goes frequently to the Vihara to hear the Law expounded, and while sitting in his place, meditates on all that is said, but when he has risen from his place thinks no more of what he has heard. This man, it is said, has an intelligence that is to be likened to a lap."

Then, further on in the book, we are told of others who are likened to upright vessels which absorb the water placed in them. These imbibe the Teaching into their hearts, drink it in so that they may live up to it, and do not let it go in at one ear and out at the other. In many passages the Buddha Himself and His chief disciples admonish us to let the Teaching enter into our souls, exhorting us to live in accordance therewith. It is not theory only, it is not study only, that is of importance; it is the appropriation and practical application of the substance of the Teaching that is needed, now and always.

It is well known that in the time of the Buddha—even as in our own day—there were many who liked to hear about the things of which the Buddha spoke. People enjoyed listening to them, for the sake of their form as well as for the sake of their matter, in the same way as the man in whose lap all sorts of delicious things were spread out, enjoyed looking at these things. But they did not take the Teaching into their hearts, did not make

it a guide for their lives. Or to speak more accurately: some did so, but many did not. And precisely the same thing is happening to-day in Europe. There are many people who find Buddhism "interesting," "beautiful," "sublime," but

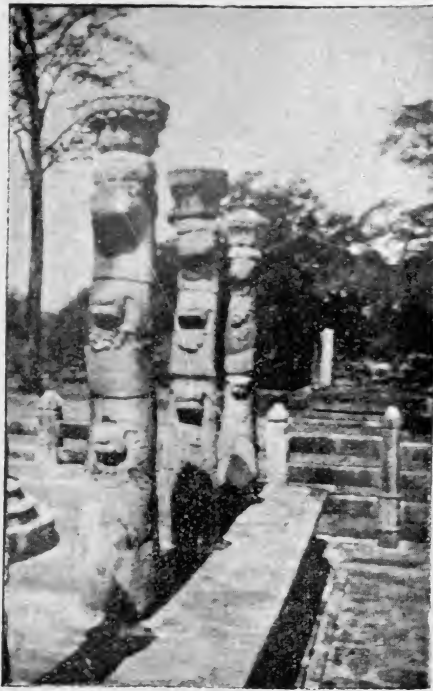


Photo by K. T. Wimalasekera.
Carved Monoliths of Nissanka Latha
Mandapaya—Polonnaruwa.

they do not absorb its teachings which are meant for the edification and elevation of their whole being, of their inner and outer life. Buddhism is to them like other beautiful objects which they love to gaze at now and then for the sake of their beauty, but it is not to them "like a flower born in the land of their hearts."

The Buddha intended otherwise. To Him the main object was, not merely to teach mankind a theory,

an "ism," but to teach it understanding of life, of reality, and especially of one essential side of reality—pain; both the cause of pain and the possibility of putting an end to pain; and, last but not least, the way to conquer pain.

Here in the West we often hear the opinion advanced that "Buddhism is so theoretical." True enough, it is philosophical and

scientific; but it is thoroughly practical in its essential features. "Practical" is precisely the epithet to be applied to it before any other. For it is the teaching of how one should live one's life. That it teaches also *why* one should live life thus, follows from the fact that the Buddhasana, in addition, provides a theoretical explanation of its practical precepts. That is to say: It never bids us obey blindly; it only offers good advice, and presents reasons for offering this advice. But once the soundness of this advice has dawned upon our minds, we give it our whole-hearted adhesion, and of ourselves endeavour to live up to it.

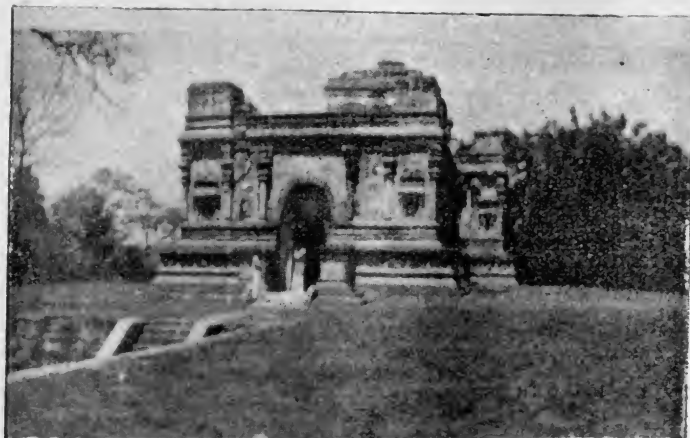
In the Dhammapada we read that fine words that are not followed by equally fine deeds, are like beautiful flowers that have no scent and bear no fruit.

And in the Anguttara Nikaya somewhere we read: "My deed is my possession. My deed is mine inheritance. My deed is the mother's womb that bore me. My deed is the race to which I belong. My deed is my refuge."

A more vigorous emphasizing of action as the factor that decides what is the substance of a man, could hardly be desired. Thus and thus you shall act if you wish your action to lead to such and such a result; if you act otherwise it will lead to other results. That is the backbone, the foundation frame-work of the Buddha's Law.

And this is not contradicted by the fact that the Buddha knew and taught that prior to action comes thought. In human life it is our thoughts—in the most comprehensive sense, our motives—that, in the long run, decide our deeds. Think of the first stanzas of the Dhammapada!

Where the Buddha speaks of human thoughts and feelings, and tendencies good and bad, of friendship, of what is contamination, of the giving of gifts, of thoughtlessness, of desire, of true love, of what leads to liberation of mind and what does not, we gain a deep impression of His wisdom. Nothing human is alien to Him.



2nd Prize

JETAWANARAMA, POLONNARUWA.

K. T. Wimalasekera.

He looks deeply into human souls. He perceives where lie the dangers. He also perceives where lie the great possibilities. True enough, the Buddha is also the sage when He speaks of the anicca and anatta doctrines, and much else of a kindred nature besides; for indeed, He spoke of many things to a knowledge of which modern philosophy and science have only attained after long centuries since His day. His wisdom, however, appeals to our hearts when He speaks of Dukkha, pain, and of the way to conquer pain, which means the practice of the Law. And this is, as He Himself continually proclaimed, the one thought that permeates all His Teaching, as saltiness is the one flavour that permeates all the waters of the sea. He wants to help us to free ourselves from pain, which we can attain, so He assures us, by unfettering our minds from evil, from egotistic desire, hate, delusion.

We may perceive the Buddha's wisdom; we may see His genius and enjoy its beauty; we may feel the truth of what is said; and yet with all this we are not therefore Buddhists, disciples of the Buddha. Buddhists, disciples of the Buddha, we shall not be until the day when we take up the Buddhasana for practice.

Nor is the Buddhasana a dim and distant Yoga, as some would like to make it out to be. It is, as is constantly insisted on by Dr. Dahlke, a doctrine of realities. It is a doctrine of life, of how life should be lived, and why thus it should be lived.

As to theoretical views, we are left to our own choice. Study and research and criticism are free in Buddhism. To this extent, Buddhasana is a religion which commends itself strongly to freethinkers.

This article, however, would stretch out to an inordinate length if I were to mention all those sayings of the Buddha which go to show the practical tendency of His teachings. One would be tempted to write a whole book about it. By way of further enlightenment I shall just mention a few more passages of importance:—

The Noble Eightfold Way has four practical features: right speech, right deed, right life, and right exertion. And among the Paramitas, the supremely great qualities, there are two that sound like the ringing sound of steel in powerful engines; they are: Viriya and Adhitthana (energy and steadfastness in following the Good Law). It is these two qualities which drive our vessel forward across the troubled sea of Samsara. And many others, nay, most of them, have a thoroughly practical turn.

Somewhere, too, the Buddha says that he who is slow and sluggish in doing good has one foot set in evil (or words somewhat to that effect). What good we aim to do should be carried out with vigour, without wavering or hesitation.

Nay, Buddhasana is no mere theory no mere "ism." That is why it ought not to be called Buddhism but rather, Buddhasana.

We Occidentals are not much disposed to passivity. The strong point in our



Photo by W. E. Bastian & Co.,
DAGOBA, MALIGAKANDA TEMPLE.

character is precisely its predominant bent towards the practical. And it is my belief, that if we wish the Buddhasana to gain ground in Europe, to find access to the strong and healthy natures among us, its practical side should be emphasized. Here in the West we eye with a certain shyness (which to some extent is wholesome) both Yoga and dreamery. Hence it ought to be made as clear as possible that Buddhasana is nothing of this kind.

However, in some people there is a certain receptivity towards a doctrine which



Photo by K. T. Wimalasekera.
SIGIRIYA ROCK.

has its basis in free research, and of which the essential feature is the teaching of the way out of evil, and thereby out of pain,—a teaching which does not unnerve our strength, but takes our faculties and puts them to use for the good of others and ourselves. And such a teaching is the Buddhasana. Buddhasana, which to the sage is an unfailing source of recreation, elevation, edification, and enfranchisement, is also a never-failing refuge to the poor in spirits. And it can be so, precisely because of its practical character.

Let us therefore, in the East and in the West, everywhere in the world where there are disciples of the Buddha, strive towards adopting the Buddhasana not only as a theory but more particularly as a practice, taking it up into our lives, to the honour of Him our great Master, for the benefit of all.

Namo tassa bhagavato arahato sammāsambuddhassa!

CHRISTIAN F. MELBYE.

REFLECTIONS.



WHEN one reflects that the people of to-day have heard the greatest sermon ever delivered in this world, accompanied by signs and wonders in the shape of calculated ruthlessness and scientific carnage on a scale so colossal that—so one would imagine—even this heedless world would be impressed; and further considers to what extent men and women have modified their conduct as a result of that lesson; then, inevitably, a formidable question must arise in one's mind. If such a lesson leaves the world cold and indifferent, can any articles or other literature dealing with religion avail aught?

Seeing that commercial rivalries and jealousies with their consequent intrigues and struggles for world-markets were probably the decisive, if not immediate, causes, which led to the slaughter of about ten million men; would one be justified in saying that in the commercial world of to-day the war has occasioned the slightest modification of that well-concealed knavery and rascality known euphemistically as "commercial morality"?

Again, can one say the world's workers have heeded the lesson? The recent tour of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases is a sufficiently significant commentary!

Then, in the face of these hard facts, will the world pay any heed to religious literature, when it has utterly ignored such a stern judgment on its mode of living as the Great War? Does it not, rather, resemble the effort to empty the ocean with a thimble?

The world already contains Sacred Books and Scriptures galore, but the difficulty is to find those who make any effort to *practise* their teachings; on the other hand the "professors" are legion. As Dr.

THE DHAMMA IN THE WEST. A Further Study.

[BY EDWARD GREENLY D.Sc., F.G.S.]



As a result of the European interest in Buddhism, which, first aroused by Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," has been sustained by the researches of Pali Scholars, especially of Rhys Davids, the peoples of Ceylon and Burma have latterly conceived the idea that this wonderful system, originating so long ago among an Aryan people of the East, may yet obtain a wide acceptance among the nations of the modern Aryan West. In an article entitled "The Dhamma in the West" by "Occidental" which appeared in the "Buddhist" for Aug. 24, 31, and Sept. 7, 1918, (whereof I may as well now acknowledge the authorship), I endeavoured (while expressing the opinion that the name "Buddhism" is unlikely to be extensively adopted, and indeed that such adoption would not bring about the best results) to indicate the conditions under which certain essential *ideas* of the Dhamma are likely to be assimilated in Europe and America.

That the promoters and most of the readers of this Annual regard such assimilation as a consummation devoutly to be wished goes without saying. Yet a definite statement of the benefits which may be expected to accrue is rarely seen. Probably what most Oriental Buddhists chiefly think of is the ethical teaching of the Dhamma. Nevertheless, we will, for the present, exclude that factor, for with all its nobility, it is, as pure precept, not specially Buddhist. It was (as is indeed actually stated in the Dhammapada) already ancient at the time of the rise of Buddhism, occurring in the literature of several widely-separated peoples of antiquity. In fact: it is really the higher ethic of mankind in general, becoming "Buddhist" only when, incorporated into the Eightfold Path, it is brought into relation with the Lakkhani and other ideas of that remarkable summary. The

Dahlke pointed out some months ago, there is at the present time such an output of paper—from paper-money to religious articles—that there is grave danger of the world being swamped by the deluge; but where is the man who has any belief in the real value of the currency or of religion?

For one who can read the signs of the times further exhortation to *practise* morality is superfluous; for one who cannot it is useless

M.

first fruits of the Dhamma in the West will be, I venture to forecast, of a somewhat different kind.

Under the conditions of our time, certain problems concerning Life, its possibilities, its ideals, and the methods whereby they may be realised, are presented for solution to the men of the West. They

apt to secure a premature acceptance, before there is a broad enough basis of knowledge. Such were the Ptolemaic astronomy, and the phlogiston-theory of chemical combination, and such were the older views of the origin of species. With wider knowledge it comes to be seen that the theory is not in accordance with the facts of nature. That, in itself, is a condition precedent to progress, though a negative condition. Yet, for a while, no further advance may be possible, because men's mental equipment is inadequate. Such was the state of affairs for years after it had begun to be evident that the old views as to the origin of species were untenable. Then some new principle (in this case the Darwinian principle of Natural Selection) is discovered, equipped with which, men are able to bring the whole class of phenomena into mental order, and rapid progress ensues.

Now in regard to Life's greater problems, there is much the same position. An old system had put forward, with complete confidence, what were, very prematurely, supposed to be satisfactory solutions; but men are coming to see that the solutions it proposes do not fit the facts.

At Buddha Gaya.

Beneath the shadow of that mystic Tree
Whose boughs are knotted as to show the Stress
And strain of those red days of agony
Great Buddha sits, serene and passionless.
His bitter days of weary search are o'er,
The conflict in the desert, and the fight
With doubts and fears like thorns that clung and tore.
He hath attained the peace, hath found the light.

Low at his feet I kneel, but in my soul
My goading passions, my unquenched desires,
My restless dreams, their unquiet surges roll,
Thwarted ambitions light their baleful fires.
My penance days are on me: I must fare
With bleeding feet across the desert sands,
My rosary of tears to count, bear
My sorrows till they bless me, and I dare
Sit down like Buddha, calm, with folded hands.

JESSIE DUNCAN WESTBROOK.

are not wholly new, neither are they wholly old, problems; but owing to the conditions aforesaid, there are peculiar difficulties in dealing with them, which may be illustrated as follows.

At early stages of the progress of a science, theories of wide application are

of Life. That, in itself, is a necessary condition of progress, just as in our illustration. Yet positive advance is but slow, because men are not yet equipped with any new principle. Many, indeed, of the nominal adherents of the system which is passing away, feeling after progress, are resorting to a succession of re-statements and re-inter-

pretations. Others, though repudiating allegiance to that system, remain unwittingly under the influence of its traditional principles, and have a set of compromises of their own. Here are one or two examples. Brought up to the doctrine of the soul, and its individual persistence in a "future life" some solace themselves with the thought of "living in posterity": some with living in the universal soul: while another class of minds turn with eagerness to the "occult". Again: the idea of worship as a *sine qua non* having been instilled into them from infancy, many endeavour to find some permanent object for it, while not a few set up a worship of Humanity.

The experiences, however, which we have used as an illustration, would seem to suggest that what these writers lack is *equipment*. And, further, that, rather than resort to these expedients, it would surely be wiser to admit that lack, and wait with patience for a while as we learn to do in the Natural Sciences.

Nevertheless, there is an alternative, and of quite a different class. For, what would have been the comments of the great Arhat masters of old time? To those who are at all familiar with the Pitaka literature there can be little doubt. They would probably have pointed out that worship is not specified as a stage of the Eightfold Path, not merely because it does not conduce to attainment, but because it may even divert both worshipper and worshipped into a 'By-path Meadow,' wherein disaster may befall. As for the desire for future life, whether in its explicit and orthodox form or in its more refined and attenuated substitutes, they would, we may be quite confident, regard that as nothing but a *raga* or craving, somewhat sublimated in its better forms as a *rupa-raga*, but still a *raga*, and as such a fetter and a hindrance, deliverance wherefrom is a condition precedent of Arhatship. Do we not feel, in these few sentences, that we are already breathing a serener air? Does not sane judgment tell us that, for dealing with such questions, these men are *equipped* with a mental outfit which is lacking in the views outlined in the preceding paragraphs? In the idea of Arhatship, the idea of deliverance by attainment, they are in possession of quite a different principle, a principle which brings these great life problems into mental order. The same principle, re-inforced moreover in a hundred ways by knowledge derived from the Natural Sciences, will enable the European to deal much more freely with the problems which confront him.

This will be effected, not so much by settlements of existing controversies, as by a new outlook upon them, which will completely shift the centre of importance. One more illustration will shew how this will operate. Hierological Science has now made known to us that, in various ages

and countries, certain personages have been believed to have risen from the dead. Over most of these cases there has long ceased to be any controversy; but concerning one of them volumes have been and are still being written, both parties to the discussion regarding it as one of crucial importance. From the view-point of Dhamma, however, even had such resurrection taken place, that would not shew that the subject thereof had attained to Arhatship: nor would it open the way thereto for anyone else. Decision of the question as to whether it had actually happened remains, just as before, a matter of historical, textual, and anthropological evidence. But its importance will have vanished. That, incidentally, will vastly facilitate settlement of such questions upon the evidence itself, because, having lost their significance for life, they will be dealt with in the temper of mental calm and balance wherewith similar cases which occur in other religious literatures are

already discussed. In general, Science and Philosophy, relieved from the theological pressure which still seeks to influence their decisions, will be set free to pursue their investigations without any thought but that of Truth. In its turn, too, the relegation of the old controversies to a position of minor importance will conduce to general peace and good will, and be thus morally beneficial in a high degree.

Such, then, are likely to be the first fruits of the Dhamma in the West. They will consist, primarily, in a great access of intellectual independence. But the intellectual element in life cannot (as many fallaciously suppose) be divorced from the moral; for purely intellectual questions have their own morality. Ethical benefits will, accordingly, come *pari passu* with the intellectual, and countless more will follow. For men will have gained the equipment of a Key-principle.

Prize Poem.

To the Buddha: The Light of the World.

When nations wallowed deep in sin,
When Peace lay vanquished 'neath the sword,
When Darkness did its dismal reign begin,
And Asia stood in gloom without, within,
Thy star shone out, O Lord.

A Throb of gladness thrilled the world;
A richer music filled the skies;
Rose Peace triumphant, back the gloom was hurl'd
Of Hate and War and Sin, when Ind unfur'd
The love-light of Thine eyes.

In "saffron-shroud" engirt, serene,
And carrying meek a beggar's bowl,
With graceful step, and humble loving mien,
Thou cam'st where such a light was never seen;
And gav'st Thy land a soul.

Thy Star gave Hope with rays more bright
Than Sur'ya's in the golden morn;
It lit with love the darkness of the night;
It spread its beams from vale to mountain height;
It stirred the weak, forlorn.

We love Thee for the glow divine
Of Hope and Love that Thou dost give;
For Thou from measureless heights of Time's great shrine
Dost still pour forth Thy beams, and on us shine,
And mak'st the dead to live.

Gleams yet that beauteous light of old,
Lives yet that Peace unfelt before;
Shine will it through the years with rays of gold,
And in its dazzling radiance enfold
The earth for evermore.

W. THALGODAPITIYA.

Dr. Paul Dahlke and The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon No. 2.



Majjhima Nikaya, "The Magandiya Sutta."

The leading feature of this number is the consecration of the Sri Dharmarajika Vihara in Calcutta and the simultaneous handing-over of the Buddha-relics to the Mahabodhi Society by the Indian Government. On this we read:

"After almost 800 years, the 20th November was the eyewitness of the victorious re-entry of Buddhism into its native land."

We will hope that the high-pitched expectations expressed in these words will find actual fulfilment. Buddhism means thinking things all over again from the beginning and this is a very secret, quiet thing like the growth of a grain of seed which through the earth pushes its way upward toward the sun.

The Buddha-relics whose enshrining in the new Vihara is here dealt with, were found at a place called Bhattiprolu in a 2000 year old Dagoba. It strikes one strangely that in a leading article this relic is spoken of as a great and precious thing while in another article (Diary of a Pilgrimage to India) it is doubted if it is a genuine Buddha-relic. Which is right? The Indian Government and Buddhists in general, or the Ceylon monkhood? But what does it matter? Whether the Bhattiprolu relic is genuine or not, whether it is 'holy' or not, the main thing is that it acts as a genuine Cetiya, i.e., as a memorial which prints upon the mind of those who visit it the lesson of anicca, dukkha, and anatta.

In his article on "The re-establishment of Buddhism in India," the writer says that the new Calcutta Vihara is a replica of the Ajanta Viharas. It may be as regards its internal appearance and decoration, but externally the new building resembles more a Jesuit Church in Goa than a Buddhist Vihara. In my opinion nobler patterns are to be found, and I dare maintain that if ever we in Germany come to build a Vihara it will reflect the spirit of the Teaching in its construction better than does this Calcutta erection.

(There follows here a detailed depreciatory criticism also of the Mahabodhi Preaching Hall at Buddha Gaya. Then he goes on:—)

So much for that. Theosophy in this number of the *Annual* does not play so great a role as in the last one, but it is still too large a one; inasmuch as the boundary lines are not drawn with sufficient sharpness. When the author of the article "At Adyar" says: "Theosophy has not much to give to Buddhists, but no doubt it will help them better to appreciate and understand it," I do not wholly agree. Theosophy does not help Buddhism at all, for it has not thought things out to a complete end, which is what Buddhism depends upon, and is in fact Buddhism itself. We readily recognise the noble efforts of Theosophists, the elevation of their aims, their wide

Well worth reading is the essay "Some Hints on the Control and Culture of Mind." Here for the first time I find a translation of the world Jhana, which is faithful to the meaning, namely "one-pointedness of mind." Jhana is not a question of raptures or higher states of seeing, but purely a process of unification of thinking conscious of its goal. That this is simultaneously the way to higher faculties is not to be wondered at. Every physicist knows that as long as molecules dash about hither and thither all through one another in any system of force, they achieve nothing; on the other hand, directed one way they drive machines. The like is the case in every system of mental force. The thoughts of the ordinary man of the world dash hither and thither without direction, and he achieves,—well, just what

Waves of the Ocean.

Wave after wave they come and then are shattered,
They break, and cast a thousand gems in th' air.
Wave after wave recedes, and they are scattered
Back on their Ocean-lair.

So come majestic waves in slow procession—
They come, but to be flung back as before;
They rise and fall and rise in swift succession,
And kiss and shun the shore.

So are men born, so live they, and then perish;
So wax they happy, happier, but to die.
Such is man's fate: and everything we cherish
Lives, dies, till Nirvan's nigh.

As billows come and go and come for ever,
So men are born and die, then live again;
Till Life and Death and Joy and Grief are never,
In Nirvan's blest domain.

S. A. WIJAYATILAKE Jr.

humanity. But all that is not to the point: what is to the point is the motive force behind it all; that is, everything depends on right thinking. And if Theosophy in its well-known all-embracing tolerance wishes to take Buddhism in its arms, then we say: "Friend, you are mistaken. As the circle has only one centre, so Actuality has only one entrance, interpreter. We value you; we do not contend against you; for you are right from your standpoint in thought. Try as well as you know how to forward your own and others' weal, but with us you only agree in externals, and externals can be interpreted in very various fashions."

One cannot ask that Theosophists will understand that. But one must ask it of Buddhists when others set up a claim to be called Buddhists.

a man of the world achieves: here a little gain, there some loss, and at the end of life he must admit to himself that at bottom he has won nothing, and all his long labour has been in vain. On the other hand, whoso in Jhana has come to oneness of thinking, will feel that he is achieving continual progress in mastery over himself. And men must understand that strength is not something that enables a man to lift hundred-pound weights that another cannot stir, or helps him with his armies to subdue tracts of the earth's surface,—there may be much stronger arms than his, much more powerful robbers than he. No! strength is this, that a man masters himself in the mental and bodily sense in which the Buddha teaches a man to be strong. Here lies the end, here lies perfection, here lies elevation, here lies final mastership, that cannot be

outbidden by any athlete, by any Genghis Khan. And this strength is developed in Jhana, in thinking directed towards one single end. But the way to it is difficult. Our thinking resembles in its tangled confusion a flock of unruly geese: if one has caught one of them, two others meanwhile flutter away and one must now lie in wait for them for a favourable moment to snatch hold of them.

Praiseworthy mention is also deserved by the clear and powerful essay: "The Practice of Buddhism" by T. A. Peiris.

Good things are also to be found in the article on the Paticcasamuppada by Dr. Cassius Pereira. He translates "sankharas" by "activities" which seems to me no bad translation, and then goes on: "These activities make Kamma and Kamma is being. Separate from the activities there is no being." That is genuine Buddhist thinking, in which one can take pleasure. Nama-rupa is translated as "mind-and-body," as befits one who understands. In many other points, however, I frankly do not agree with the writer.

In the essay "My Mental Pilgrimage to Buddhism," Dr. Melbye, a Danish physician, tells how in the course of his studies, he, as it were, slipped into the anicca and anatta doctrines. He emphasises: "One of the most valuable features of Buddhism is this, that it is in entire agreement with modern science." That is certainly right: only it must not be taken in the sense that modern science can be used as a proof of Buddhism, as others have attempted to use it. Buddhism is actuality, and actuality does not need to be proven; it proves itself through itself, and one can only ask one thing of it,

that it does not contradict the facts of actuality.

The best essay in the magazine is the last and the briefest, entitled "Tathagata Dhamma," by Rev. Karandana Jinaratna Thera. In brief, pithy words the marrow of the Buddha's teaching is here given: (There follows a quotation here about Anicca, Dukkha, Anatta; and man as a composition of the Five Khandhas.)

This is the true Buddha-teaching, and whoever does not know what Buddhism is can learn it here. It will long make for his health and wellbeing. Truly, well taught is the Teaching. The chain of experience which for science loses itself in beginninglessness, for religions in eternal being, turns back here into itself and thereby opens up the possibility of that re-flecting, that turning of thought upon itself which we mean when we speak about "umdenken."

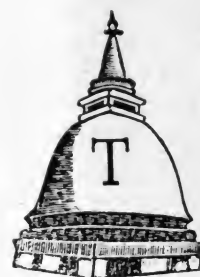
Almost still more than in the first number we are here disturbed also by the numerous business advertisements in this number from every imaginable domain of trade, which not only fill the covers but are scattered all through the text. Are there not in Ceylon people rich enough to make it possible to get up an annual that will be free from these annoying and unbeautiful adjuncts?

All the more deserving of thanks are the inserted illustrations which again, as in the first number, constitute a great adornment to the printed page.

Translated from
The German Buddhist Times,
Berlin.

Some Basic Aspects of Buddhism.

[By E. H. BREWSTER.]



and puts the emphasis on observation.

We do not mean that speculation employs no observation of the objective world, nor that observation employs no speculation; but we have two distinct bases, attitudes of approach, which in their development may often have similar appearances, be on similar grounds, and appear to be using similar methods—indeed no philosophy uses any one method solely—but it is important for the philosophical student to have these two general attitudes of research well in mind.

To the Buddhist it should be of special interest to see the relation of Buddhism to these great epistemological divisions, because Buddhism is the sole religion whose methods belong in a marked degree to the second division. It is our object in this article to show how this is so, the advantages of such a position, and the weakness and dangers engendered in the first division. There is need of clarity on this subject, for not infrequently reference is made to Buddhism as a speculative system of thought, or as pure idealism.

Our exposition must needs be cursory. Let us first take a view of that division which we have called speculative. To this naturally belong *a priori* reasoning, deduction, rationalism, and idealism in its extremest form. It tends to synthesis rather than analysis. To it belongs the great tradition of the Indian sages, prior to the Buddha, and in Europe a developing line

of philosophy from Plato to Hegel. Its problems have always been ontological, theological, a search for the origin and first cause of things. The opening words of the Gospel of St. John strike the characteristic note of this teaching: "In the beginning was the Word, the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that hath been made." Plato in the Timoeus teaches: "The Idea is the absolute good. God is the supreme goodness. Now the good or goodness cannot but create the good. God is life, and life must create life. Hence God must create: the Idea must reproduce itself," (as paraphrased by Weber). Probably the purest example of lengthy form is Hegel's "Logic"; to many of us so entrancing and revealing. We are not presuming to question the great value of this lofty teaching: we would rather condole with him whose mind has not been through the experience it affords. But we believe that attention may be given too exclusively to this method, that it becomes in time a limitation to the student, giving to his thought a barren and unreal character; "thin" as William James has called it, or as has been said, concerned with "bloodless categories." Its greatest error, we believe, consists in a deification of the idea. "The mistake does not lie in exalting the universal over the particular; it consists in separating the former from the latter metaphysically, and in making a transcendent entity of the genus or type. In themselves, the type and the individual which realizes it, the law and the phenomenon which is its application, are but one and the same reality considered from different points of view: observation and reasoning are merely two stages of one and the same method. A physics, a physiology, or an anatomy that is the creation of pure reason is inconceivable. The universal must be derived from the particular, because it cannot be found anywhere else." It is this separation of the ideal from the real which characterizes European thought of the middle ages. It caused the emphasis to be laid on reason while observation was neglected. The Christian church, following this classical teaching, saw fit to torture and persecute because of differences in intellectual conception. Bertrand Russell, writing of these two methods, says: "Self assertion, in philosophic speculation as elsewhere, views the world as a means to its own ends; thus it makes the world of less account than Self, and the Self sets bounds to the greatness of its goods. In contemplation, on the contrary, we start from the Not-Self, and through its greatness, the boundaries of Self are enlarged; through the infinity of the universe, the mind which contemplates it, achieves some share in infinity." Looking in upon itself for truth, without observation of the outer world, the mind makes of itself its own greatest limitation. The most

obvious truth would seem to be that thought is dependent primarily upon contact. Without the object there is no thought.

This brings us to the consideration of our second division of methods, where emphasis is put on observation, experience, empiricism and on a *posteriori* reasoning and induction. Though in the West for ages the Christian church opposed those pioneers who would advance into other ways of thought, scientists and philosophers in ever increasing numbers betook themselves to inductive methods, until such freedom of thought as the West has attained is due to their efforts. Modern science, modern psychology, and what is really modern in philosophy, are based decidedly on these methods. Schopenhauer, the last of the great absolutist philosophers, stands at a parting of ways, from which the empiricist may gain as much support as the rationalist. Such moderns as Wundt, Bergson, William James and Bertrand Russell are strong advocates of objective methods. Its latest development is that philosophy known as the New Realism.

It was this great step which in the East was taken by the Buddha. Sceptical of all the speculative philosophy of his day, He left the age of Faith and inaugurated the new era of Knowledge. Four centuries B.C., he founded a religion which we believe is more in harmony with the later development of thought among Aryan peoples than any other religion, and which is best suited for the salvation of the world. To justify such claims we must turn to the study of the Buddha's life and his teaching. Let us now see how his teaching conforms to our second division of methods.

Immediately we find that the first note of the Dhamma is struck on experience, an indisputable fact of experience; not on faith, speculation or theory. The first Noble Truth is of Sorrow—the actual experience of all living beings. As for the Second Truth—it remains no theory or speculation to those who tread The Noble Way that greed, hate and ignorance are the cause of sorrow. Nibbana, the Third Noble Truth was experienced by the Blessed one and many of his followers. The Buddhist canon, so far as we are aware, contains no speculative, theoretical, exposition of Nibbana. It is negatively defined as the absence of greed, hate and ignorance. Those who have experienced it testify to its reality. Those who are treading the Noble Eightfold Path can have no doubt as to the reality of The Way—The Fourth Noble Truth. In them the consciousness “leaning upon Nibbana occurs.” Thus the Four Noble Truths are truths of experience.

Let us note what constitutes Purity of Views; it is thus described in the Abhidhammattha-Sangaha: “the comprehension of mind-and-body with reference to their (respective) features, essential properties, resulting phenomena, and proximate causes.” Could modern psychology give a better account of itself? Like it, Buddhism finds no soul that is a permanent unchanging entity. We find in Buddhism no dogmas of a First Cause or God Creator. These facts show the non-speculative character of Buddhism and its harmony with the scientific spirit.

On the other hand, faith is the first note struck in acceptance of Christian doctrine: like Platonic Idealism which “begins with



EMBILI VIHARE.

This is another rock Temple situated in close proximity to the town of Matale and appears to have been built over three hundred years ago. Vide Vol 1. No. 1.

a mystical act and culminates in a religion.”

To what subjects then, it may be asked, is meditation directed? Here where the speculative faculty might have been supposed to enter, we find the same consistent emphasis on observation. On this subject, of great interest is Part IX. of the Abhidhammattha-Sangaha. Look at the exercises for Calm,—concentration on the ten hypnotic circles, the ten impurities, the ten recollections, the four illimitables, the one notion, the one discrimination, the four stages of Arupa-jhana. Read the description in this book of what constitutes the various exercises. “The one Discrimination is that of discriminating (in a compound) the four Essentials” (i.e., elements). The

exercises on the Four Stages of Arupa-jhana, while at first having to do with the conception of the infinity of space, soon passes to a stage where this conception is regarded as nothing, and consciousness finally passes into a stage where perception is said neither to be or not to be. Here again we have description of psychological experiences, but never mere theory.

Turn to the exercises in the same book for Insight. So excellent are these, so representative of the essence of Buddhist teaching, that one would like to quote the entire latter half of this chapter.

“The Three Contemplations” are on Impermanence, Ill, No-Soul. “The Ten Knowledges of Insight” are:

1. “Knowledge of things (in general) as composite.
2. Knowledge of (composite) things as waxing and waning.
3. Knowledge of (waning) things as dissolving.
4. Knowledge of (dissolving) things as fearful.
5. Knowledge of (fearful) things as dangerous.
6. Knowledge of (dangerous) things as something where-with to be disgusted.
7. Knowledge of (disgusting) things as something where-from to wish to escape.
8. Knowledge of things as something to be reconsidered (in order to escape therefrom).
9. Knowledge of things (reconsidered) as something concerning which to feel indifference.
10. Knowledge which is qualification (for the Path).”

These are the contemplations and knowledges—one could well say the observations—that lead to the Path and to Nibbana. Do not such passages justify our contention? They are pure observations of the objective and subjective phenomena of life independent of mental bias. That attitude of mind which turns away from the objective world for subjective contemplation alone, is often prompted by unconscious desire to see life differently from what it really is, to make it conform to that desire, to personal longings and theories. To be honest is the best preparation for the reception of Truth—nay, an absolute requisite; it is in itself an entering into the domain of Truth. “The secret of genius is to allow no fiction to exist for us,” says Emerson. “Buddhism is a seeing, an understanding, a Knowledge. Faith plays a part here no more conspicuous than it does in science. The Buddha is constantly described as, “He who sees things as they truly are.” Turn to almost any page of purely idealistic philosophy and note in what a different world we find ourselves.

Surely not without beauty and truth, but how suppositional and imaginative, compared to the clear calm seeing of the Buddha, based on experience, turned toward reality!

It is foolish to judge passages from any literature unrelated to the rest of its contents. Without such a general knowledge, it might be objected that the first sentences of the Dhammapada are opposed to our understanding of Buddhist thought, that they have the same significance as the first words of St. John—“In all, the primal element is mind; pre-eminent is mind; by mind is all made. If a man speaks or acts evil of mind, suffering follows him close as the wheel the hoof of the beast that draws the cart.” But such an acute thinker as Ledi Sadaw uses this verse to illustrate the very point we wished to make. He says: “Mind is simply the consciousness of an object,—this necessary dependence of the former on the latter is stated in the first verse of the Dhammapada.”

Let us take that profound statement of the Buddha recorded in the Anguttara Nikaya: “Verily, I declare to you, my friend, that within this very body, mortal as it is and only a fathom high, but conscious and endowed with mind, is the world, and the waxing thereof, and the waning thereof, and the way that leads to the passing away thereof.” Seen in the light of the rest of the Buddhist teaching, the inference to be made from this is not that which the pure Idealist might at first expect. That world which arises does not contain “true copies of Eternal Ideas.” It is a world that is to pass away. Because there is a way that leads to its passing away the Buddhist rejoices. In that is the promise of Nibbana. This individuality of each one's world is only a means,—a means that is not to lie dormant and passive, but as we have tried to show according to Buddhist methods, to be actively, strenuously used, until it can burst its bonds and gain the freedom of Nibbana. This world is the result of the meeting of the Skandhas. Sorrow springs up, and finally enlightenment shows the way to liberation. We are not dealing with cosmological theories but individual experiences.

In Shwe Zan Aung's very able introductory essay to the Abhidhammattha-Sangaha he points out that according to the seventh book of the Abhidhamma Pitaka, the Paññāna, consciousness or mind is the product of relationship. “In this relation the object presented is termed Paccaya (the relating thing), and the subject, Paccayuppanna (the related thing). Thus, these two terms are relative, one implying the other; that is to say, the subject cannot exist without the object, and vice versa. It will

be noticed that greater prominence is given to object. From this fact Buddhism cannot be exclusively classed as idealism.”

The Pali word which most nearly corresponds to Plato's “Ideas” is *Atthapannatti*. Plato taught that these “ideas” are changeless, eternal verities: being the origin and producer of the phenomenal world, which is a copy of these “ideas.” The Buddhist teaching regards *Atthapannatti* as “the idea or notion of that thing, as signified by that word or sign,” (Ledi Sadaw). According to our understanding it regards the idea as impermanent, being derivative and causal, just as Kamma is. Ledi Sadaw in his essay “On the Philosophy of Relations” deals very interestingly on this subject, though we regret at not greater length. He says: “—the form (saññāna) of the jar is just a concept derived from a combination and arrangement of clay in a certain manner.—It is artificial and is not a constant element.—Now, the Real, with the sole exception of Nibbana, is impermanent, because it is subject to a ceaseless flux of change involved in becoming. But even as space is regarded as permanent, general concepts and ideas may be said to be also permanent, in the sense of exemption from the phenomena of becoming (i.e., arising and ceasing). How? Although the name “jar” is no longer applicable to a particular jar when it is broken up into pieces, yet the general concept or notion of jar still remains in our minds to denote other individual members of that class of vessels.”

We understand by these words a relative permanency, a product of relation, dependent upon mind. Which is the reverse of the Platonic conception of “idea.”

After enumerating the various kinds of ideas the Abhidhammattha-Sangaha has: “All such distinctions, though they do not exist in the highest sense, have, nevertheless, as modes of shadowing forth the meaning (of things), become objects of thought genesis (as our ideas). And the idea is referred to, derived from, or determined by, this or that (thing), and is called “idea of thing” because it is conceived and reckoned, named, currently expressed, or made known. This idea of thing is designated *atthapannatti*, because it is made known (by term, word, or sign).”

Many Idealists deny the existence of matter. Buddhism affirms that matter is composed of the four great essentials i.e. the elements of extension, cohesion, heat, and motion, together with their derivatives which exist in a real sense, or as *paramattharupa*.

We must once again quote from S. Z. Aung: “But as soon as the same matter is called by different names, the composite

things corresponding to these names are held to exist only in the mind. It is not supposed that there is a (Platonic) idea corresponding to any such name that may be given to forms of matter. Take the word “table”. We call by that name a certain combination of wood. Buddhists say the Essentials and the Derivatives “exist,” but that the table qua table does not; these exist only in the mind.—In saying that such concrete things are mere names, Buddhists countenance Nominalism. In saying that they exist only in the mind, they countenance Conceptualism. But in holding that the Four Essentials and the Four Derivatives exist in these aggregates, they countenance Realism. Buddhism therefore is able to reconcile all these scholastic doctrines.”

We hope to have shown that Buddhism is opposed to that self-absorption which endangers certain forms of Idealism; that the true enlightenment which springs from “within” is the result of objective contact; that study, observation, and the losing of self in the contemplation of the worlds about us, whence a truth greater than the narrow confines of self may arise, are the methods taught by the Buddha. We have endeavoured to contrast Buddhism with one type of idealism.

It would be equally interesting to know of the similarities, but such a consideration lies outside the limits of this article. Let us not be understood to deny such resemblances. We should know both if we wish to understand the Dhamma in relation to the world's thought.

“The Tathagata, Brothers, is free from any theory; for the Tathagata, Brothers, has seen: This is the Body, thus it arises, thus it passes away: thus is sensation, thus it arises, thus it passes away; thus is Perception, thus it arises, thus it passes away; thus are the Subjective Differentiations (mental properties), thus they arise, thus they pass away; thus is Consciousness, thus it arises, thus it passes away! Therefore, I say, the Tathagata has won complete deliverance through the annihilation, alienation, cessation, rejection, and getting rid of all opinions and conjectures, of all selfhood, self-seeking and vain glory.” (Majjhima-Nikaya).

“The jungle, the desert, the puppet show, the writhing, the entanglement, of speculation—are accompanied by sorrow, by wrangling, by resentment, by fever of excitement; they conduce neither to detachment of heart, nor to freedom from lust, nor to tranquillity, nor to peace, nor to wisdom, nor to the insight of the higher stages of the Path, nor to Arahatsip.”—(Digha-Nikaya).

The World Religion of the Future.

[BY CAPTAIN J. E. ELLAM.]



In the eyes of all Buddhists, the most notable events of modern times were the discoveries of the veritable relics of our Lord, the Buddha, the Utterly Enlightened One. After being lost to sight, and almost to memory, for nearly two thousand years, they were unearthed at Bhattiprolu in 1892, at Peshawar in 1909, and at Rawalpindi in 1917. There is no doubt that these are indeed the relics of what was once the bodily vehicle of our Blessed Lord Himself; for, not only do they bear out the accuracy of our traditions, but the inscriptions accompanying them, and the collateral evidence, prove the fact beyond the possibility of dispute.

It is very significant that all traces of these relics, and of the ruins of the great temples, dagobas, and monasteries, which were erected on the sites of their interment, were utterly forgotten until to-day. That they were not exhumed during the years of the Brahmanical persecutions of Buddhism in India, or during the period of the Mahomedan invasions, is a circumstance which has in it somewhat of the nature of a miracle. But the Buddhist Religion does not recognise the "miraculous" in the sense in which this word is popularly understood. It teaches the universality of law, of the Law of Karma, and the working out of this Law in the realms of the physical, the mental, the moral and the spiritual. When conditions are such that certain events must happen, they do happen in accordance with this Law, which is not a "divine law" but a law inherent in the very nature and constitution of the world and of the universe. In accordance with the karmic law, these veritable relics of the Buddha have appeared in our times and at no other. In these events we may find an omen and a portent.

Under the Buddhist influence, as we know, the civilization of India rose to a level of true greatness, in every department of human life and activity, such as it had never before known; and certainly never was the prosperity of India greater than at this period. But, after the influence of the Buddha's personal presence had been removed for some centuries, the perversity of human nature asserted itself. Priestcraft, and its attendant superstitions, grew up, and a long period of obscurity of the Buddha-Dhamma accompanied the decline of that

great civilization which it had inspired. India has, indeed, paid a bitter price, over long centuries, for her faithlessness to the great Truths with which she had been entrusted by Him who was her Greatest Teacher. But the Light of the Dhamma, though obscured, was not extinguished. It was faithfully preserved in those countries, external to India, where it continues to exercise its beneficial influence even to this day.

During that period other developments were taking place elsewhere in the world. Those branches of the Aryan race which had penetrated westward, throughout Europe, evolved from an almost primitive state of barbarism, though not from actual savagery, until they are now in the van of the world's civilization. These branches



Photo by W. E. Bastian & Co.
ALUVIHARE ROCK TEMPLE.

This Vihara was built by King Valagambahu also known as Vattagamini Abbaya 88-76 B.C. Here the Tripitaka was first committed to writing in 85 B.C. by 500 Arahats Vide Vol. I. No. 1.

are represented by the Teutonic stock, comprising the British, Celtic, German, Dutch, Flemish, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish nationalities; the Romic, that is the French, Spanish, Italians and the Hellenes; and the Slavonic of which the Russians are the important example.

But another racial influence intervened. This was the Semitic, which had another origin and a wholly different line of development. The Semites included the Babylonians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, the Israelites, Am-

monites, Moabites, Edomites, Arameans, Arabians, Ethiopians, and some other smaller related tribes.

That the influence of Buddhist thought upon that of Ancient Greece was considerable, we know from the close association and intercourse which existed between Greece and the great Asokan and Kushan Empires of India. The book known as the *Milindapanha*, or the *Questions of King Milinda* (the Greek Menander), which recounts conversations between that King and the Buddhist sage Nagasena, has a special significance in this direction. What the influence of Buddhism may have been upon Early Christianity we cannot very definitely say, since there is no means of determining whether he who is called Jesus Christ was really a historical personage or not; or whether, as some suppose, no such personage ever existed; but that the Gospel narratives were merely allegorical descriptions of the initiation of the neophyte into the Ancient Mysteries, such as the Eleusinian, Orphic and Mithraic, which were in vogue at that time. The latter is the most probable assumption, since the rites and sacraments, such as baptism and the eucharist, the various kinds of ritual, the symbolism, and even the priestly vestments of the Christian churches, can be traced with exactness of detail to those origins. But Christianity, like that other derivative from Judaism, Mahomedanism, is Semitic, and not Aryan, and is therefore alien to those of us who, in the East and in the West alike, are Aryans.

The effect of these Semitic religions especially of Christianity, was to destroy the ancient learning, and to bring down Western Asia, and Eastern Europe, together with northern Egypt, rapidly from a state of civilization, decadent it is true, almost to utter barbarism, as illustrated, for example, in the burning of the Alexandrian Library. The murder in Alexandria of Hypatia, in the fourth Christian century, at the hands of the savage Christian mob and no less savage monks, stands out to this day as a striking example of the spirit and temper of Christianity in its earliest days, and is in strong contrast to that of Buddhism.

Thereafter followed the black night of ignorance, superstition and cruelty, from the fifth Christian century, which lasted for more than seven hundred years. During this period, all true knowledge, all enlightenment, all freedom of thought and of opinion, were bitterly and brutally persecuted by the Christian Church; again a contrast with Buddhism, over a similar period.

Gradually, however, the Western World threw off the trammels of priestcraft and of false dogmas, which can only be sustained by force and by persecution because they are false. As these pernicious influences declined, so did the Western World gradually achieve that measure of civilization which characterises it to-day.

For the first time in the history of the Western World are the conditions suited for the implanting, the springing up, and the fruition of those great Truths which that Greatest Genius of our Race, whom we call our Lord, the Buddha, proclaimed 2,500 years ago to the Aryans of India.

That religion which is based upon demonstrable falsities, which appeals not to reason, but demands blind faith in priestly inventions, is declining; and men are exercising their inalienable rights of freedom of thought and of critical enquiry. Agreeably to these conditions, we find that the Light of the Buddha-Dhamma is beginning to shine once again strongly before the eyes of a world which, we hope, is emerging at last into the Promised Land of such a Civilization as it has never known before.

Thus do we find, not only an active revival of Buddhism in the Buddhist countries, and its return to the land of its origin as exemplified by the activities of the Maha-Bodhi Society which has founded in India the first Buddhist vihara for 700 years; but that the Buddhist Religion is asserting itself in no uncertain manner throughout Europe, and in America. There is everywhere displayed not only an interest but an eagerness to know what Buddhism has to teach. This is shown by the great and increasing demand for literature on the subject. Unfortunately, as yet, but little of this of a popular kind exists, and it remains still to be written. It is being written, and journals appealing more to the general reader than to the abstruse scholar are springing up everywhere. Lectures on Buddhism invariably attract good audiences but here again there are comparatively few who, knowing the subject, are able to present it in such form as shall appeal to, and hold, the minds of the people. Thus, in England at any rate, as also in others of the Western countries, study circles and classes are being organised, not only for the study of the Pali language, but for the practical applications of the Buddhist teachings and principles to the affairs of the everyday lives of ordinary men and women. The ground is ready and waiting for the seed to be sown; this done, there is no doubt of an abundant harvest.

The past year has witnessed the formation of the International Buddhist Union as a means of bringing together to one centre, and of co-ordinating the efforts of all the progressive Buddhist organisations

throughout the whole world. Everywhere has the idea been welcomed, and some twenty Buddhist Societies in the East and in the West are now affiliated to the International Buddhist Union whose address for the time being is, 41, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

Steps are being taken to establish suitable Head Quarters in London for the International Buddhist Union, and it remains for the Buddhist World to ensure that these shall be worthy of the greatness and the dignity of the Buddhist Religion which is destined to become the World Religion of the future.

THE ENLIGHTENMENT.

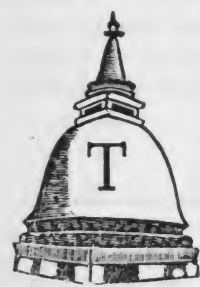
*Seated 'neath the Wisdom Tree,
After six long years of quest,
Intuition at last set free
Him, the Blessed and the Best.*

Siddhattha lonely sate and pondered deep
On each and every device he had tried
Thro' six long years,—and all that he could reap
Thus far, were visions that with waking died.
E'en Death had held his hand when, faint and weak,
The fasting prince, exhausted, drooped and swoon'd;
For Death comes not to those who Insight seek,
In final birth, till what they seek is found.
"Not by the extreme of ascetic life,
Nor by the other limit, worldly bliss,"
He mused, "is Freedom gained. To end this strife
The road of torture's vain, as woman's kiss.
Now these have failed, a Middle Path I test."
And straight the prince took food, and assuaged pain,
Till strength returned, and wearied mind had rest,
And all his god-like beauty glow'd again,
Then laved one day in Naranjara's wave,
By Buddha Gaya, he took the divine meal
That sweet Sujata, trusting, gladly gave,—
A golden gift of strength and mighty zeal.
And then with stately step and guarded mind
The stainless prince approached the Holy Tree,
Beneath whose shelter he decreed to find
Or Path to Freedom, or mortality.
A Vesak full-moon gazed with lambent light.
The earth seemed stilled with tense expectancy;
For now 'tis time perfections' pregnant might
Burst forth as Flower of all humanity.
And now began a mighty mental fight,
Whose fruit is taught in temples to our day,—
When intellect awakened to Insight,
A Perfect Buddha merging from that fray.
His crystal mind the Noble Truths discerned—
Of sorrow, and that Thirst, fell sorrow's stay,—
The Truth of Sorrow's Ceasing, passions burned,
By treading on the Noble Eightfold Way.
He traced the links that make this chain of life,
Whose bonds tie beings to grievous misery;
He cut those holds with keen Intuition's knife;
He saw the Laws that rule eternally.
All this, and more He saw, and seeing found
Once more for pain-filled lives the Healing Balm,
The final ending of this roving Round
Of Birth and death, in Nameless, Endless Calm.

*Piercing, unto utmost star,
Swept the six-hued Buddha-ray,
Presaging to gods afar
Dawning of a Buddha-day.*

DUKKHINDA.

MY PILGRIMAGE TO BUDDHISM.



THE editors of the "Buddhist Annual" have been kind enough to ask me to write for their publication a short account of my pilgrimage to Buddhism,—of course, my mental pilgrimage—and I gladly comply with their request, as it will show, I think, how Karma works; and it may also serve as a spur to others, particularly to some who are not yet Buddhists.

In my youth I was an outspoken and radical materialist; my parents being free-thinkers; and I consider it as good Karma that I was brought up without any belief in dogmas. Just at that time materialism was at its height in the West; the theory of evolution was just beginning to permeate the Western mind; and Christianity with its dogmas and its biblical account of the creation was put on the defensive. Persons who have not passed through that period can hardly imagine the enthusiasm this then new scientific doctrine stirred up. Here at last was a chance of getting rid of old worn-out beliefs which the thinking portion of humanity in the West had long ceased to believe, but which up to that time could not be scientifically refuted.

Of course I, with a large part of the younger generation, enthusiastically adopted and supported this new revelation; but we went to the other extreme and rejected all religion as superstition. For our excuse it may be said that we knew only Christianity and Judaism and a little of Mohāmedanism; all other religions were for us rank idolatry, as we had been taught at school. The old genuine Buddhism was then hardly known in the West: and Buddhism, of course, was also called "heathen idolatry."

It has been necessary to begin with this rather long introduction in order to make clear my mental environment at the time I first got a glimpse of true Buddhism, and the enormous change it produced in me. In 1886. (I was then 34 years of age) I was suffering from a very painful eye disease which lasted many months. During that time, of course, I could not read and had to lie quiet; and in order to relieve the dreadful monotony, my wife used to read to me anything she thought might interest me. One day she came from the book-seller's with a little book called "The Light of Asia" by Edwin Arnold. When I heard that it was a poem on the life of the Buddha I at first objected to having it read, as I thought it would not interest me. But we concluded to make a

trial and so she began to read. Language fails me to describe the effect this work produced on me, and especially at the end, where there is a short account of the Dhamma, a feeling of exquisite bliss pervaded me. In the twinkling of an eye I was certain that here at last I had found what I had been unconsciously looking for all my life. From a scoffer of all religions I had become a firm believer in the saving power of Buddhism. It seems to me impossible to account for such a sudden and complete change of heart and mind save on the hypothesis that in some former birth I must have been a Buddhist, or at least acquainted with Buddhism.

I then and there resolved to study Buddhism thoroughly as soon as the state of my eyes would permit me, and the next year, in 1887, I was able to make a beginning. The only books I could get at the time were: "Buddhism" by Rhys Davids, Buddha "by Oldenberg, and" a Buddhist Catechism "by Subhadrā Bhikkhu, the first in English, the other two in German. But they sufficed to give me a good idea of the old Pali Buddhism, and made my determination to persevere and continue the study, if possible, even stronger.

In 1891 the Mahabodhi Society was founded; I soon heard of it and became a member. That brought me in contact with the Anagarika Dharmapala through correspondence; and when he came to America in 1893 to attend the Religious Congress and the Chicago Exhibition as the delegate of the Ceylon Buddhists, I made his personal acquaintance in New York, where I then lived. This acquaintance soon turned into deep friendship which has not only lasted but increased to the present day. Of course, I also attended the Religious Congress, where representatives of all important religions expounded the claims and merits of their respective faiths. At the Anagarika's suggestion I resolved to make a public acknowledgement of my conversion to Buddhism. This was done at a public meeting by an introductory speech by the Anagarika and one by me, followed by the reciting of Pansil in Pali by him, which I repeated sentence by sentence, just as is done now in Ceylon, when a Bhikkhu gives Pansil and the lay-people present repeat it after him.

This act occasioned enormous excitement and surprise. Not only was it the only public conversion during the entire Religious Congress, but it was the first time that a European or American publicly pro-

claimed his conversion to Buddhism. The meeting was hardly closed, before a horde of reporters interviewed me on the reasons for my act. Already the next morning many of the principal newspapers in America, not only in Chicago, but also in New York and other cities, published long accounts of the affair, often also editorial articles, wherein I was not very gently dealt with. Soon after, some newspapers in England and other European countries did likewise, and the news spread even to Japan and India. For months I received clippings from papers in different languages from many different countries, often accompanied by letters. These latter were mostly condemnatory; but sometimes I was cheered by an appreciative letter from persons unknown to me. Even intimate friends blamed me, and some even doubted my sanity; but I never regretted the step I then took, for the Dhamma has ever since been a source of happiness to me and a consolation and help in many sad moments; and I am certain that it will be my solace and support in the hour of my death.

There is little to be added to the above. I had always of course, since I first became acquainted with Buddhism, wished to visit the Buddhist countries in Asia; but the wish for a long time seemed hopeless of fulfilment. But at last the hour came when it could be realized. From 1906 to 1908 I was able to make a trip from San Francisco via Hawaii to Japan, Ceylon, Burma, and the Continent of India. I was everywhere received with the greatest kindness; and with my own eyes I could see the beneficial effect the Dhamma had on the people professing it. I visited, of course, some of the sacred and hallowed spots, such as Buddha Gaya, Saranath, Anuradhapura, &c., and was everywhere profoundly moved. The holy spot, where the Buddha reached Enlightenment, Buddha Gaya, which I visited in company with my dear friend, the Anagarika Dharmapala, made a particularly deep impression on me; and I sincerely regret the apathy of the Buddhists in Asia, who allow this most sacred place on the whole earth to remain in the hands of one who defiles it; and who do not support the Anagarika Dharmapala in his efforts to rescue it for the benefit of Buddhists the whole world over.

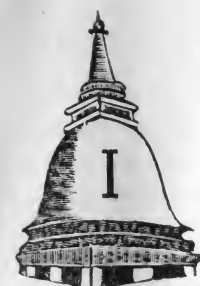
Here I will close this account of "My Pilgrimage to Buddhism," which pilgrimage will continue to the end of my present life and be continued, I hope and believe, in the next, under even more favourable circumstances.

C. T. STRAUSS.

Zurich, Switzerland,

"UNITARIAN" BUDDHISM OR
Buddism in America.

[BY DENZAL CARR.]



IT may seem strange at first thought to link "Unitarian" with Buddhism, which does not concern itself with deity in either Unitarian or Trinitarian fashion. But in the United States, "Unitarianism" has become synonymous with liberalism, rationality, and evolution in religion. Buddhism has been split into innumerable sects differing one from the other in points of doctrine. Let us call "Unitarian" Buddhism that common ground upon which all Buddhists can stand.

America needs Buddhism—that alone is sufficient reason to lead every one of my co-religionists to do what he can in order that the kernel of the Dhamma may be presented without too many later accretions. Sects must be; for as long as human minds are striving to learn the Truth, they separate into more or less homogeneous groups according to the conclusions which they draw from their thinking. No one system contains the whole truth. A story is told us by Anatole France, the greatest living French litterateur, in "Le Puits de Sainte Claire," which is designed to illustrate this.—A monk asked the spirit of Evil one day what he thought of Truth. The Devil answered, "Truth is white." The holy monk was greatly delighted because the Devil had said that Truth was white. But presently the Devil laughed, and continued; "I said that Truth is white; but I did not mean that Truth is pure and spotless. You think that white means pure, stainless, perfect. But now I am going to show you that it does not mean anything, of the kind." Whereupon the Devil made to appear before the eyes of the monk an immense disk, upon which thousands and thousands of images were painted in all possible colours. Each of these images represented a religion, or a philosophy; and each image carried a little flag, bearing an inscription. One inscription read, "There is but one God." Another read, "There are many millions of gods." Another inscription declared, "Man is immortal." And yet another declared, "Only the gods are immortal." All these thousands of inscriptions contradicted one another in the most extraordinary way. Then, while the monk was wondering at the spectacle, the spirit suddenly set the wheel turning—swiftly

and still more swiftly, until the sound of it became like a roar of thunder. Forthwith all the colours vanished, and the disk was white like the face of the moon; and the spirit said, laughing, "That is Truth—you see that it is white."

What has all this to do with the teaching of the Dhamma in Western lands? Buddhism enters the Occidental mind only as a result of its reasoning. If he were primarily in quest of a heart religion, he could find one much nearer home. Buddhism, then, must first of all be able to satisfy those who deal in ideas; as evidence that it does satisfy them, we see professors



ARADANAGALA, MIHINTALE.
Photo by John & Co.

and students of comparative religion becoming Buddhists every day. As they find time to study the Dhamma, they will teach and write. Then only can Buddhist ideas reach the other strata of European and American society. It must be remembered by our Eastern brothers (I am constrained from using the form brethren because of the many unpleasant reminiscences which it evokes,) that we are brought up on Christian legends, Christian parables and Christian hymns. The difficulties which attend the breaking away from the faith of one's fathers to become a "heathen" are not to be minimised. Religious prejudices are very strong in this section; all new ideas are acquired through a slow process of filtration.

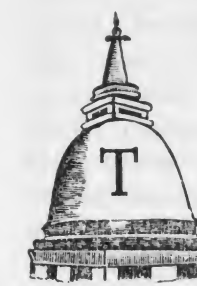
Religions spring up like mushrooms in this country. Mormonism, Christian Science, Spiritualism—to name only a few—have been carried to all Christian countries. When Buddhism gains a footing here, new sects are sure to be founded. Some of our American Buddhists lean toward Zān (Dhyāna) and other Mahāyāna sects, whilst many sincerely believe that the Mahāyānists have lost the spirit of the Tathāgata's teachings and that Hinayāna alone can help to a realisation of life's highest and noblest. In order to prevent the American Buddhists from standing apart when the circumstances require that we stand together, we are now organising an American association. Our object is to bring together those who are interested in the dissemination of Buddhist teachings in the two Americas. There are no fees. We should welcome books, pamphlets, and periodicals, however, to be placed in the University library here. The few that we have are being avidly read.

H. E. Adams, Esq., Box 1208, New Haven, Conn., U.S.A., and the writer would like to have the name and address of every Buddhist or person interested in Buddhism in America.

We wish to extend our heartiest Wesak greetings to our Brothers in all lands. May the year 2466 of the Buddhist Era witness the strengthening of the fraternal bonds which link us together despite diversity of nationality and language.

OKLAHOMA UNIVERSITY,
U.S.A.

15-8-1922.

Anicca-Dukkha-
Anatta.

THESE "Three Characteristics," *Anicca-Dukkha Anatta* (the Transiency, Sorrow, and Soullessness of ourselves and all that is about us) are inherent in us all, but it is only the Buddhist who uses this knowledge to the attainment of the ultimate goal of sentient beings, namely *Bodhi* (Enlightenment.) Nibbana.

The world unfortunately, is not governed by correct appreciation of principles but by emotions and passions. That all things are transitory and therefore painful is not appreciated by the average man and woman, wrapped up as they are

in the world of sense. To understand the truth of *Anicca-Dukkha-Anatta*, we must know the Buddha's explanation of life. The Buddha's ministry was that of imparting to the world the Truth absolute (*Paramatta Sacca*) His temperament was not emotional but scientific.

"I show you the world in this fathom-long physical body," said the Buddha. Character is the visible manifestation of Kamma in this body. He said that the world is on fire with the fires of Lust, Hatred, and Ignorance (*Loba Dosa Moha*.) Kamma is an energy that is fed by the craving for the delights of sense.

Kamma is self-perpetuating, self-supporting, like a flame. It is a process, determined by the contact of the six senses with the external, manifested as Consciousness. This consciousness gives rise to Desire, Craving, Clinging and Attachment to external things. Through attachment man arises.

This "I," the so-called soul, is the craving itself. There is not a person that remembers deeds, but the memories of the deeds themselves are the person.

On close analysis, the physical body is found to be only a combination of thirty-two impurities.

Lusting is such a fire, the Buddha said, that if there were such another in this body, the understanding of His Dhamma would be reduced to an impossibility. There are lesser fires; and the man or woman who tries to feed them, reduces himself or herself to the abject state of the child who tries to run to the horizon.

The comprehension of the true nature of the dear things we run after, which lure us from sensation to sensation, to understand them as *Anicca*, *Dukkha* and *Anatta*, alone will transmute Ignorance into Knowledge. For, when attachment is dissolved, Ignorance is dispelled. When gripped by the profound teaching of the Buddha, the greed, the tumult and turmoil of life cease. Buddhism helps sentient beings enmeshed in sorrow to uproot sorrow by correct comprehension, namely by the comprehension of the transiency, sorrow and soullessness of ourselves and of all that surrounds us.

Of life, the Buddhists learn its hard facts. To most men, wrapped as they are in this world of sense, such a course of study, though not utterly repugnant, is at least not over-pleasant.

Hence, Buddhism is represented by them as Pessimism as tending to make men lead a sorrowful and melancholy life, attending funerals and meditating on Death. This far from being a true picture, is a sorry caricature. For Buddhism is against all extremes. It takes no gloomy view of life, nor yet an extra bright one. Buddhism simply faces facts, actuality. Any argumentation regarding the negative aspect of Buddhism is valueless, for on close examination, it is found to be defective. A positive aspect of a course of action must necessarily involve a due appreciation of that which negatives it. To know what to do and to do it, we need to know what to avoid. To lead a good life, one must vigorously guard against falling into evil ways. This latter is the negative aspect.

Buddhists take the vows of abstention from killing, from speaking falsehood, from stealing, taking intoxicants, using harsh language and slandering and many



Photo by John & Co.

LANKATILAKE TEMPLE NEAR KANDY.

other evil deeds besides, which become the more numerous according as the devotee advances on the path of purification.

It is in the abstention from these that the positive aspect of the Dhamma has its beginning, and its end also. The positive aspect of the Dhamma is life-giving, life-urging and life-preserving. For nibbana is gained only by the vigorous practice of righteousness in deeds, words and views (*Kamma Vaca Cittena*.) For this purpose a Buddhist must be a *silavanta* (disciplined person.)

In a sutta of the Majjima Nikaya the Buddha has described the several attributes of a *silavanta*. He must naturally lead a virtuous life. He should, out of modesty and shame of consequences, shun all manner of vice and sin. He should be humble and lowly, and not given to arrogances. He must exercise control over the

senses, and not over-indulge in food, clothing, and so on. His life should be marked by renunciation and meditation. He should never be idle and lazy, and must even watch over his sleep. He should be pure in deeds, words and views, and reflect on their Kammic sequence. In a word: his should be plain living and high thinking.

The Buddha expected the devout to lead a life of celibacy. The sexes contribute to the passion for life, the propagation of the species. This is not only true of animal, but also of vegetable, life. Lusting is a great fire. But life, which is thus given birth to, is transitory and sorrowful. Hence celibacy plays a great part in Buddhism, which is engaged in breaking the chain of existence, of this Becoming, this ceaseless arising and passing away.

Love of beauty is one of the things that may, and often does, make men cling to life. The Negro ideal of physical beauty, the Mongolian, and the Aryan, are vastly different; but each in turn is deemed the perfection of the human form. "To the Buddhist, beauty is *anicca* (transitory.) This beautiful body is food for worms. All things we value eventually turn to ashes in our grasp. Samsara's beauty is a stumbling block on the noble Path to Nibbana."

But towards life itself, the Buddha inculcated, that the greatest kindness and sympathy should be shown. For life is dear to one and all, even to the meanest insect.

At the same time it must be remembered that all work, activity, trade and occupation, involve loss of life; for example, simple walking, drinking or boiling water. lighting lamps for the sake of light, tilling the ground and burning forests for cultivation. This loss of life, the death of sentient beings, naturally suggests to our minds birth and decay. Life is understood only in terms of Birth, Decay and Death. In fact, Transiency and Sorrow are synonymous with life. Therefore the Buddha proclaimed the ever-present fact of life, that *all is ill* as the First Noble Truth.

The *Anicca* and *Dukka* (Transiency and sorrow) of life is admitted on all hands, at the present day, by the thoughtful, be they of the East or the West.

The supply of food, be it vegetable or flesh, for human consumption, is the cause of much loss of life, with its attendant pain and suffering. The tiller who works in the field, kills thousands of worms and other insects. The butcher who kills a few

head of cattle may not be aware of the loss of life of worms and other minute insects which live on these very animals.

The savage struggle for existence results in the increase of sorrow. To the Buddhist, the life of a worm is as precious as that of any other sentient being. But the average man and woman is slow to appreciate the truth of this. Only the thoughtful will think in terms of *Samanatta* (equal selfness) brotherhood of all sentient beings, in that they are the combination of *Nāma* and *Rūpa* (mind and matter.) Hence, in their nature and importance, they are alike.

Now it must be clearly understood, that the one object of Buddhism is the lessening of the sorrow and misery of life, until its complete cessation is gained in Nibbana.

Were the Buddha now living, many of us would address Him in the words of Koliyan named Dighajānu:—

"Venerable Lord, as laymen we pass our days enjoying the five sense pleasures, and on account of the maintenance of our wives and children we do not find sufficient time to devote to the performance of meritorious deeds. We perfume our bodies with sandal wood..... We adorn our bodies with garlands of beautiful and fragrant flowers..... We anoint our bodies with sweet scented unguents. We possess gold and silver, and we enrich our bodies with ornaments made of gold and embossed with pearls and jewels." (*Vyaggapajja Sutta*.)

His reply briefly was to this effect: "If a layman without being lazy, observe punctuality in the performance of his various duties, be industrious in perseverance, be careful in the protection of wealth, own good friends, be frugal, have faith, adhere to the precepts, be liberal and be prudent, then sinful thoughts will not arise in him. These conduce to the welfare of laymen in this birth and in the future."

The words of the Blessed the One, as conveyed to Subhūti by Anuruddha, are appropriate here:—

"Not grain, nor wealth, nor store of gold;
Not wife, nor daughters, neither sons,
Nor anyone that eats his bread
Can follow him who leaves this life,
For all things must be left behind.
"But every deed a man performs
With body, or with voice, or mind,
Tis this that he can call his own,
This with him take as he goes hence.
This is what follows after him,
And like a shadow ne'er departs.
"Let all, then, noble deeds perform.
A treasure—store for future weal;
For merit gained this life within,
Will yield a blessing in the next."

It is futile to seek to purify ourselves by outward forms. A vegetarian does not by that fact, become a holy man. The man who repeatedly and regularly bathes

in the Ganges does not so wash off his sins. The man who eats beef does not become a *Rodiya* or outcaste: his character alone makes him that. A man's professions, or a particular arrangement of his clothes, will be of little avail toward the solution of the Riddle of life.

The more of *Anicca-Dukkha-Anatta* he has realised, the more of correct perception he possesses, and the less of *Avijja* (Ignorance). All life is a painful flux. *Anicca vata Sankhara*. Consciousness is a flux. Transiency is in itself sorrow. Everything is a becoming and a passing away. It is the common experience of man-kind that all clinging to pleasure is insatiable.

The innate belief in a soul or a permanent ego-entity, and the belief in an all-powerful God who is also his Creator and Saviour, are illusory beliefs held by worldlings wrapt in this world of sense. By a process born of fear, desire and doubt, they are content to live ever hopeful. They labour under the illusion of self, *atta*. They love themselves so.

To give up this figment of the brain requires the greatest effort of which man is capable. Selfhood is the cause of moral badness, Lust, Hatred and Ignorance.

'Pañña or Wisdom, according to a Buddhist, is the due realisation of these all-pervading facts, Transiency, sorrow and the soullessness of ourselves and all that is about us. The ultimate Truth is understood only thus. Therefore a Buddhist *Bhāvanā* (meditation) is on a higher level than that of a yogi who is merely bent on gaining trances, by the cultivation of a soul-force delusion, which the Buddhist knows is a hindrance to ultimate salvation and therefore not to be sought after but rather to be suppressed.

The Buddha is the sole guide of fitful sentient beings groping in *avijjā* (Ignorance) towards the Permanence,—*Nibbana*. The ignorance from which all suffer here, is simply ignorance of the Three Characteristics:—

*Sabbe sankhara anicca
Sabba sankhara dukkha
Sabba dhamma anatta.*

R. JAS. PERERA,
Maitriya Hall, Lauries Road,
Bambalapitiya.

27-2-22

THE CONVERT. Prize Story.



It was the full-moon day of the month of May. Wesak—that was a day to conjure with! Anuradhapura, the once glorious capital of our fair Isle was decked in all its glory. Buddhists from far and near had come in thousands on their annual pilgrimage, and every one of the eight sacred shrines was crowded with a pious



Photo by John & Co.

MAKARATORANA
THE ENTRANCE TO SIRI MAHA BODHI, ANURADHAPURA.

and admiring throng of devotees. Critics say that the Buddhists are a pessimistic lot, that theirs is a religion that asks one to keep ever in mind that to-day we live and to-morrow we die, and yet one looking at this crowd in holiday garb would have well understood that there never could be a more optimistic people than the Buddhists. The pilgrims belonged to all classes of the community. There were the people from the villages—parties of them, who had some of them done the journey on foot, and others of them who had made use of that old-world conveyance, the jolting double-bullock cart, and who were now camping here and camping there. There were the thousands, who had come by train, who heedless of comfort and convenience, were enjoying the benefit of the Pilgrims' Rests provided by a few generous men. Next

there were a few hundreds who had come in their own motor cars, and were either staying at the Hotel or sharing the hospitality of their friends, all burning with religious zeal and enthusiasm.

Among these last was Chandra, who with her parents had come from Kandy on her first visit to the sacred city. She had ever been a religious, studious girl and had taken particular pleasure in gathering what information she could of the history of her religion and of her people. She had read the various books on the History of Lanka, and in her imagination had pictured to herself the beauties and wonders of ancient Lanka—particularly of Anuradhapura, the queen of Lanka's cities. She had many a time dreamt of herself as seated on the bund of the beautiful Tissa-wewa, contemplating on the glorious days of Mahinda and Gemunu, and now her dream was about to be realised. Here she was among her beloved and much-admired ruins, examining them with all a zealous devotee's enthusiasm.

She had at early dawn repaired to the Sri Maha Bodhi Temple, and there in the cool shade of the sacred Bo-tree sat in deep meditation; and in spite of the forcing and pushing of the crowds, in spite of the noise they made, her thoughts fled to the dim past, to the age of Devanampiya Tissa and to the festival of the planting of the Bo-Tree, there in the heart of the Mahamegha Garden, in the presence of Arahata Mahinda, his sister Sanghamitta and the thousands of their grateful converts.

From the Maha Bodhi, through a never ending stream of Upasakas and Upasikas, Chandra made her way to the Ruwanwelisaya. To her, who had seen no bigger Dagobas than those that stood on the Nata Dewala premises in her own native town of Kandy, oh, how tremendously big this looked! It was one big mountain of brick and mortar, and she could scarcely believe that such stupendous buildings could have been wrought by human hand—and no wonder! for had not the Incumbent monk Naranwita Thero just mentioned to her father that the restoration, which was going on and was but half complete, had taken close upon forty years? And yet in Gemunu's day the whole of it had been completed in less than a dozen years! And thus from shrine to shrine Chandra wandered, with her admiration for the greatness of the past increasing every moment, and as the afternoon was drawing to a close, she slowly wended her way to the Isurumuni Vihara, the oldest rock temple in the Island. Situated by the side of the beautiful Tissa-wewa, with a no less beautiful lotus pond in front, Isurumuniya looks its best towards sunset. And as Chandra entered its precincts her joy was so great that she could scarcely contain herself. There were hundreds of pilgrims

MEMORIES.

As evening shadows fall o'er earth and sea to-day,
There rise, out of the depths of mind, ancient memories.
The busy city and its murmurs fade away;
The cloud, the sunshine, and the air that moves the trees,
And all earth's myraid creatures in their sheaths of clay,
Transmuted are to what seems unreality.
No longer am I conscious of the world of men;
While in a fleeting vision, I can ne'er explain,
I see beyond the ken of all mortality,
And know that I, in ages past, before have been,
And ever struggled, as I struggle now, to gain
That Unknown Realm, wherein the veil shall cease to be
Which hides from me the light of my divinity.

Yea, long ago, I was a wanderer on earth,
Wandering, as now I wander, over land and sea,
In loneliness, through sorrow and through joy, from birth
To birth, bound on the Wheel that turns unceasingly;
And yet the Goal I sought for then I seek for still.
Life, like a rainbow glowing through eternity,
E'er lures me on with whisperings, that they who will
Believe, and journey to its end unflinching,
Shall find the treasure of which alchemists have dreamed,
When through their vision, as through mine, the lure hath gleamed.
And whene'er Doubt, the guardian of the treasure there,
Aims true, and his poisoned arrows takes, in toll,
E'en life, Faith brings re-birth, and bids me onward fare,
E'er as before, with Hope as guide, unto the Goal.

In Atlantis, in the Golden Age, I saw the light
Of day; in Egypt's temples I have trod before.
In Greece, with sacred torch, throughout the festive night,
I've sought the lost Persephone; the wand I bore
Along the Eleusinian Bay. Amid the throng
Of Druid priest and worshippers, in Brittany,
In Carnac's Avenues of Stone, I've watched to see
The first ray flash from out the eastern horizon
On Easter morn; and heard the music and the song,
When rose the spring-tide sun above the Morbihan.

On earth once more I dream. Each day I see the dawn
And then the eventide, as I beheld them when
The world was young. The moonlight, as of old, upon
The ocean wave I see; uprising in the sky
The clouds, and in the fields the dancing flowers. Again
I hear the song of birds, and insects flying by,
And, through the wood, the springtime breezes, e'en as then.

E'er turns the Wheel; e'er for Earth's Children comes no morn,
And e'er they sleep, charmed by Illusion's magic spell:
On inspiration's wings up to the gods I'm borne,
Then fall, with broken wings, down to the depths of hell.
Long have I searched for beauty that can never fade,
And death-freed love. Comrades I've met upon the way
And offered unto them my heart in love, and they
Have know me not. Upon me Fate's decree is laid,
That wandering through the world I evermore must go,
Till comes the hour when all my comrades, greeting me,
Return my love, and, in Enlightenment, shall know,
With me, the final birth, and be forever free.

W. Y. EVANS-WENTZ,

22nd February, 1916.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

about, some performing their ablutions at the lotus pond, some engaged in worship at the shrine-room, some sitting in meditation at the Bo-tree, and others plodding their way up to the small Dagoba at the top of the rock. She took in everything at a glance; but who was that there in the distance, standing by the side of the Dagoba and coolly snap-shotting a number of pilgrims giving their *Dana* of *Poree* to the small fish in the pond? It was a familiar face and, yet it seemed so many years ago since she saw it last—but, no, she could not forget it; for was he not her one-time play mate, her own cousin Tissa? Seven years had elapsed since as a girl of twelve she had seen him, and he had grown to be a tall, handsome man of three and twenty. He had left for England in his eighteenth year, and had returned to the Island only three months ago and settled down in practice in Colombo as a full-fledged Barrister. Luck had been with him always; and from the beginning he was building up a steady practice to the envy of the dozens of those briefless Barristers, smoking away the best and happiest time of their lives in the luxurious halls of the Law Library. He was a Christian by birth, but in England, in the heart of Christian London, he had come across many liberal spirits, with whom he had discussed questions about the "now" and the "hereafter," and as a result had almost become a sceptic. Wesak day had in the past been only a day of innocent fun and frolic to him; but this time he had thought of putting it to better use than that, and therefore laying aside wig and gown, and armed, only with his camera he had started off for Anuradhapura.

He was the last person in the world Chandra would have expected to see there; and her surprise and delight were equally great. Her worship over, she ran up to him and greeted him with the words;

"You, here, Tissa, why I did not know you were one of our fold!"

"And you here, Chandra; this is a pleasant surprise. Ah, what a beautiful girl you have grown to be; and how charming you look in that *Osariya*! I could scarcely make you out. One of your fold? No, I am not, replied Tissa. "I once cared very little for the history of ancient Lanka, but my views have changed a bit. When in England, many an Englishman asked me about Anuradhapura, and you can well imagine how I hated to have to tell them that I had never been there! I am now taking the first opportunity of making amends for the past. So here I am." This was welcome news to Chandra and in her delight she said:

"Oh, how glad I am to hear that you are turning over a new leaf! Let's take a walk on to the bund of the tank. We can get a seat there; and you can tell me what you think about Anuradhapura."

"Chandra, You are trying to punish me for the hasty things I said when I was only a boy in my teens," replied he. "When you used to speak to me then about the glories of ancient Lanka, I laughed at you. How rude I was, and how unreasonable! But, Chandra, travel changes one's outlook on life and things. Since I parted from you last, I have travelled both in the East and in the West, I have seen the principal towns in India. I have visited the ancient cities of Italy. I have admired the palatial buildings and the noble thoroughfares of Paris; and wandered through the numerous streets of mighty London. And I tell you, Chandra, in not one of those places did I come across anything so great, so wonderful, so magnificent as the ruins of

the past civilisation of our own Anuradhapura. In its first days of greatness I can scarcely imagine how glorious, how noble this queen of cities must have been! But I don't need to talk about that to you, you who know so much of the past history of our country. I am glad I have met you, for quite another reason. You know I left for England, a Christian. I am no longer so. I am what people call a sceptic—or better, a rationalist—or still better a free-thinker. Most of my professors at the University, all eminent men, were themselves free-thinkers; and no wonder that many of us who go to England and get the opportunity to come into touch with these eminent men, also lose our faith in Christianity. And the great war, besides, has made us ponder—ponder over some of the things that up to a few years ago

we used to swallow down blindly. Yes, Chandra, that ghastly war has led many a thoughtful man to question himself whether he can conscientiously adhere to the old beliefs. Some of my friends took me to certain lectures at the rooms of the Buddhist Society in London. There I heard Ananda Metteyya, Mrs Rhys Davids and our Mr. D. B. Jayatilaka speak; and I have of late begun to read some of the literature on your religion. But Chandra, I want to know some things for myself. Tell me shortly if you can how Buddhism differs from other religions. Is worship—worship of images, like those there, of Gautama—essential? And does not mere

belief in the teachings play an important part in your system? I remember how, even as a little girl, you used to argue with me. And now that you are quite grown up, I'm sure you must be able to give me quite a sermon on these questions."

"No, not quite a sermon" said Chandra, blushing, "but I shall do my little best. I am glad you had the occasion to hear the eminent lecturers at the London Buddhist Society: and if only you had asked one of them, your questions would have been well answered. But never mind. As we were about to start on our pilgrimage I came across this book accidentally. It is "The Essence of Buddhism," by Professor Narasim. He is a



BUDDHA PRATIMA, GAL VIHARE.
POLONNARUWA.

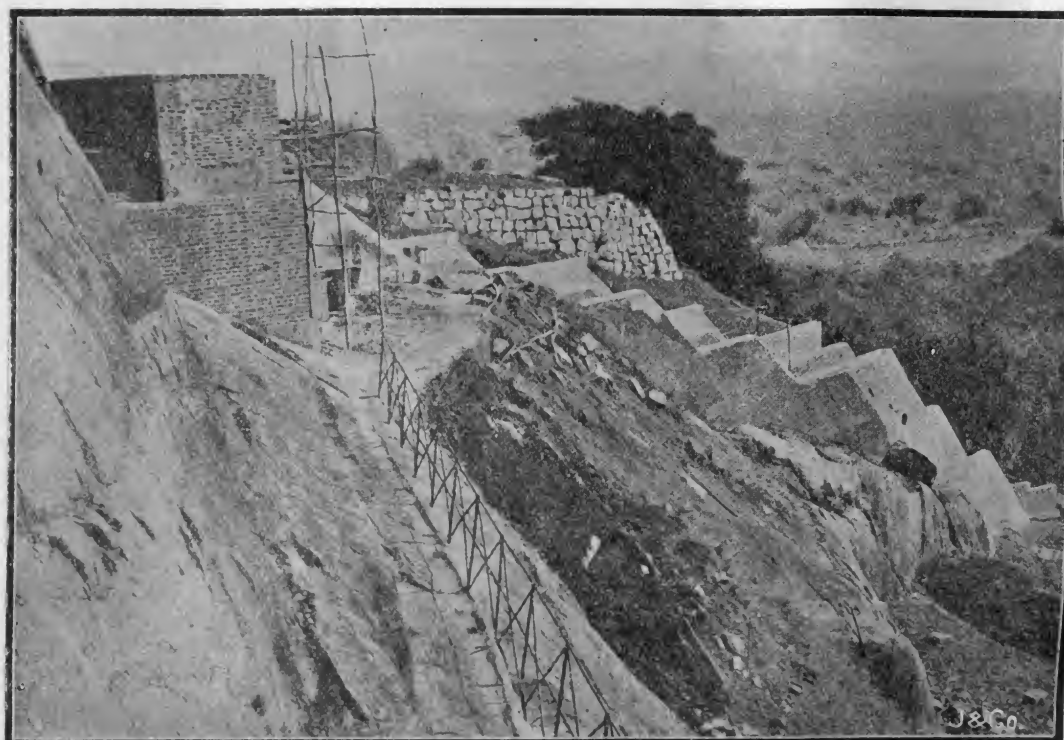
Buddhist writer of no little ability, and discusses very clearly some of the very questions you have raised. See what he says of the first:—"The main teachings of the Dharma have been summarised by the Blessed One in four propositions, which are generally known as the four great Truths or affirmations. They contain in a nut-shell the philosophy and the morality of Buddhism.

They are (1) *Dukkha*, i.e. misery—pain and suffering—which is associated with every stage, of all stages and conditions of conscious life;

- (2) *Dukkha Samudaya*, i.e. cause of misery—*Thrusna*—a grasping desire to live for selfish enjoyment:
- (3) *Dukkha Nirodha*, i.e. emancipation from misery, possible only by the abandoning of selfish desires; and
- (4) *Arya ashtanga Marga*, i.e. the Noble Eight-fold Path—the means by which man can get rid of all selfish cravings, and obtain perfect freedom from suffering.

Now, Tissa, what other religion teaches this? Then, take your second question. You seem to think that Buddha is God under a different name, that therefore we honour Him and offer Him obeisance. Here is what Dr. Narasu says: When Buddhists look upon an image of the Buddha, they put aside thoughts of strife, and think only of peace. If the life of the Blessed One gives to the simple and weak more than philosophy gives to the wise why should they not revere His image? The image of the Buddha combines in its appearance wisdom, benevolence and victory—the wisdom of a philosopher, the benevolence of a redeemer, and the triumph of a hero. All perfections are collected in the holy image—perfect power, perfect virtue, infinite compassion, infinite boldness, infinite knowledge. It is not the image or relic that is adored but the *Dharmakaya* which for human frailty is represented by the image or the relic. But in the reverence paid to the images or the relics of the Blessed One there is no implication of grace, of Providence, of recompense effected by God, or of succour furnished by saviour. On the other hand such a notion is categorically discarded by the Buddhists. It is a foolish idea to suppose that another can cause us happiness or misery. "Now, Tissa let me pass on to your third question. Listen to what the same author says about that:—"Standing on the firm rock of facts, Buddhism, unlike the so called revealed religions, has ever contested the prerogative of reason to be the ultimate criterion of truth." And see what the Blessed One himself says:—"Do not believe in traditions merely because they have been handed down for many generations and in many places; do not believe in anything because it is rumoured and spoken of by many; do not believe because the written statement of some old sage is produced; do not believe in what you have

fancied, thinking that because it is extraordinary, it must have been implanted by a Deva or a wonderful being. After observation and analysis, when it agrees with reason and is conducive to the good and benefit of one and all, then accept it and live up to it. "There, that puts everything in a nut-shell. Buddhism is the religion of reason: and the peoples of the West need it to-day more than anybody else. The great war—what was it due to? If you will only try to get at the very root of things, you will see that desire, lust for gain, insatiate ambition, or in one word—*tanha* was the ultimate, and also the immediate cause, of it. But it is late now, and I must be going. Take this book and read it at leisure. I do hope I have been able to be of some use to you."



SOUTHERN STAIRCASE, SIGIRIYA.

"Oh, yes, ever so much, Chandra, and I thank you. I leave for Colombo to-night, but I shall be in Kandy in August. Will you then take me round to some of the ancient temples in the neighbourhood of your own town?" Chandra smiled assent.

The sun was gradually sinking to his rest, a gentle breeze was blowing across the cool waters of the beautiful tank, a few water-fowl were yet flying about in search of a stray fish, and the pilgrims had almost all departed after their evening worship, when Chandra and Tissa came slowly down to the temple-precincts to find the High Priest just ending a discourse to Chandra's parents.

The month of August had come. The Perahera was in full swing. Kandy streets were crowded and wore a holiday garb.

The visitors were many and varied. Tissa was to be the guest of Chandra's parents and was expected on Wednesday the 5th and Chandra had a full programme ready for him. There were the Degaldoruwa and Gangarama, the Lankatilake and other viharas to be visited, and there was the Perahera Picnic at the Peradeniya Gardens.

The much looked for Wednesday dawned at last. Chandra rose with the early bird, for her heart was gay and full of glad expectation. She flitted here and there, putting the finishing touches to the preparations made to receive their guest, her one-time playmate-cousin Tissa. Though she was busy as a bee, yet she felt that the time was flying on leaden wings. Many an impatient glance was cast at the clock. It was 6-15! Yet no Tissa!

Pom! pom! pom! bur, bur, r, r, r, buzz, buzzé, buzz, z, z, z.—"There it is at last!" Chandra exclaimed. She ran to the window and she saw Tissa just alighting from the motor.

After receiving a hearty welcome from Chandra and her parents, Tissa retired to his room, to remove all traces of his journey. He was still there, unpacking his portmanteau and putting things in order, when he heard the dinner gong. Leaving the room in a state of chaos he made a hurried exit and found Chandra waiting to escort him to dinner. After dinner she laid before him the programme she had laid out for him. He approved of every item in it, and was very grateful to her for taking so much trouble to make his holiday pleasant, and at the same time useful.

The next morning, they visited the ancient temples—Degaldoruwa and Gangarama situated near Lewella; and in the afternoon the Lankatillake, Gadaladeniya and Galangolla viharas near Peradeniya. Tissa was much impressed with the superb, well-preserved paintings and carvings on stone at the Lankatillake and Gadaladeniya viharas, for these, unlike the works of the modern temple artists, were real masterpieces.

In the evening, when they were all discussing their visits to the various viharas, Tissa suddenly asked, to what purpose the wealth of these temples was put. Chandra answered with a sigh: "The good Kings of old have richly endowed these temples; but unfortunately this enormous wealth is not being made use of in the interests of the religion, or of the country, but goes now to support the families of scheming trustees and the relatives of priests who have donned the robe for the sake of a living. Oh, Tissa, what a world of good might be done on behalf of our religion, our country and education of our poor, if this wealth were only used honestly!" Tissa saw the sense of this and found himself longing also for the day when this corrupt state of affairs would be wiped out.

Excitement here, excitement there excitement everywhere! People in holiday garb were wending their way to the Kandy Station to take part in the gay doings at the Perahera picnic at Peradeniya. Among the picnic party were Tissa, Chandra and her parents. With merry jests and harmless teasings they arrived at the gardens. They were all bent on making the picnic a real success, and extracting all the fun they could out of it.

Chandra looked very happy. Mirth and sunshine beamed forth from her starry eyes. She was dressed in a flowing silk *saree* and was looking her best. She was the life of the party, the belle of the day, the cynosure of all eyes; and yet she hardly knew it, for she was ever the gentle, reserved, noble girl.

After breakfast came the two hours, rest. Friends in different parties roamed about the gardens. Chandra and Tissa made their way to the Museum. After examining the wonders and beauties of nature preserved there, they slowly strolled side by side by side, along the path by the bank of the Mahaweliganga stooping ever and anon to look into a flower, or to admire a beautiful butterfly, but scarcely speaking at all, until they reached the seat under the cool shade of the bamboo bushes. Then Tissa started in feverish haste.

"Chandra, you knew my interest in your Faith. I am glad to say that I am now a convert to your religion. That's a clumsy way of putting it, I know. I'm not good at talking about these things. All I want to say is: I now firmly

believe in the Buddha and His Way. No doubt, this is welcome news to you. But though religion is of the greatest importance, and though it demands unswerving allegiance and devotion, yet there is something near my heart just now which affects my own self even more clearly." Here he broke off and began again; "This is a rare opportunity for a quiet talk with you, and I must not miss it."

"Yes," said Chandra, trying to help on.

"Oh, but you may think it intolerable presumption on my part. And yet I cannot help it. Chandra, dearest Chandra, I love you, I love you with all my heart." He took her hands in his and pressed them tenderly, and looked longingly into her face. He found his answer in Chandra's beaming face which was like an open book, and perceiving her difficulty in finding words, he went on without waiting for her reply.

"Ever since we first knew each other I have loved you and admired you. And as years went by, my love for you has grown deeper and stronger, and from boyish affection it has bloomed forth into the love that a man bears for the one woman who is to be his wife. I feel convinced that you are the mate of my heart, that you are the wife meant for me. We are made for each other. Will you be my wife, my sweet Chandra!"

Chandra who had been listening all the time as if she was in a happy dream, and who thought that it was too beautiful to be true, spoke at last, in a gentle whisper. "I will be your wife. And I must also confess that I had never lost my old affection for you."

And then long before they thought it was time, they were rudely awakened from their happy *paradise* by the sound of a far-off whistle. They knew this was the signal for all to assemble on the lawn to take part in the games. They slowly rose and bent their footsteps towards the pavilion, and they joined in the games whole-heartedly.

That same evening, Tissa spoke to Chandra's parents, and to his great joy they gave their consent to the engagement. This Saturday was a memorable one, a never-to-be-forgotten day in their lives. It was of two-fold greatness to them. Tissa won Chandra and he also was gathered into the fold of the noblest of all religions.

Late in the evening Chandra, her parents and Tissa went to the Dalada Maligawa, where Tissa formally signified his adherence to Buddhism, and there, together, he and Chandra, sought refuge in the Buddha, the Dhamma, and the Sangha.

CLARA D. W.
Siri Sumangala College,
Panadura, Wesak, 1922.

BUDDHIST MISSIONARY HYMN.

(With Apologies to Bishop Heber.)

From Norway's icy mountains,
From Spain's enchanted land,
From where Italian fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From Mississippi river,
From Volga, Thames and Seine,
They call us to deliver
Their mind from Error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Cuba's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The flowers of love are strewn:
The Christian in his blindness
Bows down to Minister stone.

Alas! he knows no greater
Than Him who rides the storm.
The cruel, crass Creator
Of every hideous form—
Of centipede and spider,
Hyena, python, shark.
The murderous bestrider
Of earthquakes in the dark.

Can we whose eyes are lighted
By Buddha's wisdom high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, Oh! salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim.
Till each remotest nation
Have heard the Aryan's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spread from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
Its wrong by Buddha slain,
More glorious and greater,
The loved Metteyya reign;

Till He, the great Physician,
Shall walk the waves above.
And fear and superstition
Shall abdicate for love,
Till every wrong be righted
And every need sufficed.
And men with heart united
Shall keep the Buddha-tryst.

ALBERT J. EDMUNDS,
Philadelphia.

HENRY CLARKE WARREN

(1854—1899)

OF CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

A Brief Memorial

[By C. R. LANMAN]



HE issue of the thirtieth volume of the Harvard Oriental Series is a fitting occasion for a short account of the life and character of Henry Warren, one of the two joint-founders of the Series; and the pages which follow the end of this volume proper are a fit place in which to print the account by way of permanent record.

Henry Warren is worthy to be remembered, other reasons apart, for two things. He was the first American scholar (even now, after thirty years, unsurpassed) to attain distinction for his mastery of the sacred scriptures of Buddhism, a distinction now become world-wide. And again, with ample wealth he combined the learning and insight and faith to forecast the potential usefulness of such an undertaking as this Series, and did in fact give to Harvard University the funds for its publication. What these two things signify,—this may be told in the sequel.

Henry Clarke Warren was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 18, 1854, and died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Tuesday, January 3, 1899. His family was of English stock that came to New England between 1630 and 1640. His father was Samuel Dennis Warren (1817—1888), and his mother's maiden name was Susan Cornelia Clarke. In his early childhood, a fall from a chaise produced an injury of utmost gravity. It resulted in a spinal ailment and in lifelong physical disability and suffering. This was all the more a loss to the world, because his intellectual endowments were of a very high order, and governed by a moral character which—by due inheritance from his father and mother—was uncommonly elevated and unselfish and strong. Shut out by his crippled body from many of the joys of boyhood and young manhood, he bravely set himself to make the most of what remained to him.

Henry Warren received careful private instruction and the advantages of travel (journeys to Europe and Egypt); and his native broadness of mind soon showed itself in a catholicity of interest very unusual for one of his years. In Harvard College he won the affectionate regard of his teacher, Professor George Herbert Palmer, by his keen interest in the history of philosophy. He became an intelligent student of Plato and Kant, and the natural trend of his mind towards speculative ques-

At Baltimore he worked with enthusiasm in the chemical laboratory. And through all his later years, an aquarium was a thing which he maintained with intelligent and persistent interest. But for the most part he was forced, reluctantly, we may guess, to see with the eyes of others; and accordingly his reading in the natural sciences—in those just [mentioned, in physiology and kindred subjects] auxiliary to medicine, and in geography—was wide, and was for him a well-chosen foil to the severer Oriental studies which became his unprofessed profession. As a further resource for diversion in hours of weariness or solitude, he took to books of travel and of fiction; and by way of zest, acceptable to so active a mind, he read them, one in German, another in Dutch, and another in French or Spanish or Russian.

The field of science, however in which he made a name for himself is Oriental philosophy, and in particular, Buddhism, conceived, not as a simple body of ethical teaching, but as an elaborate system of doctrine. He had begun the study of Sanskrit, as an undergraduate at Harvard, with Professor Greenough; and, after taking his bachelor's degree in 1879, had continued the study at the newly established John Hopkins University in Baltimore, first under Professor Lanman, and then, after Lanman had been called (in 1880) to Harvard, with Lanman's pupil and successor, Professor Bloomfield. In 1884 Warren returned to the home of his father in Boston. In May, 1884, he went to England for a stay of a few weeks, partly to visit his brother Edward at Oxford, and partly to meet the Pāli scholar whose influence on the course of his future studies proved to be so large, Professor Rhys Davids. On the death of his father in 1888, he made trial of the climate of Southern California, but soon came home. In September, 1891, he established his residence at Cambridge, in a beautiful place on Quincy Street opposite Harvard College Yard and near the Library in what had been the dwelling of Professor Beck; and there he lived for the rest of his days.

Warren was elected a member of the American Oriental Society in 1882; and ten years later he was chosen Treasurer, relieving Lanman, who was then serving as Corresponding Secretary and as Treasurer. This office he held till his death, doing its

duties with scrupulous care until the end. Thus, either as productive worker or as a Director or as both, he was for almost two decades an interested and active member, one of the kind that really promote the fundamental objects of such an organization. He was glad to be made a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. His name is on the first list of members of the Pāli Text Society of London, among the "Subscribers for six years;" and later it appears (for such was the usage of the *Report*) among those of the "Donors" as one of the most generous givers. Even this slight publicity was doubtless unwelcome; for constant as were his gifts to causes that proved themselves worthy, he was more than unostentatious. For the most valuable single object in the Harvard Semitic Museum, a perfectly preserved Assyrian tablet, half of the purchase-money came as a wholly unsolicited gift from Warren.

As a citizen, whether of the municipality or of the Commonwealth, he was ever ready to do his share in works of enlightened organized charity, or to help, for example, in the preservation of our forests or in the reform of the civil service. His public-spirited action was as modest as it was zealous. The maxim of the misprized Epicurus he had taken to heart, "Well hid is well lived," *Lathé Biosas*.

Warren's bodily afflictions tended to make him of shy and retiring habit. But the few who knew him well, knew him as a man of strength and tenderness. His ever-present troubles he never obtruded on others, but—by resolute will, I think—he studiously made light of them. In this he was helped by his native sense of humor. While working in the chemical laboratory at Baltimore, he burned his left hand severely with nitric acid, but he made fun of the unsightly scar, conspicuous on the back of his hand, calling it "nitrate-of-Warren." This sense of humor never forsook him, even to the end. Shortly before his death, a friend sent him home brandied peaches. "I can't eat your peaches," said he, "but I appreciate the *spirit* in which they are sent." He had been accustomed, while at work, to stand up at a high desk, with two crutches under his arms to take the weight off his spinal column. Towards the end, even this was too hard, and he worked resting the weight of his trunk on his elbows while kneeling at a chair, so that the knees of his trousers showed hard usage. Perhaps in retort to some mild chafing from me,—he made answer, "Ah, but when Saint Peter sees those knees, he'll say, Pass right in, sir, pass right in."

During his last years, finding scant comfort in a bed, he had constructed in his house a little room like a box, closed in front with a flexible wooden curtain (like that of a "roll-top desk"), properly ventilated, and with the heat regulated by a

thermostat. And on the floor of this he slept. In general it may be said that, although, for instance, in matters of food and drink, ample luxury was at his command, he lived a life of simplicity and self-control. In the increasingly difficult matter of securing adequate physical exercise, he showed strength of will. His regimen is the more notable, because—as I think—it was dictated by the all-informing motive of struggling to make the most of his life for public service as a scholar. What that struggle meant, is well brought out by President Eliot. Five or six days before Mr. Warren died, he asked Mr. Eliot to come over to his house. In writing of that visit, Mr. Eliot says: "I was much impressed by his calmness, patience, and perseverance in intellectual labor under the most trying conditions. There was an heroic serenity about him, and an indomitable resolution very striking to me, who have worked hard, but only under the most favourable conditions of health and strength."

During the last weeks of suffering, Mr. Warren preferred not to have a trained nurse at hand, although there were in the house those upon whom he could call in case of need. I think he must have seen that death was imminent; but, realizing that nothing which his nearest of kindred and friends could do would avail, he chose to face the end with dignity, serene, untroubled, and without troubling others. Thus in his last hours no one was by, and so it chanced that an inmate of the house, going to one of his rooms at a little after midnight of the night of Monday—Tuesday, January 2-3, 1899, found him in a sitting posture in a corner of the room. Apparently, in trying to walk to or from the room, his weary body sank beneath him. And almost to the very end, he had toiled to make clear to the Occident the treatise of the illustrious Buddhaghosa, *The Way of Salvation*. In Pauline phrase, he had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith.

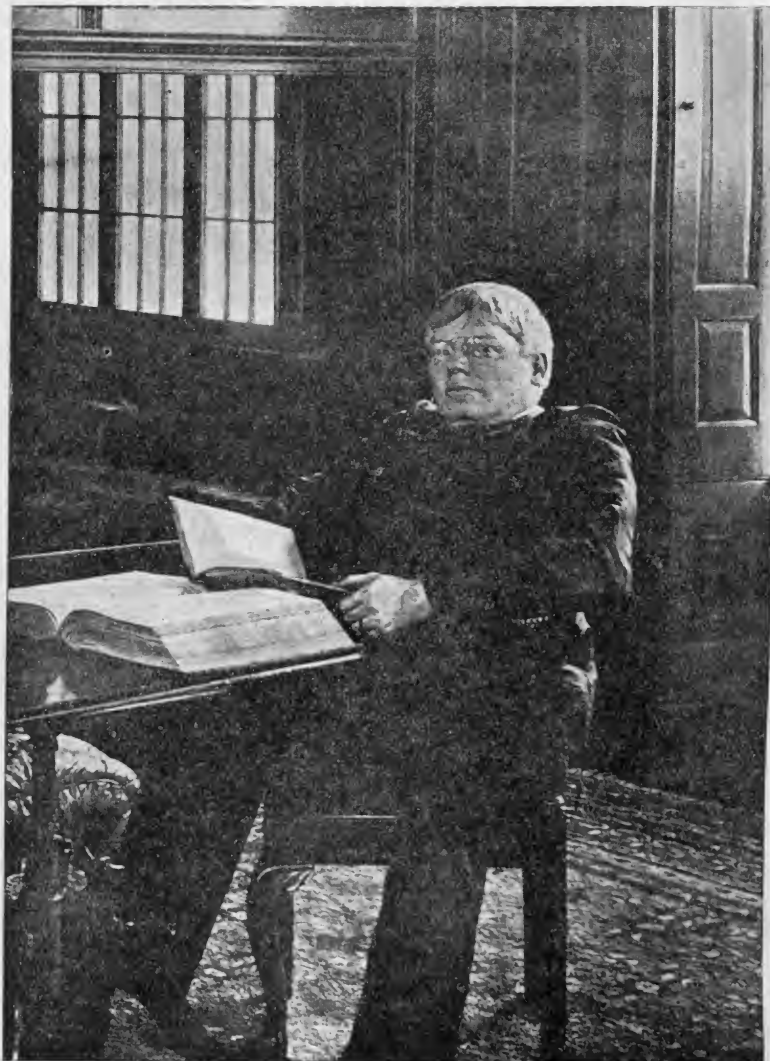
His visit to London in 1884,—in particular, the delightfully contagious enthusiasm of Professor Rhys Davids,—seems to have confirmed Mr. Warren in his purpose to devote himself to the sacred books of Southern Buddhism, and to their language, the Pāli. The Jātaka-book had not failed of its charm for Mr. Warren. Fausbøll's edition had then progressed as far as the third volume; and with a version of the first story of that volume, the "Little Kālinga Birth-story," Mr. Warren made his debut in print. This translation, presumably the first ever made in America from the Pāli, appeared October 27, 1884, and, for an interesting reason, in the *Providence Journal*. The Library of Brown University, at Providence, contained what was at that time doubtless the only large portion of the Buddhist scriptures in America, some

twenty odd palm-leaf manuscripts given to it by Rev. J. N. Cushing, long a Baptist missionary in Rangoon. An English specimen of these strange books might therefore be presumed to interest the University town.

There followed, few months later, a paper "On superstitious customs connected with sneezing," published in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* (volume 13, May, 1885), a striking evidence, not only of the riches of the Jātaka-*tales* in curious folk-lore, but also of Warren's enthusiasm, now thoroughly awakened.

His study of the Pāli literature was now prosecuted with zeal and persistence, and his knowledge of the texts, the unedited as well as the edited, grew constantly wider and deeper. His first objective was naturally the edited texts. These, when he began his Pāli studies, were few indeed. The Danish scholar, Fausbøll, had published the Dhammapada, with copious extracts from the Commentary (1855), and (from 1858 on) many of the Jātakas, and in 1877 had begun his monumental edition of the Jātaka-book. In 1880, his countryman, Trenckner, gave us the Milinda, a model of editorial workmanship. And between 1879 and 1883 appeared Oldenberg's Vinaya. With the establishment of the Pāli Text Society in 1881 by Rhys Davids, the centre of Pāli studies shifted from Copenhagen to London, and—thanks to Davids's energy and vigor—the printed texts multiplied rapidly. The first volume of the Samyutta appeared in 1884, and that of the Anguttara in 1885. The first half of the important Majjhima, from Trenckner's master-hand, came out in 1888, and was followed in 1890 by David's edition of the first third of the no less important Digha. Such are the edited texts, selections from which from the bulk (say four fifths) of Warren's *Buddhism*.

As for the unedited texts,—one good fifth of Warren's *Buddhism* (say one hundred pages and more) consists of translations of some fifty passages selected from Buddhaghosa's great treatise on Buddhism, entitled *The Way of Salvation* or Visuddhi-magga. These versions constitute, as will appear, a remarkable achievement. Warren's catalogue of the "Pāli manuscripts in the Brown University Library," published in the *Journal of the Pāli Texts Society* for 1885, proves that he had already acquired the power of reading these palm-leaf books—no easy acquisition, when one considers the crabbed characters, the lack of contrast of color (black on brown, not black on white), and the maddening absence of adequate paragraphing and spacing and punctuation. Repeated evidence of his labors with the refractory material of the palm-leaf books was given by Warren in the years when he was not only writing his *Buddhism*, but also editing the Visuddhi-magga. His paper entitled "Buddhaghosa's Visuddhi-



HENRY CLARKE WARREN,
Joint Founder of the Harvard Oriental Series.

tions showed clearly in his later scientific investigations of Buddhism. With all this went an eager curiosity about the visible world around him. We can easily believe that he would have attained to distinction in natural science, so good were his gifts of observation and well-balanced reflection upon what he saw. He used his microscope with great satisfaction in botanical study.

magga" is a general and most illuminating account of that work, and was published in the *Transactions* of the Ninth International Congress of Orientalists, held in London, 1892, and may be used as an introduction to his very important essay entitled "Table of contents of Buddhaghosa's Visuddhi-magga," published in the *Journal* of the Pali Text Society for 1891-1893. Further evidence is given by his two papers in volume 16 of the *Journal* of the American Oriental Society: of these, one "On the so-called Chain of Causation of the Buddhists" (April, 1893) discusses the famous formula in which Buddha endeavours to account for the origin of evil; and the other, "Report of progress of work upon Buddhaghosa's Visuddhi-magga" (March 1894), gives a brief but highly interesting account of Warren's work as a pioneer in this very difficult field.

But these minor papers were only chips from the two keels which he had laid for craft of large dimension and ambitious design. He realized how scant at most were the time and strength presumably at his disposal, and wisely judged it best to devote that little, not to the learned odds and ends on which many scholars fritter their days away, but rather to two extensive works, each likely to be of long-lived usefulness and of enduring significance in the history of Oriental studies. The larger of the two works was his edition and translation of Buddhaghosa's treatise on Buddhism entitled *The Way of Salvation* or Visuddhi-magga. This could hardly have been issued in less than four volumes, two for the text and two for the translation. The other was his *Buddhism in Translations*, one single volume. This appeared several years before his death. The larger work he did not live to finish.

First then, as to Warren's unfinished enterprise, Buddhaghosa's *Way of Salvation* or Visuddhi-magga,—it is fitting here to say a word about Buddhaghosa and his work and about Warren's plan and his progress towards its achievement.

Buddhaghosa flourished about 400 A.D. He was brought up in India in all the learning of the Brahmans, was converted to Buddhism, went to Ceylon, and became an exceedingly prolific writer. He is the author of a commentary on each of the four great Collections or Nikāyas, in which are recorded the very teachings of Buddha.

But his greatest work is the Visuddhi-magga, an encyclopedia *raisonnée* of Buddhist doctrine. Of all names in the history of Buddhist scholasticism, that of Buddhaghosa is the most illustrious. Indeed, there is a certain fitness in comparing him with the most illustrious of the Latin fathers, and in calling him the Saint Augustine of India. Both were converts, the one to Buddhism, the other to Christianity; both were men of majestic intellect and wide learning; both were prolific writers; both were authors of works which have for fifteen centuries maintained for themselves, each in its sphere, a place of

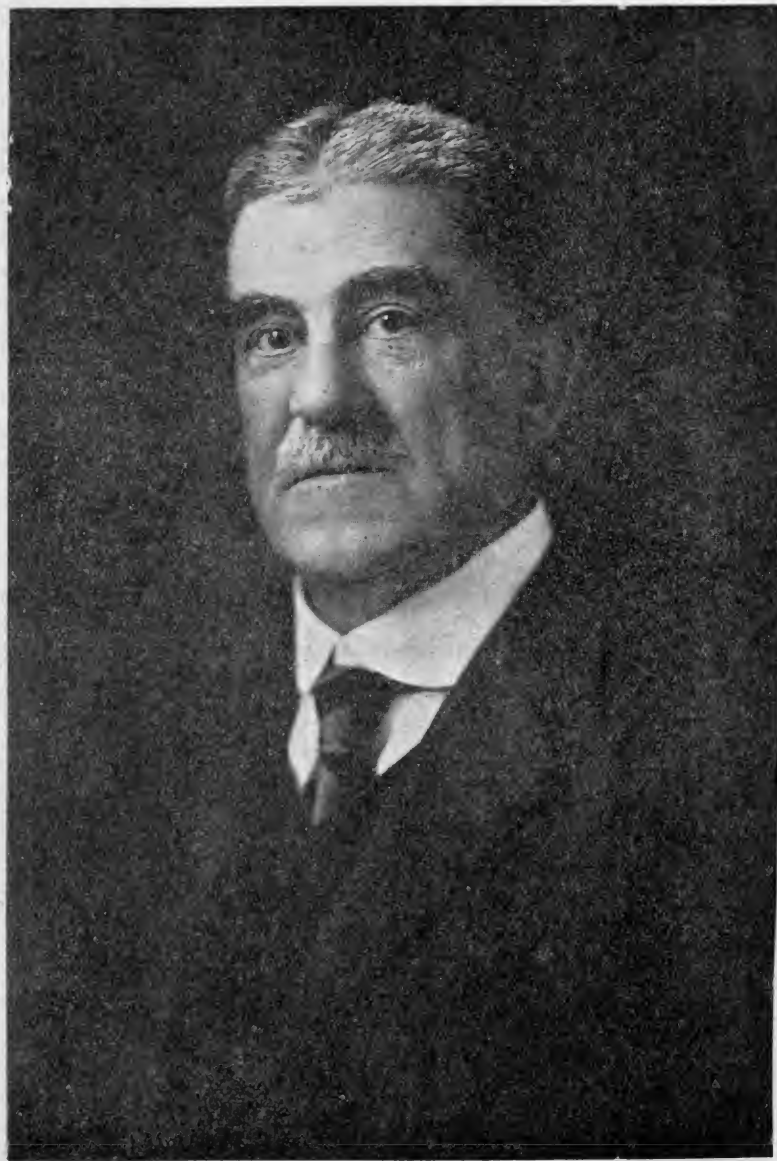


Photo by The Marshall Studio, Cambridge—Mass.

PROFESSOR C. R. LANMAN L.L.D.,
Joint Founder and Editor of Harvard Oriental Series.

surpassing influence. And it is highly probable that Buddhaghosa, at Great Minster in Ceylon, was composing the Visuddhi-magga at very nearly (if not precisely) the same time at which Saint Augustine was writing *The City of God* (begun about 413, finished 428).

Warren's plan was to publish in English letters a scholarly edition of the original Pali text of the Visuddhi-magga, with full but well sifted critical apparatus, a complete English translation, an index of names, and

other useful appendices. Buddhaghosa makes constant citations from the Sacred Texts, quite after the manner of the fathers of the Christian church. In order to enhance the usefulness of his edition, Warren had undertaken to trace back all these quotations to their sources. Of the text, he had already made two type-written copies and a large part or all of a third copy which he hoped might be final. Of the English version, he had made one third, considerable portions having appeared in his *Buddhism*. And about one half of the quotations had been identified in the vast literature from which Buddhaghosa drew.

As for Warren's other enterprise, the finished one,—the plan of his *Buddhism in Translations* is, at its title implies, to present to Western readers Buddhist doctrines and institutions and the legend of Buddha in the words of the Buddhists themselves. The book appeared May 6, 1896, and is a royal octavo of 540 pages, made up of about 140 passages from the Pali scriptures. These selections, done into vigorous English and accurately rendered, are chosen with such broad and learned circumspection that they make a systematically complete presentation of their difficult subject. The work is divided into five chapters. Of these, the first gives the picturesque Buddha-legend, and the fifth treats of the monastic order; while the other three are concerned with the fundamental conceptions of Buddhism, to wit, "sentient existence, Karma and rebirth, and meditation and Nirvana." Warren's interest centred in the philosophical chapters; the first and last were for him rather a concession to popular interest, an addition intended to "float" the rest. Much has recently been written about Buddhism upon the basis of secondary or even less immediate sources, Warren's material is drawn straight from the fountain-head. It is this fact that gives his book an abiding importance and value.

The work, as a volume of the Series, has been issued six times. The third issue was one made for sale at a very low price in India and Ceylon, and a call for another such issue has recently come from India. Extracts from the book have often been made in other works; and at varying intervals, from authors or publishers, requests come to Harvard University (as

owner of the copyright) for permission to reprint considerable parts. Thus the work has enjoyed in America and Europe and the Orient a wide circulation, and has been one of large usefulness. It is significant that so subtle an interpreter of the influence of India and Japan as Lafcadio Hearn calls Warren's book "the most interesting and valuable single volume of its kind that I have ever seen."

A large part (over two hundred pages or nearly one half) of Warren's *Buddhism* was included by President Eliot in *The Harvard Classics*. The teachings of Jesus and Buddha have probably swayed more lives than those of any other great teacher in human history. It is to the credit of Warren's discernment that he saw the importance of interpreting to the Occident the teachings of Buddha, and chose this task as his life-work. It is further to the credit of his sound common sense and his literary skill that he should be the first to present such intractable exotic material in a way so interesting and illuminating to us moderns of the West. And although the subject-matter of Warren's work is translation and (barring his introductions) not original, it is a remarkable implicit comment upon its quality that a man of so broadly enlightened judgment as President Eliot should deem Warren's presentation of it worthy to be placed side by side with the best things of the Confucian, Hebrew, Christian, Hindu, and Mohammedan sacred writings, as rendered, for example, by Sir Edwin Arnold or by the authors of the Revised Version of the Bible.

The usefulness of Warren's *Buddhism* is incalculably enhanced by the inclusion of nearly half of it in *The Harvard Classics*. Could he have lived to see his life-work become so useful to others,—that would have been for him the reward beyond compare.

Mr. Warren lived but little more than two and a half years after the appearance of his book, but even that short time sufficed to bring him many and cheering words of assurance as to the high scholarly quality of his achievement. It was a genuine and legitimate satisfaction to him to read some of these judgments passed on his work by eminent Orientalists—of England, France, the Netherlands, Japan, India, and Ceylon—welcoming him, as it were, to a well-earned place in their ranks. One of the most pleasing features of his later years was his intercourse with the Venerable Subhūti, a Buddhist Elder, of Waskaduwa, Ceylon. This distinguished monk, whose great learning and modesty and kindness had endeared him years before to Childers and Fausbøll and Rhys Davids, was no less ready with words of encouragement for Mr. Warren, and with deeds of substantial service, especially the procuring of much-needed copies of the manuscripts.

In 1893, His Majesty, Chulalonkorn, King of Siam, reached the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. He celebrated the event by publishing in thirty-nine volumes a memorial edition of the Buddhist Tripitaka, the Sacred Scriptures of his religion. (A most commendable way of celebrating! Occidental sovereigns have sometimes preferred sky-rockets.) Copies were sent, exclusively as gifts, to the principal libraries of Europe and America, the Harvard Library among them. Mr. Warren had sent to His Majesty a magnificently bound set of the Harvard Oriental Series; and it was matter of honest pride and pleasure to him to receive from the king in return a beautiful copy of this Tripitaka. For us who remain, it is a satisfaction to know that Mr. Warren used the royal gift with diligence and success.

Thus the life of Henry Warren as a scholar is—we may justly say—memorable in the annals of American learning. And now a word touching the significance of his life as one of the joint-founders of the Harvard Oriental Series.

Since the other joint-founder, the Editor, is also the present writer, it is not competent for him to pass upon the Series as a fact; but it is permissible for him to explain the purpose of the Series. That purpose, as conceived by the Editor, twenty-odd years ago, is set forth in a circular letter written by him at that time. From it, a brief citation:

But meantime, the study of the Orient has come to present itself in new aspects. At this terrible crisis, the relations between the East and the West are of vital import as determining factors for the future. Henceforth, across the Pacific, there will inevitably be an interchange of potent influences, of influences that will affect profoundly the politics, the religion and morals, the philosophy, the literature, the art,—in short, all the elements that make up the civilization of the two hemispheres. The West and the Far East have become virtually near neighbors, and from the responsibilities of such neighborhood there is no escape. Whether we will or no, we must have to do, and much to do, with the East.

The world-war of to-day is a terrible warning for to-morrow. This supremest of human follies is in the last analysis a failure—as between two peoples—to understand each other and so to trust each other. For us all, as members of the world-family, no obligation is more urgent than that of mutual understanding. For upon this depends the mutual good-will that annuls suspicion and "casteth out fear," the good-will that Buddha insistently preached two millenniums and more ago, the good-will which even now we find it harder to practise than to invent air-ships and wireless telephones, the good-will

weighed against which any or all of these inventions, as essentials for human happiness, are to be "counted as the small dust of the balance." Accordingly we, East and West, must know each other. To interpret the East to the West, to set forth to the West some of the principal phases of the spiritual life of the East as they are reflected in her ancient literature, especially that of India, China, and Japan, to bring the best and noblest achievements of the East to bear upon our own life,—such are the inspiring tasks of the Orientalist, tasks in vital relation with the practical and political needs of to-day.

The volumes of this Series are largely technical, closed books to all but Orientalists. A dozen or more are of interest to general readers; but on the whole, these books, if published in the way of commercial enterprise, would be foredoomed to failure. They bring to the University neither money nor popular applause. Is she justified in issuing them? We might ask the like with reference to some exceedingly abstruse treatise on chemistry or electricity. May be only a score of men in all the world ever study it. And yet that study turns out to be of incalculable value to the directing minds of some vast industrial establishment, and through them to the people at large. One set of men produce such treatises. Another set of men transmute them into what are called practical values.

On December 27, 1888, a letter to Mr. Warren was written by me, on the Mediterranean on my way to India, to be posted at Port Said. It concerned the endowment of a publication-fund for a series of "Sanskrit Texts for use of Students," and was written after much encouraging conference with Böhtlingk of the Russian Academy, and with several University Professors,—Roth of Tübingen, Kern of Leyden, Windisch of Leipzig, Bühler of Vienna, Pischel of Halle, Cappeller of Jena,—and after various promises of cordial coöperation. The Series was started with Kern's *Jātaka-mālā* in 1891, was maintained through Mr. Warren's life by his gifts, and after his death by his bequests to Harvard University.

Warren has been dead now for almost twenty years. Many, perhaps most, of those for whose personal approval he might have cared, are gone. But he had the intellectual detachment of which the Bhagavad-gita has so much to say. He set store not by the rewards of his work, but its serviceableness to others. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." I doubt not that he has found it. In June, 1905, the Battle of the Sea of Japan gave me occasion to say (in volume 9, page x) what, after thirteen years, I am glad to repeat unchanged.

If this judgment be right, if these purposes have been measurably attained,—then Warren is worthy to be remembered, not only as a scholar, but also as a man of patriotic and practical public service.

Shortly before Mr. Warren's death, I told him by word of mouth that I hoped and expected to take up his work on Buddhaghosa's *Way of Salvation* and finish it. "But," I added, "the obligation to Professor Whitney is the prior one." To "revise, bring nearer to completion, and edit" and issue Whitney's *Atharva-veda* took more of my best working-years than I care to count up. But I have always felt that my frankness, so far from perturbing Mr. Warren, was a comfort to him. And now, since his death, twenty-five volumes have been printed; while, as for the heart-breaking waste of toil on undertakings which (by reason of human frailties, over-sanguine-

ness, hastiness, dilatoriness, or the supreme frailty, death) have proved abortive,— "Let me not think on't."

Meantime, various fast-changing conditions inspire me anew with hope of finishing Warren's work,—hope somewhat more confident by reason of bodily strength. And so I venture to print the stanzas which I wrote soon after Mr. Warren's death, when I supposed that there was but little left for me to do, and that I was "hard by the jungle's edge." The third line of first stanza ("Till sank thy weary body") is true, not only in a figurative sense, but also in a literal one, as told above, at page 381, paragraph 2. And it may be added that the Pali word for "to clear" (*sodhaya*) is used, not only of a way through the jungle, but also of a text, in the sense of "clearing it of errors" or "editing it," and that "clear" is all the more apt when the title of the text *The Way (of Salvation)*.

TO AN ANCIENT TREE

Speak like Dodona's oaks, as thou doth stand,
Furrowed by talons of the callous years;
Endurance is thy watchword and command
Is written on thy brow, as it still rears
Scorning the menace of the lurid blast.
And Aëolus, upon a tranquil eve
Murmurs old tales full lovingly of thee,
Dim legends of the past,
Like wind harps sweet, when Southern zephyrs weave
A thread of gold through their rare melody.

Speak! Did a race untrammelled, free from care.
In pre-historic days a happy band,
(Gone like bright bubbles melting into air),
Hail thee, O tree, as monarch of the land,
Reigning in all thy glory o'er the May?
Their mirth woke Echo from her reverie
Amid the rocks. Thy mystic branches crowned
Them 'neath the full Moon's ray.
To nerve their artless hearts they feasted free
On the abundant seed thou strewed around.

And thou the Bodhisatta oft did greet,
When as a Tree God He dwelt in thy shrine,
And Devas poured libations at His feet,
Of thy strong sap, which flowed like bitter wine.
With grateful hearts the villagers were fain
To bring the rich exuberance of the earth
To honor Him, who in the future, the
Immortal did attain.
Rejoice with me, O tree, at His glad birth,
The Welcome One, who gained the victory.

Locked in thy breast are secrets known to none.
Thou smiled on lovers in the aureate grain,
On whom the warm caresses of the Sun
Like living amber, flashed 'mid summer rain.
And spectral moonfire sought thy boughs, to dance
In perfect joy of thee, O tree of time.
Thou viewed the shepherd lone, who through the night
Would lie and look askance
At the inconstant Algol, (star sublime),
Where Lilith found surcease from Eden's blight.

Didst mark the warrior the forest glade,
Crouching behind thy trunk to watch the foe?
His cruel eyes ablaze with hatred, made
His crafty eyelids shrink, as he did go
Along the death trail. Didst thou drink the blood
In which thou yearned to lave thy thirsty roots?
What gave thee strength to face the aeons dread?
As in thy pride thou stood.
Did that red gulf stream with its vital fruits,
Give thee eternal vigor from the dead?

The savage vandal glutted his deep hate
On Buddha's people, and His temples fair,
Thy heart bemoaned them, and their piteous fate;
And the young tender herbage trampled bare
By ruthless hordes and hoofs of Arab steeds
Was sprinkled by the jewelled tears that fell
In dewdrop splendor from the trembling skies.
The grasses o'er such deeds
In renewed beauty, doth in triumph tell
"The Dhamma may be crushed, but never dies".

Undaunted tree, dost thou the days recall
When a young Dryad ministered to thee?
All her long hair she smiling would let fall,
And then entwined thee in it merrily
Raising her eager arms in that dim grove
She sought to hold thee in her fond embrace,
While all thy leaves bent graciously to kiss
Her warm lips breathing "Love."
Where is that Dryad of thy pristine race?
Did she forsake thee? Did it come to this?

"All component things are transitory",
Said One, the Lord Exalted, the Most High,
With blooms I now adorn thee, ancient tree,
In memory of that life so long gone by.
Thy presence calls to me, whose heart is rent,
Thy branches beckon 'neath the winds low cry.
I am thine own lost priestess of the wild,
The grieving penitent.
All broken on the world's great wheel am I,
Open thine arms, O tree, receive thy child.

IRENE TAYLOR.

TO HENRY CLARKE WARREN,

Long didst thou toil this rugged Way to clear
Patience thine ax-helve, learning keen the blade,
Till sank thy weary body, comrade dear,
Ere thou the open and thy goal hadst made.

Hard by the jungle's edge thy task I took
To bring it—happy labor—to an end.
Now to the West great Buddhaghosa's book
And Eastern wisdom in thy name I send.

Full fifteen centuries, a man of might
This monk hath been unto the morning-land,
Glad wouldst thou be that still his ancient light
Upon our modern candlestick should stand.

For well thou knewst that prophet, saint, nor sage
No chosen people for itself may claim;
That God's revealings, through each land and age,
In voice manifold, are ay the same.

CHARLES ROCKWELL LANMAN.

Harvard University.
July 31, 1918,

TRASHI SHEMPA A Tibetan Tale.



HEN Trashi Shempa was a little boy he one day got a terrible fright, but as he was only nine years old at the time, that was not very surprising. It happened this way.

It was December, and the snow had fallen heavily this year, covering up all the grass, even in the sheltered places, so that the yaks could not get anything to eat until the next April. So Trashi's father and uncle gathered their flocks together and along with Trashi and his still younger brother and his mother and aunt, set off north to the high lands on the other side of the great Snowy Mountains. There the grass is green and sweet all the year round from the melting snow on the mountains, but none falls here to hide the grass, for it is all caught on the southern side of the Range. Here Trashi was to stay with his uncle and help to watch the yaks while his father and mother and brother went away north, over the brown desert country, to Shigatse, to see the famous miracle-plays that are performed there every year.

So one morning Trashi went out with the yaks down the strip of green herbage that bordered both sides of the *chu* that flowed along a depression in the wide, flat land. The sun shone warm that morning when he got down close to the water out of the cold wind that blew over the waste. And after looking for a while at the yaks cropping their way slowly along the stream side, Trashi lay down on the grass in a sheltered spot and fell asleep.

When he woke again, where were his yaks? He looked both ways along the shallow valley; not one of them was to be seen. He jumped up and ran as fast as he could to the bend toward the south and looked, but there were no yaks there. He ran back towards the north, past where he had been sleeping, to the next bend of the valley in that direction, and still he could see no sign of their shaggy shapes. Where could they be? Had the spirits that live in the waste driven them, in mischief, up there among the ice-fields on the mountains? Or had they changed them into invisible forms so that he would never find them again? Trashi began to feel frightened. He could not run any more, so out of breath was he with running already and

also with fear; but he kept on walking towards the next bend in the valley thinking that perhaps he might find his yaks just round the corner there.

But as he came near the corner he almost dropped to the ground with real terror now. He heard a voice that sounded like a human one and seemed to be singing something; but everybody knows that the malicious sprites of the lonely places can imitate anything they wish, and often do so in order to get human beings into their power. Trashi was just going to turn round and run away as fast as he could when he caught one or two of the words the voice was singing and recognised them. They were from a song of the saint Meela Raypa that he had often heard his mother sing. It could not be a very evil sprite that would sing a good song his mother sang to him and his brother at nights to send them to sleep, he thought. He stood still and listened, for the voice was a pleasant one. And this is what he heard:—*

O peaceful solitude in whose still haunts
Of old the Conquerors waged valiant war
And won to righteousness! O holy seats,
Made holy by the sojourn of the saints!
O lonely place where I too dwell alone!
Red cliffs of Chong-lung, eyrie of the eagle,
Up from the South, a silver-shining host,
Come the swift clouds and settle on your head;
And past your feet the river wanders slow;
And round your breast half-way 'twixt earth and sky,
On wide-spread pinions borne the vulture soars.
With shrub and clustering bush is clothed your form,
And all along thy ridge, a serried rank,
In regular array dance giant trees.
Here swarms the bee with busy buzz and hum;
And scented flowers fling perfume on the air

* I owe the prose translation of this and the succeeding song of the poet-saint of Tibet to the kindness of a Dāyaka, Dawasandup Kazi, Professor of Tibetan in the University of Calcutta.

That quivers with the happy song of birds.

Here, Chong-lung, to the shade of thy red cliffs

Come many birds to practise their winged flight,

Monkeys to practise their agility,

Wild things to practise their swift-running feet.

And I too, Meela Raypa, come to practise,

Yea, come to practise in that inward training,

The high, the exalted training of the mind.

The Devas of the place are friends to me;

And ye, non-human sprites assembled here,

Drink of my nectar, Pity and Compassion,

And harmless to your own abodes return.

When Trashi had heard this song to its end he did not feel frightened any more. Neither did he feel frightened when round the bend of the stream he saw coming towards him the singer, dressed in the white skirt of the followers of Meela Raypa,—a kind-looking Gomchen or hermit. The hermit showed no sign of surprise at finding before him a little boy who only stared at him and said nothing; but continued his even pace until he reached Trashi, when he stopped and said: "Well, my son, what have you lost here that you are looking for?" "I have lost my yaks, reverend Sir, Have you seen my yaks?" Trashi anxiously asked.

"Your yaks?" said the Gomchen smiling; "they are not far away."

Trashi again looked up and down the valley but could not see one of them.

"Come; I will show you," said the Gomchen. He took Trashi's hand and led him across the belt of green sward, helped him up a low earthen declivity, and there, not far off, spread out over the brown open plain, Trashi saw all his yaks quietly licking the lichens off the stones. They had eaten all they wanted of the soft green grass, and now were enjoying a change to rougher fare. Trashi, in his joy at finding them, was going to run after them that very moment and drive them home to his uncle's black tent; but the Gomchen stopped him.

"No, no, my son," he said. "I see you are tired. Rest a little now and take some tea with me. Your yaks will not go far, and there is plenty of time till sunset yet." And he led the boy towards a low stone hut near by.

It was a dwelling so low of roof that the Gomchen could not stand upright inside; and so small that Trashy had to crouch in one corner so as to leave room for the Gomchen to move stooping to where his pot lay, and set it on a smouldering fire in the other corner of the hut. As he thus busied himself about his preparations for their slight meal, he kept up a conversation with Trashy, asking him his father's name, and where he lived, and how many brothers and sisters he had.

When the water had boiled, and the Gomchen had scraped some tea off his block of it into the water, boiled the tea with a pinch of soda, and then emptied the liquor with a lump of butter and some salt into a *choonga*, he churned it all up well together and set a cup of it along with a dish of barley flour on the ground before his boy-guest.

Trashy accepted it with thanks, and pouring some of the flour into the tea, worked it into a dough with his finger, and soon had disposed of tea and flour. Then, when the Gomchen had finished his tea also, feeling better now and having lost all his first misgivings about the old man who lived all by himself in this lonely place, Trashy bent his head before him and asked for his blessing, the same as he did to the head Lama of the village. The Gomchen let his hand rest lightly for a moment on the boy's black hair, and then said: "Go now, my son; and you can come again and see me whenever you want to."

So Trashy went away with his yaks over the brown plain to where his uncle was waiting for him and wondering where he had gone. Trashy told him. His uncle said: "You are a fortunate boy at your early age already. You have the Gomchen's blessing and have eaten under his roof. You will never have any trouble in your life that you will not get over."

The next three years of Trashy's life after this little adventure were spent in going to school and learning to read and write Tibetan from a Lama; and then his father thought that it would be good if he also learned something of the language of the English. So he was sent away to the school for Tibetans at Darjeeling.

Darjeeling! There was a place for you! Never before had Trashy seen anything like many of the things he saw there regularly every day. There were, for instance, the houses in which the English lived, so fine and grand, each one as big almost as a village temple; and yet only human beings lived in them.

Then there were the shops where the English bought the many strange things which they seemed to need; and the big bazaar that was ever so much bigger than the big Royal Bazaar at Gangtok.

But the train was the most wonderful thing of all. The very first day Trashy got to Darjeeling he made his servant take him to the station, and there he saw a long row of boxes with wheels below them, come up the hill along two lines of iron lying on the ground. And nobody was pushing or pulling the boxes, but still they moved, for in front of them there was a cloud-deva pulling them along. He was sure it must be a deva of some kind to be strong enough to pull all these boxes out of which came more and still more white people than he had ever seen in his life before. And it must be a cloud-deva, because it made white clouds and a noise something like thunder when it moved.



SITTING BUDDHAS, CYANISE, TIBET

Photo by Mrs. Cainercroft

At school, as soon as he found confidence to do so, he asked the teacher how the English had got power over the cloud-deva so as to make it work for them. And the teacher explained to him and the class that it was fire and steam and a clever arrangement of wheels and rods connected with them which made the train move all these heavy box-fuls of people, not a Deva at all. But neither Trashy nor the other boys in the class believed him. Was it likely that the English would give away any of the secrets of their power like that? No Tibetan would! So Trashy went on believing that the man they called the engine-driver possessed the tremendous secret of ordering the Deva to do for him whatever he wanted. And he stood about the engine for hours when it was in the

station, watching everything the man did to make it move. And once he nearly got run over, for he was standing in front of it peering anxiously under the boiler for the Deva he felt sure must be there since he could not see him anywhere else; and the engine-driver did not notice him and suddenly started the engine. Trashy made up his mind that what he was going to do was to learn English quickly and grow up and be an engine-driver. You could not imagine anything grander than to have a powerful Deva always at your command, to make it do whatever you like, could you?

So passed three more years of Trashy's life and he was growing up into a tall, handsome lad with fine, regular features, straight nose, clear eyes, and yellow golden complexion; and in addition to these outward graces, was diligent and quick in his studies; all indications of the good strain of Tibetan blood that

flowed in his veins. And then something happened that put a complete end to his Darjeeling life.

His teacher had a young sister who was attending the European school. Sometimes she called for her brother on her way home, and Trashy saw her. Then he forgot all he had ever once thought about the complexions of Europeans being sickly and ugly-looking. He thought his teacher's sister as lovely as a celestial Gandharva, a nymph of the Brahma-worlds. He could not think about anything else but her when he was not at his books; and often even when he was at them. Her laugh, her walk, her way of talking, everything about her haunted his mind and memory. But he did not dare ever to speak to her.

What would she say? He was afraid. He only dared look at her in stolen glances.

But one day he bought some flowers. He had heard that this was the English way. And as she was going out of the school gate one afternoon, he was waiting there with his offering in his hand. He smiled and held out the bunch of flowers to her. She looked at them a second, then at him, and her face that up till then he had thought so beautiful turned all at once, O! so ugly. Her lips curled like those of an ogress you saw sometimes in a temple picture. Her brows wrinkled like an old, old woman's. And giving the flowers a sudden push that sent them tumbling out of Trashy's hand into the dust of the road, she said: "Go away. Do you think I take flowers from a black boy?" and hurried on to join her brother, leaving Trashy standing there staring stupidly after her, and feeling inside him a queer dull pain as if something had broken there that would never again be mended. The English words still rang in his ears, "from a black boy." How he wished he had never learned any English, and then he would never have known their cruel meaning.

Trashy never told any one what happened that afternoon, but from this day everything in Darjeeling became hateful to him. He went no more to the station to see the trains come in; never went near the English shops or the big bazaar. He studied his books still, but listlessly, with no heart. He grew thinner, and his once beautiful shining golden complexion became dingy and dull. His servant noticed these things with sorrow but could not make out the cause. So with a bazaar writer's help he wrote to Trashy's father thus:—

"Honoured Sir:—Your honoured son is wearing himself out with heavy study and much reading. This is an ill place for a growing lad. The air is too thick here. And the breaths of so many people make it smell bad. Take your honoured son away from here to good air or he dies."

So one day Trashy's white pony stopped at the school gate and Trashy got on his back and left the thick air of Darjeeling behind him for ever. Up and down he rode day after day; down into low hot Singtam, and then up to high fresh Shamdoong. But it was when he got to Singhik and one morning, before the clouds of the daytime rolled down over everything, saw before him so near that he almost thought he could touch them, the high ranged ramparts of the Great Snowy Mountains, white, dazzling,

magnificent, it was then that he realised what medicine he needed to cure him of his hurt. He remembered all at once how they had looked, these same mountains, from the door of the old Gomchen's hut up in the Sun-pagoda Pass that day ever so long ago when the only grief he had was that he imagined he had lost his father's yaks. He thought he saw the Gomchen again, and heard again his words as he left: "You can come again and see me any time you want to." He wanted to see him now, as soon as he could. It was so well with him then on that day under the low stone roof drinking tea along with the kind old Gomchen who never would speak to him such cruel words as the English missy had spoken. He hurried on the white pony in a manner that surprised that staid animal, and at last reached high Lachen, his home, and looked again on its hanging woods above the noisy Teesta, all glorious now with autumn's gold and flaring reds and scarlets.

His father was shocked when he saw his son's thin face, and heard as much of Trashy's story as he had the heart to utter. But before Trashy could tell him that he wanted to go and see the Gomchen, his father said: "What you need is to go out with the yaks again this year to the high pastures and drink plenty of good yak's milk and eat yak-milk cheese and barley-flour, and you'll soon get over all the damage the food of the English has done you."

And so it was that Trashy once more was up there in the thin cold air of the tableland, just over the border in Tibet, with only the tops of the highest mountains in the world visible on the edge of the plateau where his yaks grazed. And one day, after the yaks had got to know him again, he drove them towards the pass where the Gomchen lived, and leaving them, strolled slowly up the waterside towards the stone hut. As he approached the bend round which it lay, he heard the Gomchen singing just the same as when he had last been here. And a moment later, there was the Gomchen before him, pacing to and fro in front of his hut, singing to himself another of Meela Raypa's songs most likely, as if he had been doing nothing else through all the time since Trashy saw him last, six long years ago.

Trashy stopped and waited to see if the old man would know him. But the Gomchen only ceased his singing and looked at him, evidently waiting for him to speak.

"O father, do you not know me?" cried Trashy from his sore heart.

"No, I do not think I do," said the Gomchen. "Have I seen you before? I do not remember. Many pilgrims come to see me in the pilgrimage season, I cannot remember all their faces."

"Do you not remember the little boy who had lost his yaks?" said Trashy.

The Gomchen's face lit up at once. "O," he said smiling, "are you that little boy? How big you have grown! I did not know you at first. But now I see you are he. I remember you quite well now. But you are ill. Come into the hut out of the wind and have tea again with me."

"Thank you, father. You will let me call you father, will you not? You called me son when I was here before. But I do not need tea now. Now I need help from you for my heart."

The Gomchen's eyes turned grave, and he said: "Well, let us sit down here on the grass, and you can call me father and tell me all about your trouble," though he did not quite understand what was wrong with the sick-looking youth before him.

But he soon knew. Trashy poured out all that was in his heart keeping nothing back; and the old man listened in sympathetic silence to the very end.

"And now what do you want?" he said kindly. "What do you wish me to do for you? I would be so glad to help you if I can, for you have suffered much."

"Let me stay with you, father. I think I could get well again here. I could forget everything I have gone through and seen and heard since last I saw you. That would be good. You have been happy all the time I have been away. Let me stay with you now, and learn to be happy too."

The old man looked at the lad. "I see what you mean," he said, "and I will help you all I can. I am happy here; yes. But do you think that it is quite easy to be happy just by living in certain places—in a quiet lonely place like this? No, my son. We have all of us, you too, to find happiness inside ourselves. And it is not easy to find it there. And it is impossible to find it anywhere else. Happiness has to be learned and earned."

"I think you can teach it to me, and show me how to earn it; for you have got it yourself," said Trashy.

The old man's face assumed a still graver look; and in slow and serious tones he spoke and said:

"My son, I know that many of the people who know of the solitary life I

live here in this lonely place think that I am a great saint. But I am not. I stay here alone only that following my teacher's instructions, I may learn how to be one. And I have not learnt it yet. Maybe I shall die before I have learnt and am at liberty to leave here and go and tell men some of what I have learnt. I do not know. But here I am, and here I stay till I have learnt; or till my teacher tells me to go elsewhere. So how can I who myself am not yet strong, teach you how to be strong and happy, how to get rid of your sorrow? How can I help you as you need to be helped, while I am still myself in need of help?

"If a yak has lost its footing on an icy slope, can another yak which is itself in that slippery place help the fallen yak to its feet again? Do you see that green ribbon over there running through the brown country?" The Gomchen pointed away out over the desert landscape in the direction of Shigatse. "There is a very deep river there, the great Tsangpo, where many men, all standing on one another's head, would all be drowned to the topmost one, so deep it is. Now if a man who could only just swim well enough to keep his head above the water were to try to take another man on his back across the Tsangpo river, could he do it? No, he could not, my son. If he tried, both he and the man he wanted to help across would both almost surely perish.

"Do you know what Lord Buddha said about this? In His country, in holy India, where I have never been, there are elephants. And He said that an elephant that is itself floundering in a swamp and trying to get out, was of no use to help out of that swamp another elephant that was struggling in it. He said that the elephant that is to help another out of the slough, must first itself get its own feet firmly set on solid ground. My son, I am like that elephant of which Lord Buddha spoke. I must get my own feet firmly placed on solid ground before I can really help you. And my feet are not yet firm," he added after a pause in a somewhat saddened tone.

Trashi did not know what to say. This was all so different from what he had expected to hear from the Gomchen whom everybody venerated so much for his holy life. So he only sat silent and waited to hear what else might come.

"But, my son," the Gomchen went on after a moment or two, and in something more like his old cheerful voice, "there is my teacher who lives about two day's journey north of L'hassa. I am sure he can do you good. You shall go to him and tell him that I have sent

you. And perhaps from him you will be able to learn how to get happiness, how to earn it, a little at a time every day. Will you go to him?"

"I will go to him, father, if you say I am to go. But I wish I could stay with you."

"So do I, my son, so do I. But I am not a very strong swimmer yet; not nearly so strong as people think. And maybe we should just both of us drown together; and that would not be good. Samsara's waves are so big and fierce sometimes, so hard to overcome."

"Very well, I will go, father," said Trashi. "Give me your blessing and I will go now."

"No, no, not so fast as that. You must wait a little and have some more tea with me the same as last time, and tell me something more about the wonderful things you have been seeing. What do those white people there who are outside the Religion* believe about life and death? and how men should behave? Did you ever hear or learn anything about that from them?"

"O yes," said Trashi, "I was told a good deal by a people at Darjeeling they call missionaries, who want all Tibetans to leave the Religion. And many of their words sound very good, just like the Religion; and he went on to tell the Gomchen some of Jesus' sayings that he read in the little books the missionaries had given him.

The Gomchen listened attentively and nodded his head in approval more than once as he heard that the white men's teacher told them to abstain from killing and theft and unchastity, and never to take revenge, but to give any one whatever he asked, even their own coat.

"But what is the use of all these fine words," he said when Trashi had ended, "if they do not do what they say?"

"That is what I said to the missionaries," replied Trashi; but they said: "O, you are prejudiced," and began to talk about something else.

"Yes," said the old man with a slow smile, "we are all prejudiced, we men,—or else we would not be men, perhaps! But I hardly think, my son, that you would get rid of prejudice very quickly by living among the white men. I think you would only get other new prejudices.... But now help me to make the tea."

When they had made and drank their tea, and were talking still about

* Tibetans, generally, never speak about "Buddhism," but only about those who are "in the religion" (the Dharma) and those who are outside it.

white men and their ways of belief and action, the old man suddenly stopped and said:

"Now I will sing to you another song of Meela Raypa, and you shall learn it. It is called 'What is the Use?' and it will be a very good song for you to keep in your mind after your three years among the white men. Then in a thin but sweet and clear voice, the old man sang:—

Obeisance to the Holy Teacher's feet,
Grant of thy grace that all may come to make

Their constant dwelling place a
righteous mind.

If in a song the truth is not enshrined,
Though sung with voice that ravishes the ear,
What is the use? 'Tis but an empty tune.

If fitting parable and metaphor
To make the sermon's meaning plain and clear
Are not employed, although the words are fine

What is the use? 'Tis but a pretty sound.

If what one preaches one doth practise not,
The words: 'I know' become a hollow cheat.

If on the mystic lore whispered in ear
One doth not meditate, to dwell apart
A lone ascetic on the mountain height,

Is merely to torment oneself for naught.

If one doth practise not the sacred Dharma,

Most profitable of profitable things,
Though one should plough that soil with ardour keen,
One has but labour, useless toil and trouble.

If Karma's Law one does not closely heed,
All promises, all vows, however grand,
Are wishes merely, empty aspirations.

If what one preaches one doth practise not,

Though one say o'er and o'er the sacred texts,
'Tis all the hypocrite's mere mouth-profession.

But if ill deeds are shunned, by sure degrees

You will succeed. Yea, by the very force

Of good deeds done, success will come to you.

Do ye then practise well the Rules of Good

In one grand concentrated form of practice.

Useless and vain to mumble many words.

Take ye the Teachings: bear them out in action.

Trashi stayed with the Gomchen all day till evening by which time he had learnt by heart this song of "What is the Use?" Then just when the snow on White Mountain was beginning to be tinged with pink, sore against his will he bent his head before the old man and received his blessing. "Salute the feet of my teacher from me," was the Gomchen's last word "and tell him that I am well and doing all he bids me do."

Trashi now had to bid farewell to his father and mother who were loath to let him go, yet saw that if their son had been told to do this by the holy man he had better do it. So, giving him their blessing, they watched him set off on foot over the bare brown landscape on the long, many day's march to far off L'hassa and beyond. Past Khamba Jong, that portal fortress in the hills, Trashi went, meeting and satisfying the challenge of the guards there, and still on past the lovely varicoloured hills looking like silken curtains in the crystalline, shimmering air, on through Gyantse and beyond, day after day, till at last he reached the green country round L'hassa and finally stood under the giant mass of the Potala.

Duly he made the circumambulation of the Dalai Lama's palace like every pilgrim to the sacred city, along with others jestingly jeered at by the rough Muhammadan butchers from Kashgar who told him that he would never meet the Buddha so long as he went round and round in the same direction as the Buddha was going; that he should face about, and go the other way, and then he would meet Him. But Trashi did not laugh good-humouredly back as did the others at the jest. He had very serious business on hand, too serious for laughter. The circumambulation over, according to custom he made a gift. He provided tea and barley flour for a hundred Lamas, and then left the city by the north gate for the residence of the Lama who was now to be his teacher.

After the orchards and barley fields and fat meadows round L'hassa, his heart

sank a little at the sight of the bare country in which his new home was situated. And it was not raised by the reception given him by his teacher-to-be who listened to what he had to say, spoke only a few words to him in reply, and then had him shown to his cell, so that Trashi thought he must be angry with him or with the Gomchen. But the Lama was not angry; it was only his way to think much and say little.

Trashi was not happy at all during his first days in the monastery. The old wound in his heart still rankled, and there seemed nothing here to cure it that he could see. He scarcely could eat the

repeated his preceptor gravely. "This is how you should eat. 'This food I partake of not for pride or show or ostentation's sake, but only to rid myself of past uncomfortable sensation and to prevent new arising, and for its help in maintaining my body that I may live the holy life.' Say this to yourself each time before you eat anything. And each time you have ended eating, say this: 'This food that other creatures have supplied, may it turn in me to good thoughts and words and deeds for the benefit of all creatures, so giving back again what has been given.' Go now, my son, and practise this."

Trashi felt the rebuke and asked himself if it could be that he had come to this place only for the sake of ease and comfort. He told himself, No. He had come to train himself in the discipline of the unruly mind that after all was the real source of his pain.

From this day he began assiduously to attend to all the rules of the monastery and to fulfil carefully every prescription of his teacher without omitting a single one, even the least, and began to feel and experience some real peace of mind in the discipline to which he thus strictly subjected himself.

And then Māra, enemy of man, who is always on the watch, found him out. As he lived his own strict life he began to notice that some of the other Lamas were not living strictly at all, but to all appearances just as they liked, so long as they did not make an open scandal. Trashi looked at them, and first wondered, then grew annoyed, and finally indignant and angry at them, and could not refrain from giving expression to his anger in words. Once more he was very unhappy. All day and every day he was irritated and out of temper with every one about him, and most of all with himself for his own irritation.

One night as he lay down in this miserable condition, just as he was falling asleep he heard a voice say quite distinctly these words: "The more you put in, the more you put out." He jumped up to see who had come into his cell, but there was no one there. He lay down again and pondered a long time whose voice it could have been, and what the words meant. All next day too he wondered over it, and lay down to rest at night still wondering.

Almost as soon as his head touched its wooden pillow he had a strange



PALTHIOECHOIDE

Photo by Mrs. Cairncroft

(The Golden Temple, Tibet)

food he got. It was coarse hard rice with sand and grit in it that always set his teeth on edge and sometimes hurt them. He complained to the Lamas and spoke of going back to Sikkim where people got proper food to eat. The head Lama, his preceptor, called for him.

"My son," he said, "you do not know how to eat."

Trashi's rebellious mind answered: "Nobody in Sikkim knows how to eat sand. We don't learn that there." But with his lips he said nothing.

"You do not know how to eat,"

dream. He saw in his cell two forms bending over his water-jar: one was a red, ugly, demon form, and the other a gleaming white Deva. And each had in their hands a jar, but what was in the red demon's jar was some kind of liquid black as ink; but in the Deva's jar there was what looked like pure white milk. And now he saw the demon lift his jar and pour out a gush of black liquid into Trashī's water-jar. But the next moment the Deva poured out a big flood of its white fluid into the water-jar. Then the demon poured still more of his black stuff into the water-jar; but the Deva did the same with his and in still greater measure. And so they went on turn about for a long time. But each time the Deva poured his white liquid into the water-jar he noticed the black fluid running out over the edge of the water-jar on to the floor. Then in his dream he thought he got up and went over to the water-jar and looked inside it to see how black it had become, but when he got over to it and looked, he found that it was not black at all but quite white. And he looked at the Deva and smiled, and the Deva smiled back at him. But the demon gave a horrible grimace and disappeared. And then Trashī woke and found himself standing beside his water-jar, his feet very cold, in the little pool of water that generally lay there.

Next morning as soon as he got up he went and told his preceptor everything; how unhappy he had been in his constant anger at the other Lamas' defective conduct, and about the voice and its strange saying: "The more you put in, the more you put out," and the dream he had dreamt overnight.

The Lama thought for a little and then he said:

"I think I can tell you what it all means. There is a demon called Dosa, anger, who tries to capture men's minds in every way he can, even by the way of men's good intentions, when he cannot catch them any other way. That demon captured your mind as you looked on your brethren's faults and forgot your own. But there is a good angel who stands in the way of Dosa and does not let him do all his evil work. That angel's name is Metta, loving kindness. Your water-jar, as you saw it in your dream, was your mind. The white milk is Metta-thought, and the black inky fluid Dosa-thought. The more you put into your mind of Metta-thought, the more you put out of Dosa-thought; the black liquid leaves the jar of your mind just as you saw in your dream. Go and do this, my son. Put Metta-thought into

your mind, and do not grow tired of doing it; for the more you put in the more you put out."

Trashī said nothing, but bent his head for his preceptor's blessing and went back to his cell. And there he made his mind stream forth in thoughts of loving-kindness over his brethren near him, and then away beyond the monastery walls even to far Darjeeling to the English missy. And now he only felt pity for her who had hurt him so deeply, for he saw that she had hurt herself still more. Had she not hurt herself even as she was speaking her cruel words? Had she not turned as ugly as an ogress in the very moment that she uttered them? He wished now that the angel Metta might visit her too as it had him in his cell, and pour into her mind that milk of loving kindness that would expel all the blackness of dosa from her mind also. He forgave her all that she had done to him of shame and pain and misery. And peace came to him as he did so, full and overflowing, peace that is the one best thing in all the world. His pain disappeared, all covered over and lost in this great calming flood.

Trashī Shempa is still living in his monastery with his preceptor, every day learning something that it is good for him to learn. Sometimes he staggers from one extreme of good to another that is very much like bad. Lust often stands close to love and tries to take its place. And nigh to pity for a suffering world lies senseless grief and sorrow over it, which has to be driven away by the thought that the suffering is not incurable, that there is the Good Law, the perfect cure. And the noble equanimity of the wise has its counterfeit imitation in the dull indifference of the clod. But though at times flung from one false extreme to another, Trashī slowly is learning to walk with steadier step the true way that is the Middle Way.

He has not yet come back from his retreat. Perhaps he will never come back. For he has much to learn still, and there is only his life in which to learn it. But he will be working for the suffering world there as well as anywhere. For there are ways of working for the world of which the world knows nothing, and yet they are very good ways. For since in truest truth there are no such things as eternally separate selves, what each gains for himself he gains for all. And whether he gains that alone, dwelling in lonely places like Trashī Shempa, or in the busy market-place among busy men, matters nothing. All is shared by all. None can keep his gains to

himself, even when he would, since "here is no Me, here is no Mine, here is no self of me." And this too Trashī is learning.

His first friend the old Gomchen is dead long ago. The tiny stone hut that used to shelter him at nights, and on days when the wind blew fierce and cold down the pass, has long lain empty and deserted with its low roof and four narrow walls, and smoke-blackened place in the corner where he used to boil his tea and make his soup.

In the season pious pilgrims come to look on the place where once he lived; and some drop a coin or a piece of turquoise into the well near by from which for so many years he drew the water for his needs, and which now they call "The Holy Well." And the bright water bubbles up out of the earth and flows sparkling over a bed of brown copper coins broken here and there by the white of silver, and somewhat more rarely by the yellow of gold and the heavenly blue of turquoise. But no man would dare to put his hand down and take aught away, for if he did a curse would follow him to his latest hour. Instead, all who come reverently lave face and neck with the holy water and drink a little of it, and think with veneration of the departed Gomchen and sometimes chant an invocation to his memory.

Some of these pilgrims say that he is not really dead, but that the spirits of the Snowy Mountain have carried him off to a safe and secret place where no human foot can come, on the further side of the long, green-gleaming glacier that lies on the east slope of the pass; and that there, fed with celestial food by the Devas, he will live until the next Buddha appears, when he will come forth and be one of Metteyya Buddha's chief disciples. But I do not know whether this is so or not.

SILĀCĀRA.

KAMMA

Not in the sky
Nor in the midst of the sea,
Nor entering a cleft of the mountains,
Is found that realm on earth
Where one may stand and be
From an evil deed absolved.

Some to a womb are born again;
Wrong-doers unto hell;
To Paradise the pious go;
The sinless to Nibbana.

—DHAMMAPADA.

Concerning Free Will.



CONCERNING free will the first thing to be said is, that in a world which is not a collection of things, a collocation of entities, but a series of happenings, a sequence of events, there is no such thing as will, there is only an event, willing. And the second thing is, that in a world where all that happens depends for its happening upon what has preceded it, there is not and cannot be any free happening in the sense of a happening that is entirely independent of what has gone before; there can be no free willing, no willing that takes place without reference to antecedents. This should be obvious to any one who troubles to think about the matter. Yet the surprising fact remains that many whose judgment in other matters is perfectly reliable, stoutly maintain that there is free, independent willing, and refuse to hear any assertion to the contrary. Why is this? One can only conclude that in such an opinion they are defending, or trying to defend, a feeling of the heart rather than a reasoned conclusion of the head; and that in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, they do not clearly grasp what they are saying and all that would follow therefrom if what they say were true.

For what does it mean to say that willing is free? Many who hold such opinion would answer off-hand that it means that a human being can always do what he chooses. But this is not a definition of free willing at all. For when any one does a deed, he does it precisely because he chose to do it, however that choice may have been brought about. He has to choose to do it before he can do it. That he does it is precisely the proof that he chose to do it. A proper definition of free willing would be this: A human being at any and every moment can choose to perform any action. At all times he can will to act in one way or in any other way, even the very opposite.

And this is not true!

This is so completely not true that if by any chance it could be true, the world of sane men would be a world of sane men no longer, but such a world as obtains inside lunatic asylums. There indeed we find men who at any moment may choose to do one thing or its very opposite. Their willing is most abound-

ingly free from all determining conditions. They may choose to eat the food that is set before them, or they may equally choose to throw it on the ground and stamp on it, so free and independent is their willing. But we call the persons in whom such free willing is found, lunatics, irresponsibles, dangerous persons to be left at large, precisely because of this quality of theirs, that at any moment they can choose to do anything. We have no idea of what they may choose to do at any moment, their willing is so independent of conditioning causes; so we shut them up where their complete freedom in choosing what they shall do,



EMBULVIHARE, MATALE

will work as little harm as possible to themselves and others. For the rest of us who live at large with our fellow-men, we are able to do this just because our willing is *not* free of determining conditions, just because we *cannot* under any particular given circumstances choose to take either of two opposite courses. In every situation, having the character we have, we can only choose one course. What that course will be, our fellows judge from our character as, to some extent, they have learned to know it from our previous actions. They thus obtain some confidence as regards what our probable behaviour will be in their dealings with us. They certainly do not expect us at any moment to do anything. On the contrary, the moment we showed any signs of so behaving, they would begin to keep away from us as from one not sane, not hale in his mental structure. The

only person in human society who is considered sane and well mentally is precisely one whose willing, whose choice of what he will do in any contingency, is not free but is quite positively conditioned, determined by his nature or character.

That is: We judge of a certain man that he is of such and such a character, of such and such a disposition, and that being of this character or disposition, if certain considerations are laid before him, if certain motives to action are presented to him, he will re-act in a certain way to these considerations, these motives. And we confidently expect that he will re-act in this and not in a directly contrary manner, otherwise we should not attempt to have any deal-

ings with him. In fact, we approach our fellow-men very much as we take up a knife. We know that a knife possesses a certain character of hardness and sharpness of edge; and relying on this, we expect it to behave in accordance with that character and to cut whatever we wish to cut with it. A knife or a man that could not be depended on to behave in accordance with its or his character, would be a knife or a man for which we should simply have no use.

Here it will be asked, and rightly asked: But is not our confidence in men and the course of action they ought to take, very often mistaken? Do we not often find them doing the very opposite of what we had expected them to do?

And to this, the reply must be: That is so. Men and their conduct do often deceive us in our expectations of

them. Very often in certain circumstances they act very differently from what we had supposed they would.

But the same is also true of knives. Sometimes when we pick up a pen-knife intending to sharpen our pencil with it, it does not act at all as we had expected it to do; it refuses to cut. But in such case, what do we do? Do we from this draw the conclusion that knives are things which possess free choice as to whether they will cut wood or not, that they are free at all times to will the one or the other? Not in the least. What we do is to say to ourselves: I did not know I had a knife like this. Or else we say: Somebody has been doing something with this knife that I don't know of and taken its edge off. We find the cause of

often do say—is: It seems I do not know this man. I have been mistaken in him. He is not the man I took him for. Or else we say: I wonder what has come over him. Something is working on him that I don't know anything about. We recognise, in fact, that here where our expectations as to a man's conduct prove wrong, we are only entitled to say that our knowledge of the man or of the motives acting upon him, was defective, incomplete, mistaken. We believe as much as ever that if we knew all about him as correctly as we thought we did, we should not have been in error in our expectations. We believe that he would act as we expected, exactly as would a knife we know to be good and sharp, in cutting a pencil. Certainly we are not entitled to say in

ascertain everything material regarding its probable behaviour in contact with a piece of cedar-wood simply by taking a look at it and feeling its edge with our finger. But this our inability to see all that there is about a man, outside and inside, does not in the least warrant us in denying him any character. It does not give us the right to say that he can will or choose to act in either of two opposite ways in any particular given circumstances. To say any such thing would be simply to deny him his very name as man and make of him an imbecile. We must admit a man to have at least as much character as a piece of sharpened steel!

And this we do. Notwithstanding that by reason of our ignorance or only partial knowledge of any given man's psychical constitution and the external and internal motive impulses at work upon him at any given moment, in a certain loose way we do admit, nay, often assert in as many words, that such and such a person *cannot* do such and such a deed; we assert necessity, impossibility, what in the case of human beings we call "Moral impossibility." A simple example of this will help to make it more clear.

Let us suppose the case of a mother, belonging to any civilised race, who along with a child she dearly loves, finds herself pursued by a starving wolf. For such a woman, with her character of a civilised person, and moved by the motive of love for her child, it is impossible that she should throw her child to the wolf in order to save her own life. She cannot do it. No two courses are open to her choice—to try to save her child, or to throw it to the wolf. She can only do one thing, try to save her child. Being what she is, and motivated as she is, she *cannot* do the other. It is a moral impossibility for her to do the other; and a moral impossibility is as much an impossibility as any other impossibility.

Here the case in which we have to judge the probable action of a human being is very simple. The character of motherhood we know very well; and the emotion of love to her child moving this mother, is perfectly clear. And these two things given, her action in trying to save her child *follows of necessity*, cannot happen otherwise. If we are not equally able in other cases of human action correctly to foretell how a person will of necessity act in given circumstances, this is so simply and solely because we are not in possession of all the factors involved in the case, as we are in this simple case of mother and child and

pursuing beast of prey. But if it were possible for us always to know fully human beings and all the motive impulses at work on them, we should always be able to tell what they would do in any given circumstances. We should not dream of saying that they might equally well do one thing or its opposite in any given situation, any more than it would occur to us to say that a sharp knife when applied to a stick of wood might equally well cut through it or refuse to cut. We should admit as a matter of course that men have their characters as much as knives, and in any particular given situation act, and must act, in accordance with their characters in response to the situation, and not otherwise.

For if we were to refuse to do this, we should in effect be asserting that men have no characteristic properties while metals, sticks have, which is absurd, and would make absurd any world in which such were the case. A world in which men had no defined characters responding of necessity in definite ways to certain motives, would be as absurd as would be a physical world in which knives, the same knives, were sometimes hard and at other times soft, sometimes went through wood and sometimes let wood go through them! It would be as absurd a world as one in which water at sea-level sometimes chose to boil at 212° Fahrenheit, and at other times chose to boil at some other degree of heat; or a world in which carbon, in the same circumstances, sometimes was willing and sometimes not willing to unite with oxygen.

In any such physical world it would be well-nigh impossible to live. And no less is true as regards any similar psychical world. Notwithstanding that we cannot fully know all of a man's character and all the motive forces playing upon him, we do know something of his characteristic properties, of his psychic structure; and we also know something of the forces playing on his character and what re-actions they are likely to call forth from it; and because of this we can rely on certain necessary, inevitable action following as a result of the interaction of character and forces, for without such reliance or a certain measure of it, we simply should not be able to live together and have dealings with one another at all. If in the case of any given person there were no such thing as necessity in the re-actions of his character to motive, if a given response were something that capriciously might or might not take place in a given situation without any reason, therefore, in either

event, then, as already said, we should have before us not a man at all but an imbecile. And a world full of such men would be as unsatisfactory, nay, as impossible, as a physical world in which water could sometimes boil at 212° at sea-level, and sometimes not, just as it freely willed.

It is clear, then, that free willing as ordinarily conceived of, is a chimera that has no existence; and that the idea that there is such a thing has arisen simply from the fact that in most cases where willing takes place we are unable to obtain full and accurate knowledge of all the factors involved. For in cases of willing simple as that we have cited of a mother and child, we have seen that what is willed, is willed of necessity, that in a human being of such a character

And now the reader who has come to this point in our exposition is probably saying to himself: "What you say is true, or looks as if it were true; at least I cannot see any place where I can contradict you. But I wish I could! I want to contradict you, and show that you are wrong. I do not like to think that I am hemmed in like this. You seem to prove that I am, but I do not believe it. I cannot believe it. I do not feel that I am bound this way. In spite of all your words I feel I am free. I believe I am free."

To any such reader let it be said at once that he is justified in this his feeling that he is free, and in the trust he places therein. He is not hemmed in all round by any unbreakable band. There is a place at which the band is open. His feeling tells him the truth when it tells



NAKHA VEHERA

the knife's not behaving as we had expected, not in any assumption that it has the power to choose to cut or not to cut whenever it pleases, but in a defect of our knowledge regarding it, a lack of full knowledge as regards the nature of the knife, its hardness or temper, its ability to keep an edge; or else, a lack of knowledge regarding what has happened to it. In either case we attribute the disappointment of our expectations regarding its behaviour solely to our own deficient knowledge regarding it or its condition.

And as with knives, so with men! If in certain particular circumstances a man behaves in a manner contrary to what we had expected of him, and had every reason, as we thought, to believe he would behave, all we are entitled to say—and all, as a matter of fact, we very

the case of the man any more than in that of the knife, that he or it can choose to behave, can will to act in any way at all under any particular circumstances. We are bound to recognise that, man or knife, once the character of either and their present condition are fully known, neither can act but in one certain manner.

In the case of the man, of course, the difficulty is to obtain full and accurate knowledge of his character and condition. Such complete knowledge we cannot obtain, or at least, can hardly ever obtain in the case of a human being, so complex is the being's psychical structure, so multifarious and recondite the influences that may be playing upon him unknown to us or any other, sometimes unknown to the very man himself; whereas in the case of a knife we can



A VIEW OF THE RUINS OF POLONNARUWA

under such conditions no other willing could take place but what does take place, that what happens could not happen otherwise. And to the naive question: But can a man not do what he likes? the answer is: Certainly he can do what he likes. *He cannot do anything else*:—What he likes is precisely what he *must* do. There lies his bondage. The question proper to be asked here is: Can a man "like" to do *anything*? Is a man in any particular given situation equally free to "like" to perform any given action or its direct contrary? And the answer to this question is short and plain: No, he cannot. No, he is not. He can only "like" to do what is proper to his character's re-action to the situation: nothing else; otherwise he is an approximate candidate for the madhouse.

him that he is not a helpless prisoner, that on the contrary that he is free. But his freedom is not of the sort which, owing to insufficient thought about the matter, he hitherto possibly has thought it to be. The kind of irresponsible freedom dealt with above, as there shown, would make a crazy human world whose happenings would be quite incalculable, in which therefore nothing to any purpose could ever be done.

Where then lies man's freedom?

Man's freedom lies in his power of control over his thinking. And here it lies only at that point where thinking has its arising, in the first moment when an impression of sense just begins to present itself to the senses.

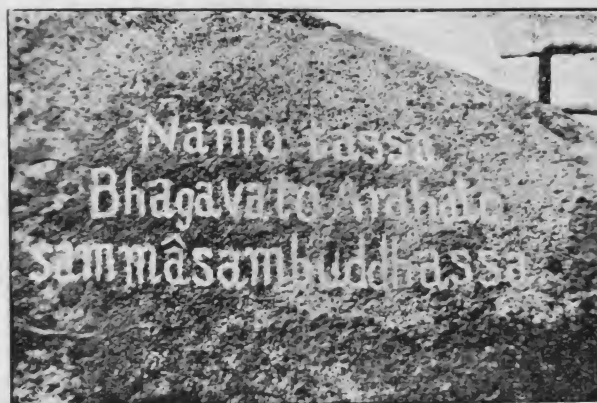
For all thinking has its arising in some sense-impression—an impression

on eye, ear, nose, tongue, body's surface, or on mind; for the mind also is a sense, the impressions made upon it being what we call ideas. The senses provide the objects, the starting-place for all our thinking. But in order that a train of thinking may be set up, at that first moment when an object of any kind, be it sight, sound, scent, savour, contact, or idea, presents itself to sense, it is necessary that effective *attention* be turned upon it. If such attention be not turned upon it, but at the very first moment of presentation is turned away from it, then nothing follows. No succession of happening is started in the psychic field, where happenings follow one another with the same strict and necessary consequence that they must do wherever is found conditioned life. In such a case no Kamma is made; no action—mental action—has been performed; and so there is no proceeding sequence of result.

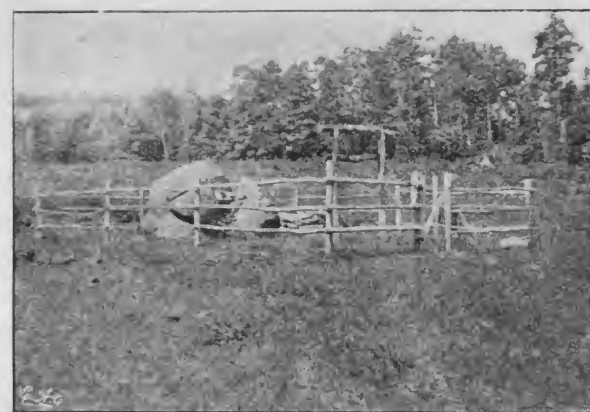
If, however, in the first moment of its presentation, attention is given to the sense-impression whatever it may be, then a train of cause and effect is set in motion which now must pursue its course with the same strict consequence with which all the happenings of the world flow on their unbroken way. Man's freedom thus resides in this, that it is in his power to choose whether he shall or shall not pay attention to the various impressions of sense that present themselves to him, in the first moment of their presentation. It lies in his power to give attention to these, to give no attention to those. Here he has freedom, power of choice; but he has no freedom of this kind anywhere else. He is not at liberty to violate the flow of cause and effect in any arbitrary fashion. In a world like ours causes must pursue their course for that world to be anything like an intelligible world. But in the thought-domain the power to set causes moving resides in ourselves, in this power we possess to choose to attend or not to attend to presented objects of sense—which includes objects presented to the mind-sense, that is, ideas—and so we are free.

It is possible that to many this will seem a very poor kind of freedom compared with the notion of freedom prevailing in most people's minds—the notion of being free at any moment to

do any kind of deed. But it is really a great thing. It is really the greatest thing in the world. For all that is in our world springs from thought. Thought is the main ingredient in the constitution of our world. Our world is quite simply made by thought. If then we possess in



"Despite the ice and snow,
The Lotus bud will open there,
With golden heart & glow."



THE FIRST BUDDHIST AMERICAN
SHRINE IN THE STATE OF MAINE

U. S. A.

our own hands the power to choose our thoughts, then we possess in our own hands nothing less than the power to make our world. And what greater power can man ask than that? We can make our world, make it what we will, though not indeed by any imagined clumsy interference with the flow of cause and effect. Such interference is impos-

sible, and it is well that it is impossible. If it were possible, we should have a chaos, not a cosmos. Instead, we can make our world what we will by interfering—if "interfering" it can be called—at that one point where interference is possible, at the point where each stream of causation in our world has its starting-place, namely, in thought, in the first beginnings of thought, in the attention we pay or refuse to pay to what is presented to our senses, more especially and particularly, what is presented to the sense of mind as ideas. We can decide the course of a river of cause and consequence, not when it is running fast and strong as a great stream—that neither man nor god can do—but before it has attained its strength and volume, at the time when it is only a tiny trickle just welling up out of the mother-soil of thinking. Then, there, at the place of its beginning, we can choose whether the stream that yet may become a great river shall flow in this direction or that, in this direction bear us on to all the good we can desire, or flowing in that other direction, become for us a giant flood of pain and suffering. It is in this moment of choice in the beginnings of thought that man's freedom is to be found, not in any supposed power to stop the course of cause and effect when it is already in the full flow of a mighty river. Sometimes, indeed, some of the effects in a given stream of causation may be *modified* by the influence of an earlier-generated causal sequence or by that of a later-generated sequence; but such event is no violation of the ever-inviolable law of cause and effect, any more than the deflection of a moving billiard-ball from its course by its impact with another or by the impact of another with it, is a violation of the laws of mechanics.

In homely illustration of the modifying effect of previously initiated causes upon the results of later ones, the Buddhist Scripture says that a pinch of salt put into a small cup of water makes it very salt, but put into a large cup of water does not make it very salt. And in a comparison illustrative of the modifying influence of later streams of causation upon the outcome of earlier ones, it is said that the seed of a bitter-fruited tree planted in the past will grow up into a bitter-fruited tree, but its present crop

of bitter fruit may be kept a small one by refraining from watering it or digging about its roots.

Once more, to those who may have expected something different, man's freedom of choice as to the initial motions of his thought in "attention" may seem paltry, yet it is all we have, and to those who use it, it is enough. To those who do not use it, however, it well may be paltry, indeed, nothing. For if it is not exercised, and by exercise developed and made strong, then in the final, fullest sense, there is no freedom for us nor ever can be. For freedom, full human freedom, is no endowment; it is an achievement. It is not something given but something earned. It is not a thing conferred but a thing that has to be won. And the winning of full freedom—that precisely is the grand task of life, the one thing which, soon or late, we all must accomplish.

And some men, it would seem, have little thought of setting out on the road to this great freedom. They exercise their power of choice as to thought but little, hardly at all. Such are and remain slaves—slaves to the base compulsion of necessity's inexorable flow from which they make no effort to escape. Accepting without selection all that sense presents them, the unrelenting sequence of cause and effect sweeps them along with no direction from their will.

They are asleep and have yet to be awakened.

Others make use of this power, and choose what they shall attend to, and find their power, not very strong at first, grow more and more strong with its exercise. They are not entirely helpless in the presence of sense-impressions. Because they have cultivated the power by use, they are able to refuse attention to those that are disadvantageous, profitless, and are able to give all attention to those to which they see it is profitable to attend. They attend to what promises to bring them good; they turn attention away from what seems likely to lead to harm. And so doing, they achieve liberty, some liberty. They make the stream of necessity serve their ends. They are taking the first steps towards issuing forth from that stream.

And there are some, a few—who at any one time always will be a few, though, each in his turn, every being alive at long last will become of their number—who cannot be satisfied with anything less than full liberty, freedom thorough and entire from necessity's stream. Out of this stream they deliber-

ately seek to rise into another that flows towards complete deliverance from the course of cause and consequence. These are the greatest of men, the most to be admired and venerated. These are they who enter upon and pursue the path that conducts to genuine freedom, that Path which, whoso comes to its end is well called Arahant, Worthy One, being worthy of all the honour his fellow-men can pay him, a true hero of our race. These, the Arahants, are those whose willing is free in the fullest sense of the words, for it is no longer in thrall to likes and dislikes, no more dominated by attractions and repulsions, since it is not under the power of any delusion as to the true nature of the impressions of sense. Theirs and theirs alone is complete free willing, for it is free from any and every kind of compulsion of desire.

To recapitulate:—

Man is not free as to what he is and does; he is only free as to what he shall be and shall do. And he is free as to this his future being and doing because he is free as to his present thinking, since all that he becomes proceeds primarily from his thought. This freedom, however, as to what he now in the present thinks, can be exercised only at the initial stage of thought, "attention." And the power to give or withhold this attention, feeble at first, men have to learn to exercise until it becomes thoroughly effectual. Thus, men are free to learn to be free! And this fuller freedom they can learn from a Buddha; for such an One teaches the Way to a free willing which is willing that is free from all coercion of craving, the only fully free willing there is in the world.



GEDI-GE—PANDAL AT NALANDA, MATALE

WESAK

What dost thou bring to me,
O radiant Wesak Morn?

I bring you Life, beloved one:
Fresh as a rose-bud just begun
To bloom within a highland glen
Beyond the bounds of human ken:
And limitless as dreams that reach
the utmost star that shines on high:
Pure as a baby's winsome speech;
and solemn as a lover's sigh—
The first of gifts treasured, tho' rife,
Beloved one, I bring you Life.

What dost thou bring to me,
O thrilling Wesak Noon?

I bring you Death, beloved one:
Strong as the glare of noonday sun,
Or warring roar of mighty seas
That ever roar without release:
As deep as thoughts that oft arise
within the poet's far-seeing mind:

Free as the blind man's inward
eyes: and sure as bonds that
lightly bind—
'Tis but the flagging of a breath,
Beloved one, I bring you Death.

What dost thou bring to me,
O charming Wesak Eve?

I bring you Peace, beloved one:
Soft as a cobweb newly spun:
And subtle as an elfish wing
When earth is visited by spring:
Sweet as a song at twilight heard
sung by a maiden love-forlorn:
Serene and true as measured word
when, with faint breath the dying
warn—
Tumult and strife and war shall
cease,—
Beloved one, I bring you Peace.

AUSTIN DE SILVA.

Maha Bodhi College,
Cinnamon Gardens.

The Greatest Wisdom.

THE more I have written, the clearer has this teaching become to me, until now I wonder that I did not understand long ago—nay, that it has not always been apparent to all men.

Surely it is the beginning of all wisdom.

Not until we had discarded Atlas and substituted gravity, until we had forgotten Euceladus and learned the laws of heat, until we had rejected Thor and his hammer and searched after the laws of electricity, could science make any strides onward.

An irresponsible spirit playing with the world as his toy killed all science.

But now science has learned a new wisdom, to look only at what it can see, to leave vain imaginings to children and idealists, certain always that the truth is inconceivably more beautiful than any dream.

Science with us has gained her freedom, but the soul is still in bonds.

Only in Buddhism has this soul-freedom been partly gained. How beautiful this is, how full of great thoughts, how very different to the barren materialism it has often been said to be, I have tried to show.

I believe myself that in this teaching of the laws of righteousness we have the grandest conception, the greatest wisdom the world has known.

I believe that in accepting this conception we are opening to ourselves a new world of unimaginable progress, in justice, in charity, in sympathy, and in love.

I believe that as our minds, when freed from their bonds, have grown more and more rapidly to heights of thought before undreamed of, to truths eternal, to beauty inexpressible, so shall our souls when freed, as our minds now are, rise to sublimities of which now we have no conception.

Let each man but open his eyes and see, and his own soul shall teach him marvellous things.

From H. Fielding Hall's "Soul of a People."

Thus have I heard.



One time the Blessed One was staying at Rajagaha in the Bamboo Grove, at the Squirrel's Feeding-place. And at this time the novice Aciravata was living in the Pinnacled Laura. And one day as Jayasena, the Royal heir, was strolling about here and there on foot, he happened to come where Aciravata was, and after exchanging the customary civilities sat down at one side and said to Aciravata: "I have heard tell, reverend Aggivessana, that in your sect the bhikkhu who lives earnest, striving, resolute, may obtain one-pointedness of mind."

"That is so, Prince; that is so. Here the bhikkhu who lives earnest, striving, resolute, may touch concentration of mind."

"Good were it if the reverend Aggivessana should set forth the teaching as heard, as committed to memory."

"I cannot set forth the teaching as heard, as committed to memory. If, Prince, I should so set forth the teaching and thou shouldst not apprehend the meaning of my words, this to me would be distressing; this to me would be vexatious."

"Let the reverend Aggivessana lay the doctrine, as handed down, before me. Perhaps I may understand the meaning of the reverend Aggivessana's words."

"Very well; I shall lay the doctrine, as handed down, before thee. And if thou shouldst understand the meaning of what is said, well and good. But if thou shouldst not understand, let the matter rest. Do not question me further concerning it."

"Let the reverend Aggivessana speak. If I understand, well and good. If not, I shall let be. I shall put no further question thereupon to the reverend Aggivessana."

Then the novice Aciravata laid the

Discipline

Freely rendered and abridged from the Pali

teaching, as heard and remembered, before the royal heir Jayasena. And when he had ended, Jayasena said: "This is without base, without grounds, that a striving bhikkhu should obtain the concentrated mind." And having thus expressed his view as to the impossibility of what the novice had said, he rose from his seat and went away.

Then, shortly after Prince Jayasena had gone, the novice Aciravata went



RAJA MALIGAWA ENTRANCE—YAPAHUWA

where was the Blessed One, and after due reverence sat down at one side and told the Blessed One all that had passed between himself and Prince Jayasena.

And when he had told all, the Blessed One said: "How should this be possible, Aggivessana? That Jayasena, the royal heir, dwelling amidst the pleasures of sense, enjoying pleasures of sense, feeding on thoughts of pleasures of sense, hot with the fever of pleasures of sense, eagerly pursuing pleasures of sense, should know, see, realise what is only to be known, seen, attained, realised by

renunciation,—ground for this there is none.

"Suppose, Aggivessana, that there are two tame elephants or horses or bullocks, well-trained, well-disciplined; and that there are two tame elephants or horses or bullocks, not trained, not disciplined. What do you think, Aggivessana? Would the pair of well-trained animals, trained, possess the results of training? Trained, obtain what belongs to the trained?"

"That they would, Lord."

"But those two tame elephants or horses or bullocks, not trained, not disciplined,—would these, untrained, possess the results of training? untrained, obtain what belongs to the trained, like the pair of well-trained, well-disciplined animals?"

"No indeed, Lord."

"In the same way, Aggivessana, that Prince Jayasena living amid the pleasures of sense, should know, see, realise what is only to be known, seen, realised by renunciation,—this is impossible.

"Suppose, Aggivessana, that not far from a certain town or village there is a great mass of rock; and that two friends set out from the town or village to go where that great rock is; and having reached it, one of them stays on the road below while the other climbs up on the rock. And now the one standing below on the roadway says to the other standing on top of the rock: 'What do you see, friend, up there on top of the rock?' And the other above says: 'Standing up here on the rock I see a splendid park, a splendid grove, a splendid garden, and a splendid pond.' And the one below says: 'This is without

base, without grounds that from the rock thou shouldst see a fine park and grove and garden and pond.'

"Suppose then, Aggivessana, that the friend above on the rock comes down to the roadway below and taking his friend by the arm leads him up on to the rock, and allowing a little time, asks: 'Now friend, what do you see, standing here on top of the rock?' And he answers: 'Standing on top of the rock I see a splendid park and grove and garden and pond.' And the other says: 'Just now, friend, to what I said you

replied that it was without base, without grounds, that I should see such a scene from the top of the rock. Now, however, you agree with what I said.' And thereupon his friend replies: 'But then friend, I did not see what there was to be seen, being shut off by this great mass of rock.'

"In the same way, Aggivessana, by the very much greater mass of ignorance is Prince Jayasena shut off, closed in, covered up, enveloped. That such an one, pursuing pleasures of sense, should know, realise what is only to be known and realised by renunciation—this is not possible.

"If, Aggivessana, through thee, these two comparisons were given as answer to Prince Jayasena not wonderful were it if Prince Jayasena should be satisfied

space. And thus arrived at the open space, that forest elephant has longings after the elephant forest. And the keeper of the elephant forest announces to the king: 'Your majesty, the forest elephant is now in the open space.'

"Then the king calls for his elephant tamer and says: 'Come good elephant tamer, tame this forest elephant, removing from him his forest ways, removing from him his memories of the forest, removing from him his oppressions, distresses, fevers of the forest, making him take pleasure in village ways, making him give himself to ways pleasing to men.'

" 'Very good, your majesty,' says the elephant tamer, and obedient to the king's behest he takes a great post and drives it into the ground, and secures the forest elephant to it by the neck to

king's elephant learns to obey the trainer's word of command to take up and lay down, then the trainer does a further thing. He says: 'Advance, sir! Retreat, sir!' And when the elephant has learned to obey the command to advance and retreat, the trainer then does a further thing and says: 'Rise up, sir! sit down, sir!' And when the king's elephant has learned to obey its trainer's word of command to rise up and sit down, then the trainer teaches it a further thing, namely immobility.

"He fastens a stout board to its trunk, and a man armed with a goad sits on its neck, and men with goads stand all round it on every side, and the trainer himself stands in front of it with a long-handled goad in his hands. And practising immobility that elephant stirs neither its fore feet nor its hind feet, neither the front part of its body nor the hind part of its body; it does not move its head nor its ears nor its mouth nor tail nor trunk. And that king's elephant patiently endures the strokes of swords and spears and arrows, the sounds of drums large and small, the din and noise of trumpets, until, all crookedness and fault removed from him, all defect taken out of him, he is accounted worthy of a king, a treasure fit for a king, a proper requisite of royalty.

"And in the same way, Aggivessana, here in the world a Tathagata appears; and a certain person, moved of faith, goes forth from home to homelessness. This, Aggivessana, is the noble disciple's going into the open space. And here he has longings after the five pleasures of sense, of gods and of men. And him the Tathagata further disciplines, saying: 'Come bhikkhu, be virtuous! Dwell restrained according to the Rule, perfect in all your walks and ways. Seeing cause for fear in the slightest fault, practise all the practices.

"And when the noble disciple has done this, the Tathagata disciplines him further, saying: 'Come bhikkhu, guard well the doors of the senses. Having with any sense perceived its corresponding object, do not grasp at the sign, the token thereof, for thereby evil, unwholesome things arise.'

"And when the noble disciple has learned this, the Tathagata disciplines him further, saying: 'Come bhikkhu, be moderate in your eating. Wisely reflecting, partake of food neither for pride nor ostentation nor enjoyment's sake, but only to maintain the body in health for the living of the religious life.'



RUINS OF PANKULIYA VIHARA AT ANURADHAPURA

by thee and, satisfied, bear thee witness of his satisfaction."

"But how, Lord, shall these two comparisons never heard before save through a Blessed One, not to be wondered at, through me be given as answer to Prince Jayasena?"

"Suppose, Aggivessana, that an anointed warrior king calls the keeper of his elephant forest and says: 'Good forester, take one of the royal elephants and go into the elephant forest; and when you have spied a forest elephant, secure him by the neck to the royal elephant.'

" 'Very good, your majesty,' says the keeper of the elephant forest, and doing as he is bid, enters the elephant forest and secures a forest elephant by the neck to the royal elephant; and the royal elephant leads it into an open

the end that he may free it from forest ways and memories from the oppressions, distresses, fevers of the forest, make it pleasure in village ways, give itself to human ways. And the elephant tamer addresses it with words that are kindly, soothing to the ear, affectionate, going to the heart, courteous, liked by all, pleasing to all. And when that forest elephant, thus addressed by the tamer with such pleasant speech, listens attentively, gives ear, and an understanding mind is born in him, the elephant tamer brings him grass to eat and water. And when that forest elephant takes the tamer's grass and water, then the tamer says to himself: 'He will live now, will this elephant of the king.'

"Then the elephant trainer does a further thing. He says: 'Take up, sir! lay down, sir!' And when the

"And when the noble disciple has learned this, the Tathagata disciplines him further, saying: 'Come bhikkhu, devote yourself to wakefulness. In the first and last watches of the night, walking up and down or sitting still, cleanse the mind of obstructive things. Only in the middle watch lie down on the right side, collected and clearly conscious, giving the mind to the thought of arising.'

"And when the noble disciple has learned this, the Tathagata disciplines him further, saying: 'Come bhikkhu, be collected and conscious in the performance of each and every act and motion of the body, stirring or still, asleep or awake, speaking or keeping silence.'

"And when the noble disciple has learned this, the Tathagata disciplines him further saying: 'Come bhikkhu, practise dwelling alone at the foot of a tree or in a cave or other solitary place. And there dwelling, cleanse the mind of craving and ill-will and sloth and torpor and restlessness and moodiness and dubiety. And such an one, putting away these five hindrances, practises recollectedness as regards body and sensation, mind and ideas.

"Just as the elephant-tamer drives a great post into the ground and fastens the forest elephant to it by the neck for the removing from it of its forest ways and thoughts and defects, and their replacing with village, human ways, even so, Aggivessana, is the mind of the noble disciple fastened to these four posts of recollectedness for the removing from him of household ways and thoughts and defects, and the attaining of the Eightfold Path, the realisation of Nibbana.

"And then the Tathagata disciplines him yet further, thus: 'Come bhikkhu, as regards body dwell observant of body, and do not think thought bound up with body. As regards sensation dwell observant of sensation, and do not think thought bound up with sensation. As regards mind dwell observant of mind, and do not think thought bound up with mind. As regards ideas, dwell observant of ideas, and do not think thought bound up with ideas. And ceasing from thought and reflection, his mind quieted within him, come to one-ness, not thinking, not reflecting, the bhikkhu dwells attained to the joyous, happy second Jhana and third Jhana that are born of concentration. And with mind quieted he passes one after the other through all the succeeding stages of culture, and so comes at last to the

ending of the Baness; and then he knows that this world for him is no more.

"And such a bhikkhu is patiently enduring of cold and heat and all manner of petty vexations. Pangs and torments quietly he accepts till, all craving and hatred and delusion removed from him, every defect taken out of him, he is held worthy of honours and offerings, worthy to be revered with folded hands as the highest field of merit in the world.

"Now if, Aggivessana, an old or a middle-aged or a young elephant dies untrained, undisciplined, then of such an elephant it is said that it has died an untrained death. And in the same way, if an elder or a middle-aged or a young bhikkhu dies, not having

made an end of the Baness of Lust, Love of Living and Delusion, of such a bhikkhu it is accounted: 'He has died an untrained death.'

"But if, Aggivessana, an old or middle-aged or young elephant dies well trained, well disciplined, then of such an elephant it is said that it has died a trained death. And in the same way, if an elder or a middle-aged or a young bhikkhu dies, having made an end of the Baness of Lust, Love of Living, and Delusion, then of such a bhikkhu it is accounted: 'That bhikkhu has died a trained death.'

So spake the Blessed One. Pleased, the novice Aciravata rejoiced in the words which the Blessed One spake.

Nibbana—The Ideal of Buddhists.



VERY religionist has an ideal in view when he professes a certain faith. Our Christian Brother, for instance, takes life easy and eagerly longs for celestial joys in an eternal Heaven; our Hindu Yogi, on the other hand, lives a life of self-mortification to gain Mukti or become united with Brahma. We Buddhists, on the contrary, pursue a *via media*—Majjhima Patipada—having for our ideal a Dhamma, unlocalised, unchanging, and uncaused, viz.:—The eternal Nibbana, the Final End of Sorrow.

This indeed is the single thought that moves about 500,000,000 co-religionists to-day to follow the Dhamma of the Tathagata. This is assuredly that noble Pearl, which to the happy world appears nothing—not worth striving for, but to the children of Wisdom, who are sorely afflicted with sorrow (Dukkha), is all things—in fact the only thing worth striving for.

However much we may write on this subject of vital importance, with whatever glowing terms we may describe its peaceful state, we can never know what Nibbana actually is by a mere perusal of articles. The genuine Nibbana is not something to be set down to print, nor is it a thing to be grasped by worldly knowledge; but, on the contrary, it is to be realised by the analytical insight of the wise for themselves. This no doubt is truth absolute. But surely this is no reason why we should not formulate at least some clear idea of it in our own minds

till we reach that high stage when we would be able to see it face to face.

We would otherwise quite reasonably merit the reproach cast at the unpractical young man in the *Tevijja Suttanta*: "But then, good friend, you are making a staircase to mount up to something, taking it for a mansion, which all the while you have neither comprehended nor have seen."

The safest way then to form some such idea of it is by reasoning according to the Dhamma, which, fortunately is still preserved by the Sangha in its pristine purity. One may logically conclude that a Nibbana exists as the Bodhisatva did some æons and æons ago when born as Ascetic Sumedha. But logically or scientifically one can never comprehend its true nature. It is *atakkavacaro*, not to be come at by logical process. The present treatment of the subject is therefore entirely based on the Word of the Buddha.

"Nibbana, Nibbana, friend Sariputta, thus they say. But what, friend, is this Nibbana?" was a question asked by a Brahmin ascetic some two thousand five hundred years ago. It was echoed by King Milinda at Sagala five hundred years later. As the question sounds still fresh in the ears of all, it may be permitted to re-echo the same in these pages too. Well, the answer to it is not new; it is as old as the question itself.

The Pali word Nibbana, which must be distinguished from the Sanskritised form, Nirvana, meaning thereby, the absorption into Brahma, is formed of 'Ni'—and 'Vana.' Ni is a negative participle and Vana means lusting or

craving. Craving in Pali receives the name, "*Vana*," because it acts as it were as a cord to connect one birth with another. *That Dhamma, therefore, which enables one to depart from that craving or let loose that cord, is known as Nibbana.* The Venerable Anuruddha defines it in the Compendium of Philosophy thus: "It is called Nibbana, in that it is a "departure" from that craving which is called *Vana*, *lusting*."

It may further be defined as the *getting rid of the round of rebirth*. It may also be defined as *the blowing out*—the blowing out of the fire of lust (Lobha), hatred (Dhosa) and illusion (Moha). The whole world is in flames, says the Buddha. "By what fire is it kindled? By the fire of lust, hatred, and illusion; by the fire of birth, old age, death, pain, lamentation, sorrow, grief, and despair it is kindled."

Nibbana can roughly be understood to mean the blowing out of these flames. In the Majjhima Nikaya, Venerable Sariputta defines Nibbana as the annihilation of lust, hatred, and ignorance. Are we then to understand that Nibbana is merely this annihilation of passion and nothing more whatever, as some scholars are apt to think? Certainly not; for, it is expressly stated: "*Khayamattameva na Nibbanan ti vattabban*"—one should not say that Nibbana is mere extinction. The above saying of Venerable Sariputta is not to be interpreted literally, for unless one uproots the passions one cannot enter into Nibbana.

Should we accept it that Nibbana is just this and nothing more whatever, then we should be experiencing Nibbana frequently, for we are *not constantly obsessed* with these rebellious passions, though it must be admitted that even in such instances passions are not wholly rooted out. Add to this, that Nibbana would be present in all inorganic things since passions are extinct in them.

Nibbana is, therefore, annihilation of passions plus what nobody can express in words, as the Buddha has in no place explained it in positive terms, perhaps due to the fact that mundane words are inexpressive of supramundane things. Anyway we shall not be far wrong if we form a conception of it for the present as "the cessation of the flux" or "freedom from sorrow" or "anni-

hilation of passions." We must not forget at the same time that this is only the negative aspect of the subject.

If it be asked: "Is Nibbana nothingness?"—The reply of the Theravada Buddhists is, *No!*

Whatever view the savants of the West may hold with regard to this, the Buddha's view let it be said is widely different from that of the Annihilationists. (Uccheda-Vadis.)

To prove that Nibbana is nothingness owing to the fact that we cannot conceive it with our worldly knowledge is as quite illogical as to prove that there exists no light just because the blind man does not see light. In that well-known story too, the fish arguing with

must be differentiated from mere nothingness.

The fact that Arahants realise Nibbana as an object, as well as the pæans to which they have given utterance as they draw near to it, also prove that it is something beyond mere nothingness. If, on the other hand, Nibbana is mere nothingness, the Buddha should not have treated it as an object, "*Vattahu-Dhamma*," and describe its nature in various terms, as "*Living Water*," "*Endless security*," "*That which neither increases nor decreases*," and so forth.

Nibbana of the Buddha is, therefore, *neither a mere nothingness nor a mere cessation.*



TISSAMAHARAMA CETIYA

his friend the turtle, triumphantly concluded that there exists no land.

The mode of reasoning of some of the hasty scholars, regrettable to say, is not far different from that of the fish in the story just referred to.

If Nibbana is nothingness, then it should necessarily coincide with space—Akasa.

In the Anguttara Nikaya, the Buddha says:—"There are, O Bhikkhus, two Dhammas, permanent, eternal, everlasting, not changing, *viz*: Space (Akasa) and Nibbana." The former is eternal because it is nothing in itself. Speaking of realms again the Buddha makes a reference to a realm of nothingness, which also goes to prove that Nibbana

Sopadisesa and Anupadisesa Nibbana Dhatu.—In the books we often see references made to Nibbana as Sopadisesa and Anupadisesa. This, in fact, is not two kinds of Nibbana, but the one single Nibbana receiving its name according to the way it is experienced before and after death.

Sopadisesa—having a remainder, substratum or basis—used of the attainment of Nibbana by an Ariya, where, although the Nibbana has been attained, there yet remains the body as the 'nexus.' Here it must not be forgotten that Arahants and others do not enjoy the bliss of Nibbana uninterruptedly in the course of their life-span.

Anupadisesa—without a basis, used of the true Nibbana itself, is mentioned

with reference to the state so to say of the Arahants and Buddhas after the dissolution of the body.

A careful consideration of the following three characteristics which the Buddha has assigned to it will perhaps enable one to comprehend what Nibbana is to some extent.

Contrasting Nibbana with Samsara the Buddha emphatically states that the former is Eternal (Dhuvā), Desirable (Subhā), and Happy (Sukhā).

According to Buddhism there are two kinds of Dhammas; *Conditioned* and *Unconditioned*. All conditioned things, to which category belongs everything in this universe, are as a consequence impermanent, persistently flowing like a river.

This truth was propounded by the Peerless Scientist, the Buddha, some 2,500 years ago, in the valley of the Ganges. But the scientists of the West realised it only yesterday. For not more than 70 years ago was it believed with an act of faith by the so called scientists that there existed in the domain of matter a "substance," an unchanging indivisible atom. But the theory, as is the case with all theories based on false assumptions; was held up to scorn and ridicule and consequently died a natural death at the hands of the more enlightened analysts. It is now believed, as you are all aware, that the so called atom consists of magnetic forces, electrons and corpuscles, in incessant movement, a balance of action and reaction no longer considered indestructible.

But in the realm of consciousness the Westerners are still groping in the dark. Fortunately enough Professors Bergson and James have now proved that the consciousness also is in a state of constant flux, remaining for no two consecutive moments the same. "All consciousness is time-existence; and a conscious state is not a state that endures without changing. It is a change without ceasing; when change ceases it ceases; it is itself nothing but change."

Life, thus, we see, is a mere flowing, an incessant flux, as it is composed of mind (Nama) and matter (Rupa).

To illustrate this all-pervading law of transiency one need not multiply instances. A mere backward glance is sufficient to convince one of the truth of this statement. The past history of nations, the passing away of powerful Empires, the late European War above all, and the rapid changes a particular individual undergoes during one brief life-span itself, undoubtedly reveal to

the thinking man that there exists here nothing but a constant becoming and passing away.

Every conditioned thing is essentially transient, and as such is undesirable. That which is transient and undesirable cannot certainly be happy.

What we call happiness or pleasure here is merely the gratification of some desire. No sooner is the desired thing gained than it begins to be scorned, so unsatiate are all desires. We crave to acquire wealth and we gain it, but we are weary in the midst of our goal. We long for fame, and we gain it, but we are lonely, our heart is unsatisfied. We want power, and we gain it, but we are the object of envy and jealousy. What earthly joy is there that does not

(Atithkara). It is a happiness which results as a consequence of calming down passions (Viyupasama) unlike that which results from the gratification of some desire (Vedayita).

So far well and good, but, where is this so called Nibbana? In the Milinda Panha, Venerable Nagasena gives the answer to the question in the following words: "There is *no spot* looking East, South, West or North, above, below or beyond, *where Nibbana is situate*, and *yet Nibbana is*; and he who orders his life aright, grounded in virtue, and with rational attention, may realise it, whether he live in Greece, China, Alexandria, or in Kosala."

In illustration thereof he says:—Just as the fire is not stored up in one



GALLANGOLA VIHARE

sooner or later lose its savour? What known pleasure is there that does not pall and weary with long continuance? What worldly amusement or delight is there that can, we will not say be enjoyed, but be even endured for any considerable length of time? Worldly happiness—heavenly bliss not excluded—is only a prelude to pain. Sorrow is therefore essential to life and cannot be evaded. If it can find entrance in no other form, then it comes in the sad, grey garments of tedium and ennui.

But Nibbana being the only unconditioned thing, that which has not risen from a cause is, in opposition to things of Samsara, Eternal, Desirable and Happy. It is one whole Sukha, Bliss, Real Happiness. A happiness which never fades, never wearies, never falls, never fluctuates. A happiness which grows not stale nor monotonous

particular place but arises when the necessary conditions exist, so Nibbana is not said to be existing in a particular place, but *it is attained* when the conditions are fulfilled.

To put it in the words of the Buddha Himself:—"Nibbana is nowhere but is dependent upon the four-fathomed carcase itself."

As such it is called Panita, that which is not filled. It therefore follows that Nibbana is *not* a sort of *Brahma-Heaven*, where a transcendental ego resides as some would seem to think, but a Dhamma.

What attains Nibbana, is another question which perplexes the minds of many a Buddhist. The question must necessarily be set aside as irrelevant, for Buddhism admits of no soul.

The so-called being is composed of mind and matter, the latter is composed of forces and qualities, whilst the former

of fleeting mental states. A being is thus a ceaseless flux instead of an unchanging soul embodied. (Nibbana, in one sense, is the cessation of this flux.)

Thus hath it been said by the Buddha:

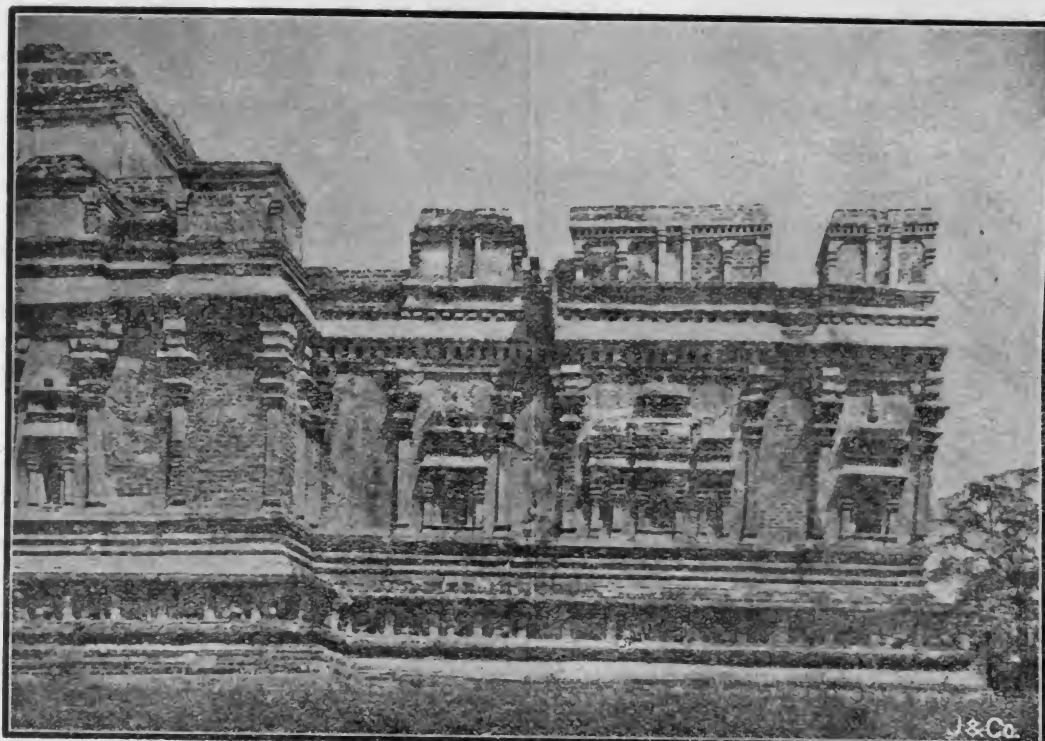
"Misery only doth exist, none miserable,

No doer is there, nought save the deed is found.

Nibbana is, but not the man who seeks it,

The path exists but not the traveller in it."

There is yet a very important question to consider. It is the Path that leads to the attainment of Nibbana. Leaving aside all speculations, the only thing that should be done to find out Nibbana is 'to get to it' or 'let it get us'—whichever way we please to put it.



THUPARAMA VIHARA, POLONNARUWA

However important the question may be, owing to lack of space, it has to be dealt with very briefly.

We never really know anything without some doing and more than anywhere else is that true here. The earnest aspirant who wishes to know what this Nibbana is, should at first regulate his word and deed by conduct—Sila—and then embark upon the higher practice of concentration of the mind—Samadhi. With the aid of this concentrated mind he should then try to develop Panna—Insight—in order to see things as they truly are. To him who thus endeavours to reflect on Sankharas as Anicca, Dukkha, and Anatta there comes to him like a flash of lightning the intuition of Nibbana for the first time, and he is thereafter known as Sotapanna.

"As the traveller by night sees the landscape around him by each flash of lightning and the picture so obtained long thereafter swims before his dazzled eyes," so the individual by the flashing light of Vipassana—Insight—catches a glimpse of Nibbana with such clearness that the after-picture never more fades from his mind."

When the individual attains this stage by seeing Nibbana for the first time, a Javana process generally takes place to this effect. (A Javana process it must be understood consists of seven thought-moments.) The first three thought-moments of the following process are as it were three storms that dispel the clouds of Avijja which overshadow the moon, the Nibbana. The fourth is similar to the seeing of the

moon, the Nibbana, which is thus cleared.

1. Parikamma. (Preliminary)	2. Upacara. (Access)	3. Anuloma. (Adaptation)
4. Gotrabhu. (Adoption)	5. Magga. (Path)	6. Phala. (Fruit)
		7. Phala. (Fruit)

The evolution of adoption (Gotrabhu) which follows the adaptation (Anuloma) cuts off the heritage of the ordinary person (Puthujjana) and evolves the lineage of the Transcendental (Lokutara). It is followed by a single moment of path consciousness, by which (1) the First of the Four Noble Truths is clearly discerned, (2) Error, Doubt, Belief in Ceremonialism are got rid of, (3) Nibbana is intuited and (4) the Ariyan Eightfold Path Constituents (Ariya Atthangika Magga) are cultivated. (This may be regarded as definition of the Supra-Mundane Consciousness.)

These four simultaneous functions correspond to the Four Noble Truths.

The path-thought is immediately followed by two or three moments of its fruition (Phala Citta) (in the present case only two) before consciousness lapses again into the stream; hence the Buddha terming His Dhamma "Immediately effective" (Akalika).

Prior to "adoption", the object of the first three thought-moments is one of the Three Salient Marks of things, i.e., Anicca Dukkha or Anatta. But adoption implies an evolution which transcends the condition, and has for its object (as in the case of the Path Thoughts and the Consciousness of Fruition) Nibbana.

Passing from stage to stage he ultimately attains to the stage of Arahanta and fully understands the Four Noble Truths which he realised in the three preceding stages. The only difference in the Javana Process in the three Higher Stages is that adoption (Gotrabhu) receives the special name of the moment of purification (Vodana) and each Path-Consciousness cuts off the fetters relative to the stage.

Though an Arahanta he is nevertheless not free from physical suffering as he is not experiencing this supra-mundane consciousness uninterruptedly, and the heavy burden he bears is not yet cast off. While Nibbana is most assuredly accessible here and now, the Real Nibbana—a continuous realisation of the Emancipation of the Mind, is therefore only thinkable after death. Venerable Moggallana, for instance, was tortured to death by thieves as a result of his past Evil Kamma. Buddha himself suffered on various occasions.

Why does the Arahanta continue to live when he has already realised the Four Noble Truths, or, when he has denied the will-to-live, so to say?

The reply is because his Kamma force which gave him birth is not still spent. To quote Schopenhauer, it is like the potter's wheel from which the hand of the potter has been lifted or, to cite a better illustration from our own books:—A branch cut off from a tree puts forth no more fresh leaves, flowers and fruits, as it is no longer supported by the sap of the tree, but those which already existed would last till life becomes extinct in the particular branch. Just in the same way the Arahant lives even after the Attainment to the Soapadhisana-Nibbanadhatu owing to the force of his past Kamma without adding any more fresh Kamma to the store, and utterly indifferent whether he dies or not.

What happens to the Arahant after his Pari Nibbana? As a flame blown to and fro by the wind, says the Buddha,

goes out and cannot be registered, even so an Arahant set free from mind and matter has disappeared and cannot be registered.

One enquires: Has he then merely disappeared, or does he indeed no longer exist?

For him who has disappeared, says the Buddha, in the Sutta Nipata, there is no form, that by which they say "He is," exists for him no more; when all conditions are cut off all matter for discussion is also cut off. Or again as the Udana sings:—

"As the fiery sparks from a forge are one by one extinguished,

"And no one knows where they have gone—

"So it is with those who have attained to complete emancipation,

"Who have crossed the flood of desire,

"Who have entered the calm delight, of these no trace remains."

And for a word in conclusion.—The state of Nibbana, as we are all well aware, cannot be fully discussed by ordinary mortals as we are. That Nibbana exists is undoubtedly true—at least it is believed as a fact by about five hundred millions of Buddhists to-day. The keys of the gates of the city of Nibbana are not in the hands of a Saint Peter. The wand of Justice is not in the mighty hands of a Powerful Ruler. The gates are not open only to a selected few who are specially graced by the lord of the city.

We have no need to seek it in a heaven above, or in a world below, nor in the bosom of a Powerful Being. It is within the reach of us all. Only one thing is left to be done, let it be repeated, and that is, to get to it or let it get us. Each noble act, each kind word, each loving thought brings us a step nearer to our ideal. Let us therefore tread the noble Eightfold Path, set forth by the Tathagata and knocking at the door, let us all enter the glorious city of Nibbana, unstained, undefiled, pure and white, ageless, deathless, secure, calm and happy.

Vajirāraya,
Bambalapitiya. Bhikkhu—N.

FLOWERS

As flowers in rich profusion piled
Will many a garland furnish forth;
So all the years of mortal life
Should fruitful be in all good works.

DHAMMAPADA.

The Middle Path



HIS Golden Mean, generally known as the Majjhima Patipada, is made known in the Dhammacakkapavattana Sutta (The Reign of the Law) of the Maha Vagga in the Vinaya Pitaka. This is the first sermon delivered

by the Lord Buddha to five mendicants, afterwards known as the Panca-vaggiya Bhikkhus, and to Devas, on the full moon day of the Uttara Ashadha month of the Kali Yuga era 2512, that is, two thousand five hundred and nine years ago—at the Deer Park of Isipatana in Benares. Our Lord commenced this sermon thus:—*Dve me, Bhikkhave anta pabbajitena na sevita*, etc. The gist of which is as follows:—

"Bhikkhus! There are two extremes, which the man who is devoted to the higher life ought not to follow. They are: The devotion to Sensuous Pleasures which is low, pagan, ignoble, and unprofitable. This is fit only for the worldly-minded. The other is the devotion to Asceticism or self-mortification, which is painful, ignoble, and unprofitable."

Avoiding these two extremes, the Tathagata (the Buddha) has discovered a Middle Path, which opens the eyes and affords clear perception, bestows understanding, gives peace of mind and tranquillity, and leads to higher wisdom, to full enlightenment or perfect knowledge and to Nibbana. This is the Noble Eightfold Path of:—

Right Knowledge,	
Right Intentions,	
Right Speech,	
Right Behaviour,	
Right Livelihood,	
Right Endeavour,	[gations,
Right Recollection of Investi-	
Right Concentration of Thoughts.	

The two extremes mentioned above embrace all the theistic religions and philosophic schools that teach salvation from suffering and the acquisition of happiness in a life beyond the grave. Of these, some systems teach that happiness can be attained by enjoying sensuous pleasures in various ways according to the dictates of one's mind. On the other hand, other systems teach that a happy life in the next existence can only be gained by undergoing suffering, by torturing the body, by keeping aloof from the indulgence of the appetites even moderately and abstinence from food and drink, and by the observance of rigid ascetic precepts, such as standing

day and night with lifted arms, walking on spiked sandals, besmearing their bodies with mud and ashes, repeating the name of their god from morning till night, eating leaves or roots, or a counted number of grains, standing in the blazing sun every day, adopting methods to be eyeless, tongue-less, and sexless, etc., in accordance with the vows they made. Under the heading of Kamasukalikanu Yoga, all religions, such as Zoroastrianism, Christianity, Mahomedanism, Saktism and other Hindu creeds similar to it, may be included. To the Atia-kila-matanu Yoga may be assigned all religions that sanction fasting, abstinence from food, drink, and dresses, wearing rough garments, etc., and Yoga systems that teach self-mortification, and so forth may be included. The Noble Eightfold Path of self-control, self-culture, self-conquest, and self-enlightenment, or the Path leading to moral and intellectual development taught by the Buddha, not only avoids these two extremes, but also stands even to this day as the only scheme of salvation, which is quite independent of ritualism, sacerdotalism, animism, theism, spiritualism, and materialism, and better than all, quite independent of any contact with mysticism and supernaturalism.

The first Anga (part) of this Path, which verily deserves the attribute Noble given to it, is Samma Ditthi. Prof. Rhys Davids and Bhikkhu Ananda Maitriya renders it "Right Views," Dr. Paul Carus translates it "Right Comprehension," Bhikkhu Silacara says it is "Right Understanding." It may, according to the Sacca Vibhanga and Sati Patthana Suttas, be called "Right Knowledge," as the word Nana, which signifies knowledge, is used in explaining it. Right knowledge does not consist in grasping the power and glory of a certain deity, the way to please him, or knowing the beauty and bliss of a material or a spiritual heaven, but in knowing that suffering exists everywhere, in all the worlds that belong to the sensuous Region, the Region of form, and the Formless Region; that craving for, and clinging to, what is considered as pleasure and happiness is the cause of suffering; that the eradication of this craving or thirst by degrees is the only source of liberation from suffering; and the Path that every one ought to tread for the destruction of craving is the Noble Eightfold Path of contentment

and tranquillity. He who acquires this knowledge properly sees things as they really are, practically realises how suffering and impermanence prevail everywhere, and liberates himself from sweet hopes, childish speculations, idle fears, delusive and egotistic ideas, and the pursuit of vanities.

He, who has taken this first step of Right Knowledge, is led necessarily to think that such being the state of things according to nature, what should his intentions be, and places his foot on the step or rung called Right Intention. The knowledge he has gained when he was on the first step has taught him that this suffering is caused, in going beyond the limits of contentment, by craving for, and hankering after vanities; and that not only himself, but the whole sentient world is under this yoke. Hence, his duty, when he is on this step, according to the Buddha, is "to renounce the craving for sensuous pleasures and the pursuit of vanities, to practise contentment, to cherish unselfish love towards all living beings, and to cultivate pity, sympathy, and compassion towards all sentient beings," who are crushed under his burden of suffering. He who cherishes and cultivates this noble aim stands firm on the second step.

Having set his mind in the right direction, he has now to pay his attention towards the movements of his physical body. He ascends the third step called Right Speech, in order to put into practice his noble thoughts. He first governs his tongue, and abstains from lying words, slander, abuse, swearing, vain and idle talk, and harsh and bitter words. He frames his speech and uses words that are truthful, blameless, pleasing to the ear, appealing to the heart, pleasant to, and beloved by, the hearers, courteous and urbane. Lastly, he fashions his speech according to the occasion, speaks weighty and righteous words that produce discipline and order amongst the hearers, and makes his speech worthy of being stored up in the minds of hearers, being fully illustrated, clearly divided, and replete with sense. Thus he stands firm on the third step.

He knows that all living beings, like himself, are composed of the material and mental aggregations called *Khandhas*, that all are related to each other and to himself, whilst rotating in the circle of *Sansara*, that all are subject to birth, growth, decay, and death like himself, that all are subject to pleasure and pain alike, that all crave for pleasure, comfort, and happiness, that all fear, and tremble at torture and death, and that life,

which all can deprive others of, but none can give, is dear even to the minutest insect, as it is to him. He becomes ashamed of roughness, lays aside the lance and spear, the knife and sword, and cherishing mercy towards all, and cultivating goodwill without measure among all beings, he lives in a state of tranquillity which is the best in the world. Moreover, knowing that which is called "his own" is dear to him, he refrains from taking things that belong to others, whereby he would produce trouble, anxiety, and sorrow to them. He takes only what he gets as his own, and lives in honesty and purity of heart. Knowing that this body is a mass of impurity, from which decaying matter constantly oozes out, and what is called beauty is but skin deep, he abstains from unlawful sexual intercourse that brings



YAPAHUWA

evil on self and others in various ways, in this life and in future existences. He abstains from liquors and drugs that cause loss of right reason, mental derangement, and various kinds of disorders. Thus he stands firm on the fourth step called Right Behaviour.

The harmless livelihood of a member of the Buddhist Order is, to some extent, given in the *Brahma Jala* and *Samannaphala Suttas*, etc., and in full detail in the *Vinaya Pitaka*. The harmless livelihood of a lay Buddhist appears in the *Sigalo-vada Sutta*. Briefly, a Buddhist layman should not follow any livelihood that brings evil on others, such as loss, injury, pain, suffering, death. In the *Pancaka Nipata* of the *Anguttara Nikaya* the Buddha says, that a layman should abstain from the following five trades:

They are, making and selling weapons used for killing purposes; sale of human beings as slaves; sale of animals for killing; sale of intoxicating liquors and drugs; and the sale of poison to kill. Further, a Buddhist trader is enjoined to refrain from using false weights, false measures, and showing spurious imitations as genuine goods. In brief, an honest, peaceful, upright, and harmless life, untainted with greedy grasping and fraud, constitutes what is called Right Livelihood.

Thus fortified with the noble ideas that are in him in an embryonic state he enters now upon the struggle. He applies his mind, makes an effort, exercises his determination, and exerts himself heroically to effect the suppression beforehand of demerits (arising from thoughts, words, and deeds) that have not yet arisen, the suppression and

abandonment of demerits that have arisen, the generating of new merits that have not yet arisen, and the retention, preservation, development, and perfection of merits that already are existing in him. By practising this, he becomes endowed with what is known as Right Endeavour.

He who has practised Right Endeavour acquires energy, is able to suppress the taints of evil inclinations, possesses clear intelligence, and is able to retain his mind on a subject that he wishes to investigate. Then, subduing covetousness and dislike or aversion, he investigates the transitory nature of the physical body, the transitory nature of sensations, the transitory nature of the mind, and the transitory nature of all the *Dhammas* in the sentient world. The

retention of these in mind is called Right Recollection of Investigations, and the person is able to ascend the last step.

A monk of this order, isolating himself from the ideas associated with sensuous pleasures, and from demerits that accrue from the five Hindrances, enters into the first *Jhana*, where there is conception, reflection, joy, and physical ease produced from composure. Next he enters the second *Jhana*, where there is the unification of thoughts (caused by the subsidence of conception and reflection), and joy and physical ease produced from tranquillity. Forming no attachment to joy, he abides in a neutral state, where there is investigation, intelligence, and physical ease. He then enters the third *Jhana*, which the Noble Ones (*Buddhas*) call that which is endowed with neutrality, investigation, and ease. After the cessation of physical comfort and discomfort and the disappearance of mental pleasure and pain previously felt, he enters the fourth *Jhana*, where there is translucent mindfulness associated with neutrality. This is called Right Concentration of thoughts.

After the Right Composure of the mind the attempt to obtain the Fruits of the Paths appears to be a Herculean task. The aspirant has to break ten strong fetters, which are called Hindrances because they impede progress. They are:—(1) The belief on the existence of an entity called Soul, (2) Indecision, (3) Dependence on the Efficacy of Rites and Ceremonies, (4) Attachment to sensuous pleasures, (5) Hate, (6) Desire for a future life in a material heaven, (7) Desire for a future existence in a spirit world, (8) Pride, (9) Restlessness of mind, and (10) Delusion. The progress made in the acquisition of the Fruits of the Paths is thus described by J. Wettha Singha in "The Singularity of Buddhism":—"To enter into the First Path, one should destroy the first three Fetters. With these three Fetters he destroys four demeritorious thoughts associated with false speculations, and one demeritorious thought associated with indecision. Then a thought-path,.....springs up, and he enters the First Path called *Sotapatti* or the stream of Knowledge. Just as when a lamp is lighted there is the dispelling of darkness, the existence of light, the reduction of the wick by burning, and the decrease of the oil, likewise, four things result from the entering into the Path, viz:—By the knowledge associated with the Path, he clearly sees the suffering associated with aggregations that are in the worlds belonging to the three

Regions, and thereby fully comprehends the First Noble Truth: By the power of the *Bodhi-pakkhiya Dhammas* associated with the Path, he minimises Thirst and comprehends the Second Truth: By perceiving *Nirvana* with the aid of the path-thought, he comprehends the Third Truth, and with the aid of the Noble Eightfold Path associated with the path-thought, he limits his re-births, and fully comprehends the Fourth Truth." The fruit of the First Path is spoken of as "Better than universal empire in this world, better than going to a place where sensuous pleasures abound, and better than lordship over all the worlds, is the Fruit of the First Path,"....In order to enter into a higher step he develops knowledge by observing the precepts of the Noble Eightfold Path, and minimises the fourth and fifth Fetters. When his mind is properly developed, a thought-path having thoughts called *Upacara*, *Anuloma*, and *Vodana* appears. Next to the dynamic thought called *Vodana*, which signifies knowing, exists the thought of the *Sakadagami Path*, and the two Result-thoughts. After that the mind resumes its *Bhavanga* state. This is called *Sakadagami* as those that enter will have only one more birth in this world..... with the aid given by the Path-knowledge (*Magga Nana*) he proceeds with mental development further, and the *Adinava Nana* shows the defects of the attachment to pleasures derived through the senses, and produces dejection, while the triple mark discloses that it is a pursuit after Vanity. He cherishes Universal Love towards all sentient beings, who, like him, are all linked to the chain of re-birth and suffering, and thereby he breaks the Fetter of Ill-will. At this accomplishment a thought-path springs having the aforesaid dynamic thoughts. Of these, the dynamic thought is associated with knowledge and next to the *Vodana* thought is the thought of the *Anagami Path*. In this thought-path also there are two Result-thoughts. This path is called *Anagami* as those that enter it will never be born again in this world. For the acquisition of the Highest Fruits and to enter on the last Path he has to make a heroic effort to break the remaining five Fetters. He has now to destroy as low, mean, and pagan, the "Desire for an eternal future with a material body," reflecting that all material forms, being subject to the Law of Mutation, are transient and transitory, and to indulge in such a baseless belief is wild imagination, only possible to be entertained by the foolish

and the ignorant. He has next to eradicate the "Desire for an eternal future without a material body." He finds that this is also as delusive an idea as the other, since no existence is possible without mental activity and consciousness; and that all mental states and activities, whether pure or impure, change with the rapidity of lightning, feeding upon the various sense-objects that come in contact with them; and that consciousness, with which that existence is endowed indicates that it is subject to change. To find an eternity in these two states, which are subject to constant change, appears to him as a baseless fabric of idle speculation. By the aid of the knowledge of the Path he has practically acquired, he breaks off these two great Fetters that bind all the religions and philosophic systems that teach an eternal existence beyond the grave, and looks upon them with pity and sympathy, as the childish views of an unhealthy imagination imbued with blind faith, craving and hope. By the aid of the knowledge acquired by practising *Vipassana* in the *Mana-samugghatana* method, he sees that there is nothing in this world or in any other world, whether belonging to self, or to others, that could be called permanent, stable, and everlasting, on which one can pride himself, and thereby he breaks the Fetter of Pride. By continual reflection, as his thoughts are trained, concentrated, and tranquilized, he breaks the Fetter of Excitement. His mental eye is now open, and he clearly sees the mysteries of existence, its impermanence, its suffering, its non-selfness, its dissolution, and its re-existence, and by the full development of the tenfold *Vipassana Knowledge*, he uplifts the veil of Delusion and breaks the Fetter of Ignorance that keeps the world in the darkness of superstitious speculation. Then a thought-path, as aforesaid, springs up, and the knowledge associated with the dynamic thought, which is next to the *Vodana* thought, is called the Path-thought of the *Arahatta Path*. The dynamic thoughts of this thought-path are not mere meritorious ones like those of other Paths, but all of them are Action-dynamic-thoughts (*Kiriya Javana*). This path has also two Result-thoughts. Those who enter the *Arahatta Path* are re-born no more, but enter into the *Anupadisesa Nirvana*. Such are the "ambrosial" fruits of the Noble Eightfold Path discovered by the Lord Buddha.

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Fort, Colombo.

Portrait of the Youthful Buddha

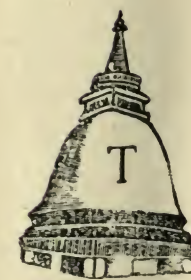
By EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

UPON a mid-spring night when stars slip soft
To morn, and crisp dawn-winds shivered among
Sprayed silver mango boughs and moghra blooms,
When hushed with fear were night-birds keen for prey,
Awaiting with leaf-life the gift of light,
Upon his couch lay King Suddhodana
Dreaming the dream that aftertime made true.
Upon the plain that southward lies six days
From steepest summits of Himalayan snow,
A tower of stone there stood, white as the snow,
And ancient as the silent mountain's crown,
A tower—he dreamed—in bright, green valley lands,
A tower that leaped aloft until it dwarfed
The white-horned mountain's shining crest of ice,
And then o'er-topped the clouds. About the tower
A stairway, circling, climbed—likewise of stone—
And there, upon the lowest step, the Prince
Siddhartha stood, with up-turned youthful face
Whose glory filled dim Asia's heart with light,
With generous hands out-held, from which rich gems
Like rain dropped down, whose color was as sound.
He watched him climb the staring height of stone—
Up, up—through air that knew no shelter, shade,
And thought the while how well it symbolized life,
Yet, dream-held, could not help nor hinder him.
There as he climbed, he feeble grew and old.
His splendid youth dropped from him like a rose,
And even his royal robe was dimmed to
Pauper's rags, while richer, sweeter, grew the
Jeweled rain, its light concealing him
As if in giving he himself had died,
Until upon the topmost pinnacle
Lo!—Buddha stood, and folded earth from sky
To sea in gem-wrought mist that flamed like fire
And touched earth's heart to joy. There was no death
On land or sea that day. Dim, buried roots
Felt warmth thrill them. Light swept through ocean's caves,
And unformed things within the deeps of earth
Felt premonition of a life to be.
Dead crystals sealed in silences serene,
Discolored, dulled, with dust of ancient death,
Thrilled back the gem-wrought prayer by Light's Lord made;
And change they knew; and thrilling more knew joy,
Then fear, faith, mystery and love—through love
Swirled up toward life, and bore within their souls
Safe sealed forever, that jeweled rain of Buddha.

Thus was Fire Opal born, a memory
Of him of cleanest crystal made whose heart
Held Asia's love. And even now, whoso
Looks long again upon its changing disk,
Shall hear Love's rain upon a world's dead heart,
And song of gladdened things that greet the light,
And know strange dreams like King Suddhodana.

Anatta: The Crux of Buddhism

"*Sabba Dhamma Anatta.*"—Dhammapada



HE Tathagata has summed up the whole of His teaching in three words consisting of eighteen letters: *Anicca, Dukkha and Anatta*. The doctrines of Anicca and Dukkha are also the common property of some of the other religions, but the profound Truth of Anattā is the specific teaching of Buddhism alone.

The cardinal tenets of God and Soul form the basic concepts of all the great religions of the world, save and except Buddhism. All other religions are *attavadi* (animistic), whereas Buddhism only is *Anattavadi*. God and Soul, in the last analysis, are counterparts of one and the same thing. Soul is an emanation of God.

If Buddhism is true in its psychology, it logically follows that all the other religions are wrong; and the converse proposition is equally true. It is therefore not a matter of surprise that even eminent scholars, not to mention the easy-chair critics, have gone completely astray on the Buddhist idea of no-soul. A recent critic made the bold assertion: "Thus, after all, the appeal to rationalism breaks down at the most essential point of the impermanence of personality. Retribution in the proper sense of the word is excluded; and with it goes overboard moral responsibility on which is based the whole fabric of social morality." He thus concludes that the doctrine of no-soul is an egregious error, and the Dhamma therefore deserves to be relegated to the limbo of exploded superstitions. This is indeed a severe indictment to make of a Teacher, who according to Professor Huxley, saw deeper and reached higher than even Berkeley, the greatest of all Western idealists. Let us therefore carefully examine the impeachment.

The supreme ethical significance of the Anatta teaching turns upon the question, whether there can be moral responsibility without personal identity. If there is no continuity of personal consciousness between the present and the future life, there can be no moral responsibility.—Such is the objection of another critic, who thinks that the dilemma is inescapable. In short, the animist maintains that unless a soul passes there can be no reward and punishment

at all. But the Buddhist teaching is: *Naca so naca anno*—not he yet not another. So Buddhism by keeping to the golden mean affirms identity of a sort, but not in the absolute sense of the animist.

Identity is a static idea and strictly speaking cannot apply to life or biological values. One can correctly envisage life and its functions only from the dynamic view-point. Mathematics, jurisprudence and the physical sciences deal in identities but not the sciences of ethics and psychology. In Buddhist psychology both the subject and the

youth of eighteen. This doctrine was taught by the Buddha twenty-five centuries ago. The ceaseless flux of things applies equally to mind and body, *nama* as well as *rupa*. In the former the flow is even more rapid than in the latter, and therefore it is truer to speak of the body as a permanent thing, *atta*, than of the mind.

Existence indeed is like a river-current, which though it forms a seeming identity, does not remain the same for two successive moments—even as the river of to-day does not contain a single drop of water which formed it yesterday.

According to Abhidhamma: when the mind is thought-free, it is said to be in a state of *bhavana* (sub-consciousness), like dreamless sleep. This state or life-continuum is comparable to the current



A BUDDHIST PERAHERA (PROCESSION)

object are transitory; only the inter-relation between them remains constant. This constancy of relation, which is called by some consciousness, gives rise to the false animistic notion of personal identity. Because of the continuity of temporary selves or successive states of consciousness, man blinded by nescience (*Avijja*) mistakes similarity for identity, and takes this river of life for an abiding soul, even as he thinks the river of yesterday identical with that of to-day.

Life according to Abhidhamma is like the current of a river—*Nadi soto veyya*. It is a conclusion of modern Science that the cells of the human body undergo constant change, so much so that every particle of the body of a boy of ten becomes completely transformed and gradually replaced in that of the

of a stream. In a thought-process of maximum duration which consists of seventeen thought-movements, the first thought is this *bhavana*. When this current is opposed by an obstacle (*alam-bana*) from within or without through the sense doors, a vibration sets in; and this thought-vibration is called the *bhavana calana* (the shaking or perturbation of *bhavana*) which is followed by the next thought, which causes a break in the current—*bhavana upaccheda* (the cutting-off of *bhavana*). There then arises *pancadvara vajjana*—adverting to the sense-doors; next, *cakkhu* (or other) *vinnana*, as the case may be. The consciousness now seizes hold (*sam-paticchana*) of the object (*arammana*), examines it (*santirana*) and determines its nature and properties (*ottthapana*).

Up to this point the process is purely mechanical and is without any ethical value. Then come seven *javanas*, cognition-thoughts, followed by two *tadarammanas*, retentive-thoughts. The *javanas* constitute Karma-thoughts, and the seventh *javana* is the rebirth-producing thought. The first *javana* causes *dittha-dhamma-vedaniya-kamma* (action-results in this present lifetime); the seventh *javana* originates *aparapariya-vedaniya-kamma* (action-results in any lifetime after the next); while the intermediate *javanas* cause *upapajja-vedaniya-kamma* (action-results in the immediately following lifetime, or failing this, not at all). Such is a complete normal process of thought of maximum length, *atimahantarammana*. There is a juxtaposition of these thoughts or states of consciousness, but never a superposition of such states throughout a lifetime, or even from one lifetime to another.

According to Abhidhamma, the last or death thought and the first or conception-thought in all *puhujjana* always occur among the intermediate thought-moments of a single process of thought. In the case of Arahats the dying thought is always the last one of a process. Such a process of seventeen thought-moments is said to be *one* process, because it was set in motion by one sense-object (*ārammana*). Thus it is said that a material phenomenon lasts seventeen thought-moments, and consequently the lifetime of matter is the same period.

The matter of utmost significance here is the strange fact that *death* and *re-birth* take place within the duration of *one single process of thought*. There is therefore no break in the succession of thoughts between death and conception, nor any interval between them.

But it may be asked: how is Memory possible if no entity passes from one thought to the next? For a full and complete answer to this—the crux of Buddhism—we must look to the *Patthana maha pakarana* for an answer. This Book, appropriately called the “Great Book” of the Abhidhamma-pitaka, contains twenty-four modes of Relation, which is more comprehensive than, and transcends, the Association Philosophy of the West, which deals with the relations of Ideas only, whereas the Patthana comprises the Relations between all phenomena.

Each thought is related to the one next to it, both before and after, in at least four of these twenty-four ways. These four relations (*paccaya*) are proximity (*anantara*), contiguity (*samanantara*),

absence (*naithi*) and abeyance (*avigata*). Each thought as it passes gives service to the next or gives up the whole of its energy (*Paccaya satti*) to its successor. Thus each successor has all the potentialities of its predecessors. Therefore the mental principle of cognition or perception (*sanna*) in each mental state of consciousness, with all its heritage of the past, is a re-cognising in the image reproduced the idea of the original object revived by the very marks which were observed by its predecessors in a certain reflection.*

Let us consider a modern simile. If we place a number of billiard balls touching one another in a row and strike the last ball of one end, what will happen? The ball at the other end will move off leaving the other balls stationary. This is due to the transmission of the force of impact through the balls and may be called, heredity of energy. In similar wise, there is no interval between the last thought of the dying man and the first thought of the new person that is conceived. The succession of thoughts is like the billiard-balls placed in juxtaposition. The sum-total of the forces, activities, and faculties of a man (*nama dhamma*) re-individualizes itself as another personality. The succession of thoughts thus remains unbroken at death.

In Buddhist parlance, the psychic activities of a being are his Kamma. It is Kamma that reincarnates. The will has creative power: *Cetanaham Bhikkhave Kamman vadami*. The reality consists in Kamma, not in the physical identity as maintained by the *attavadi*.

The anatta teaching has a profound ethical value. So long as man believes in a soul-entity how can he get rid of selfishness? It is an impossibility. Whoever asserts such a proposition commits an outrage on sane thought. Everything becomes reduced to his ego-centric system, and every thought, word and act becomes subservient to his self. As the Buddha says: “Where self is virtue cannot exist.” Banish the self-idea and altruism is replaced on its proper ethical basis. Even as in the domain of Astronomy the heliocentric system has supplanted the now exploded geocentric theory, the teaching of no-soul, or the new psychology, has over-

* That brilliant scholar, Dr. Evans-Wentz, to whom Ceylon is indebted for a series of illuminating expositions of Rebirth, traces to memory the solution of the difficulty in Buddhism. It will be of absorbing interest to know how the learned Doctor solves the sphinx-riddle—how Rebirth is possible in the face of Anatta. Unfortunately for us, this puzzle he does not attempt to unravel, but takes for granted that the question is met by postulating Memory.—Is not this a *petitio principii*?

thrown the ego-centric system of the *attavadi*.

The *anattavadi* alone can thus realise the full significance of the oneness and sanctity of all life. Once grasp this sublime idea, what folly then to steal one's neighbours' purse or to kill his brother-man, for he thus commits these offences against his own self?

Strange it is yet true that this glorious and noble outlook on life and its problems receives wonderful corroboration from the researches of the modern Western Psychologists. The recent tendency in philosophical thought has been so marked that modern psychology is nicknamed, “psychology without a *psyche* (Soul).” Says W. S. Lilly, the great Roman Catholic Author: “The existence of the immortal in man is becoming increasingly discredited under the influence of the dominant schools of modern thought. The scientists whom the XIXth century heard most gladly have been much more affirmative in negation. The so-called “Soul” they insist is a bundle of sensations, emotions, sentiments, all relating to the physical experiences of the race and the individual.” Wundt, the eminent psychologist, in his well-known work tells us: “Psychology proves that not only our sense-perception, but the memorial images depend for their origins upon the functionings of the organs of sense and movement,” and holds that a “continuance of this sensuous consciousness must appear irreconcilable with the facts of experience.” Professor James, who is even more modern than Wundt, accounts the term “Soul” a mere figure of speech to which no reality corresponds. “The word,” he insists, “explains nothing and guarantees nothing; its successive thoughts are the only intelligible things about it; and definitely to ascertain the correlation of these with brain processes is as much as psychology can empirically do.” Western science forsooth can do nothing more, but Eastern sages by psychical exercises can so develop the clairvoyant faculty (divine eye) that they can look back into past lives.

All religious teachers placed the *Summum Bonum* or Salvation in eternal existence. The Tathagata alone posited the highest good in a hypercosmic (*lokutara*) state. Thus where all the other teachers placed plus signs (willing), they failed to solve the sum of life, for there was left over the ever-recurrent remainder. The Buddha alone placed a minus sign (non-willing) and the whole sum was thus resolved without a remainder, by substituting non-willing for

willing, this remainder is the irreducible factor—God or Soul. The admission of this factor far from solving, only complicates the problem, and makes it impossible of a solution.

Anatta is therefore the central pivot on which the whole of the Buddha's philosophy turns. Even as all sea-water has the same taste of salt, so if we take any part of the Dhamma, or for the matter of that, any phase of life in a Buddhist country, we shall find it saturated with the blessedness of its saving grace. How does one account for the absence in Buddhist countries of hospitals, asylums, homes for the aged and incurables, workhouses, friend-in-need societies, and so on? The answer is clear: The Buddhist who believes in Anatta cheerfully undertakes individually his moral responsibility in attending the sick, the infirm, the old and the destitute; whereas the Western man, who is a born animist, shunts on to the public and the state his own personal obligations to society.

ARIYA DHAMMA.

Living Pictures



possibilities. The mere looking at him seemed to give vim to flagging energy and spring to one's step.

I had watched Somapala grow up, from being a strong toddler of five, to a bright boy of fifteen; and each stage of his development foreshadowed another, the pregnant promise of which was duly fulfilled.

Last November, I had a visit from Somapala's father. The boy was ill. Vederalas had treated him for a month, and though there was a temporary improvement, the disease had re-established itself. Would I come and see him?

Yes, of course I would. And I went to see the lad. He was lying on his pallet, wan and weak, and apparently very ill indeed. He had been through a bad attack of enteric fever, and too early feeding with solids had brought about a relapse. But there was a something,

a little supervening something evidently, at the apex of the right lung, that wanted watching. It might pass away with treatment, or, in his weakened condition, it might develop with a rush.

A fortnight later I learned, on returning from a visit up-country, that Somapala's mother had brought the boy to see me (a very reckless thing to do) when I was away. The boy was well, had taken solid food for three days, and when might he bathe! This was good news, though rather surprising—and the case passed out of my hands.

In December I went through a severe bout of malaria, which knocked me out for over a week; and I was told that Somapala's father had come to consult me again about his son, and had gone



NAGA POKUNA, MIHINTALE

Photo by John & Co.

away much distressed on hearing I was ill.

In mid February I received a funeral notice. Somapala was dead, and the obsequies would be on the morrow's evening.

An uncle delivered the note. The little “something” in the right lung had not passed away. A low evening fever had prompted the father to come for me; and I being ill, another was consulted. But the disease steadily advanced. A “Bhikkhu” specialist failed to do good, and a British qualified expert brought about a short rally, which roused hope—but it was only a dying flicker. And yesterday he breathed his last sighing breath, and his being passed—whither?

Somapala lay in his narrow coffin, a pale wasted wraith of the big lad he was. Deep throaty sobs wrung the father's heart, and the wailing mother told all how she had loved her boy. She had always cared for his every want, had spared neither money nor constant attention during his illness—he who was going to be a great man and his parents' stay in their old age; and now, he was gone, her sweet boy; oh! hard, hard was life!

The Bhikkhus have come for the funeral ceremony. Enter sixteen silent, yellow-robed figures, and seats, in a horse-shoe arrangement, are provided for them, under a large awning. The open coffin is placed, on two chairs, in their midst,

and the High-priest gives the Five Precepts to the assembly.

Three times then the sonorous Pali chants forth:—

“Impermanent are all component things,
Birth is their nature, and decay;
Having arisen, they pass to destruction,
The cessation of this process is indeed happiness.”

And the father of Somapala makes a gift of robes to the Sangha, and as he slowly pours the water of oblation from an earthen pitcher into a bowl, he repeats the Pali formula:—

“May this gift be on behalf of my kindred,—
May my kindred be happy.”

And again the Bhikkhus chant, as the water of oblation fills the bowl to overflowing—and a trickle streams over the bare dry earth, that soon licks it up.

"As the flowing waters go

Rushing steady to the sea,
Thus may this pure gift bestow
To ghost kinsmen, liberty."

* * *

The High-priest speaks :—

"On an occasion such as this, when hearts are sad and minds are, for a brief span, tuned to appreciate the naked truths of Transience and Suffering, it is well to speak a few words, based on the Great Law, as expounded by our revered and blessed Buddha-father. These words are not intended to comfort—though the comfort of resignation to the reign of inevitable law, might come as an incidental gift of Right Seeing. These words are meant to spur on those who hear to fresh endeavour toward escape from this Sea of Suffering.

"All compounded things are necessarily, from the very fact of their component nature, transitory. And what do we mean by 'Compounded things'? We mean all that is, from uttermost heaven to nethermost hell, all all is compounded. Everything about us, all that we know of, on this plane or another, high and low, great and small, born and unborn, long and short, visible and invisible, far and near, *all* things are but Results of causes that are themselves, in turn, 'compounded'.

"Everything in the universe comes under one of two heads:—fluxes conjoined with conscious life, and fluxes without such conjunction. To the first head belongs all life—angels, men, demons, ghosts, animals and the denizens of the other hell-states; to the second belongs the earth whereon we live and die, stones and trees. All of these, without exception, are subject to the inexorable law of transience. All things break up, decay, and die. What is 'breaking up'? It is what we see, in ourselves, in all our diseases and in our liability to fracture bone, rupture muscle or blood-vessel, and wound ourselves. The path of 'decay' is seen in greying hair, loose and rotting teeth, wasted gums, crooked back, deafness, and bleared eyes. What is 'death'? It is that which we see, here even in our midst, in this confined body—so pinched and cold and still.

"This is the lot of us all. It is the lot of everything, animate or inanimate; for such is the Law. Seeing this, and the Suffering of all life—for what is free from suffering that is not free from transience?—seeing this then, and the

sure absence of any permanent entity in these fluxes that we call 'ourselves'—it becomes the urgent business of each one of us, who has wisdom to pause and reflect and dimly understand, to work out an individual salvation with diligence. The process of seeking deliverance is fraught with much good. It is the Path that is watered with the thought of loving-kindness towards all. It is abounding in 'good' for all, in thought, word and deed. It is a standing example of right living to all that have eyes to see. This is the only Path that, from its assurance of ultimate salvation from all life's pain, lends first a sure consolation and later a steadfast joy of confidence—till, at last, there emerges an ennobled One, a Holy One, and gone for ever is this grief, that we see so poignant here



GADALADENIYA TEMPLE

Photo by John & Co.

to-day; broken at last are Pains' Fetters, for the Deliverance has been attained in Nibbana's everlasting Calm and Bliss."

* * *

The Bhikkhus file out, and, one by one, the assembled mourners go up to the coffin to sprinkle perfume on its cold tenant—a last greeting, ere those features be for all time hid.

* * *

The next picture is set in the sleeping-place of the dead. It is a bleak and gravelly spot, and, beside a fresh-dug grave, we see the mourners grouped, to witness the last scene of this so common drama, as pictured in Somapala's brief life. The young body, whose vitality oozed out ere it had reached its prime, is gently lowered to its dank resting-place—food for worms. The grave is filled, and now the mourners return.

Who is it that keeps looking back and back, whose breast heaves, and whose lingering steps must go—though it is tearing his heart to leave that pitiful mound of earth that marks a new-made grave? It is Somapala's father.

A bright moon lights up the tropic night. All the varied night-life of the warm East hums with its throbbing life. The bats flap fluttering from tree to tree, the owls hoot, the frogs croak, and the night moth dusts one's cheek. But it is still in the cemetery, still—as death. The little new mound, Somapala's grave, seems so lonesome and bleak, and the cemetery so desolate.

* * *

The next scene is at Somapala's late home. Here too all is still. But no; a subdued sound comes from where a

inky shadow across the sanded grounds, there yet twinkle a few lamps, and the night-wind is scented also with the incense from the joss-sticks that glow in yonder recess—the offering of an unusually late worshipper.

In his bare cell, lit with a single candle, the old High-priest meditates. Cross-legged and erect he sits, eyes downcast, and hands folded in his lap. And, as he meditates, a smile of understanding, ever so faint, crosses his ascetic face.

"Yes," he revolves. "Forms, sensations, ideas, the experiences of all time—that constitute Kamma, and consciousness, these are but passing shows. Tainted are they with disease, with the blemishes of decay, death and breaking up; ever disturbed are they by craving thirst, and agitated with sorrow, lamentation, suffering, grief and despair. Void is all this of firm basis, not lasting, disappearing here as one thing and reappearing there as another, weak and unfertile for permanent prosperity, a mass of corruption, a painful flow of deluding emptiness—brought about by causes—all compounded, all unstable. This is not me, or mine; there is no 'soul' here. There is only a continuity of Kamma. Truly, in Cessation only is happiness to be found. And ultimately, all shall be freed from suffering; what has been won shall not again be lost; and through wailing and tears we see the bitter Truth, the urge that, once seen, drives us on, slow maybe, but sure, to the Peace of Freedom." And that slow smile, so curiously unaccountable to the uninitiated, illumines the High-priest's countenance.

And the Reel whirs on.

AFFELE AINMAR.

Large the Master's heart was long ago,
Not only now, when with his gracious ruth
He bade cease cruel worship of the Gods
And much King Bimbisara prayed our Lord—
Learning his royal birth and holy search—
To tarry in that city, saying oft,
"Thy princely state may not abide such fasts;
Thy hands were made for sceptres, not for alms.
Sojourn with me, who have no son to rule,
And teach my kingdom wisdom till I die,
Lodged in my palace with a beauteous bride."
But ever spake Siddhartha, of set mind:
"These things I had, most noble King, and left,
Seeking the truth; which still I seek, and shall;
Not to be stayed though Sakra's palace ope'd
Its doors of pearl and Devis wooed me in.
I go to build the Kingdom of the Law,
Journeying to Gaya and the forest shades,
Where, as I think, the light will come to me;
For nowise here among the Rishis comes
That light, nor from the Shasters, nor from fasts
Borne till the body faints, starved by the soul,
Yet there is light to reach and truth to win;
And surely, O true Friend, if I attain
I will return and quit thy love."

"Paricchedo Hi Pandityam"

Discrimination is the Attribute of Wise Men.



actions of men, but to-day its power seems to be waning.

It is mentioned in the Kamma-Vibhanga Sutta, a sermon delivered by the Lord Buddha, that a person named Subha Manava, son of

Brahmana Todeyya, approached the Lord and asked Him as follows:—"What, O Lord, is the cause of the existence of so much of disparity among men. While one is high or rich or handsome another is low or poor or ugly, etc. There must be, Sir, some cause for this." The Buddha replied that it was the power of Kamma which caused the disparity. To-day the idea obtains that all are equal. The question of a Kammic law is seldom considered. The idea of universal equality in its popular form first arose in the West—whence it has reached the East and spread almost everywhere.

I am not aware of any system of European thought that recognises Kamma as a force in its laws, therefore it is not to be wondered at that the theory of human equality found its first propounders in the West. Within certain limits it does undoubtedly contribute to the advancement of the people; but when the idea is carried too far it endangers the safety and unsettles the stability of society. The person of a lower rank will not pay due regard to one of a higher rank. What, for instance, will be the result if the servant disobeys the master? The idea of equality alone, in the absence of real equality, in its refusal to acknowledge superiority where

it does really exist, leads to confusion, conflict and trouble to a very regrettable degree.

"Na maggarahassa maggau deti," is a saying that illustrates the point very appropriately. It means that when two persons come face to face on the road, unless one of them is prepared to make way for the other they will collide and come to harm. When things are in such disorder it must be regarded as a sign of decay. Even now we witness that the process is going on. The Supina Jataka illustrates this in a manner at



Photo by John & Co.

MIHINTALE DAGOBA

once arresting and striking. It says in almost symbolic expression that in times of decay the dried up shell of the hollow pumpkin will sink in water and rocks will float, and frogs, the natural prey of the snakes, will prey in turn on snakes. It must now be clear that all the unnatural changes, whether in the established order of Society or elsewhere, are to be looked upon as calamitous. In human affairs such changes subvert the welfare of the people. Among the Orientals the sense of respect to elders is perhaps exaggerated. Even an article used by an elder, such as a sandle, comes to be regarded as an object of respect and veneration. The

Buddhist doctrine encourages the observance of due respect to all persons to whom respect is due. Sometimes we notice in the Courts, for instance, a lawyer when raised to the bench, even temporarily, commands the respect of his brother lawyers so long as he occupies the higher position. He may not do the same the moment he reverts to his place at the bar.

There is a Buddhist story which describes very well how the respect due to a man changes under different conditions. A certain (Dayaka) supporter invited a number of Bhikkhus to an almsgiving. But of all the priests only one—a worldly-minded one—could be spared for the Dayaka, the others having had previously accepted other invitations. The host, considering the Bhikkhu as a member of the Sangha, entertained the priest without any distinction whatever and also paid respectful obeisance to him. On the following day the same worldly-minded Bhikkhu who was well entertained by the Dayaka went up to him and begged for a mamoty. Such a request coming from a Bhikkhu greatly displeased the Dayaka and having no other way of showing his feelings he kicked the mamoty towards the Bhikkhu. The above story shows that when the priest appeared as a representative of the Sangha he was accorded due and respectful treatment. But when he appeared in his personal capacity engaged in a worldly affair he was not respected as before. Whenever the legitimate duties of one are taken up by another the result is always unpleasant. Each person whether monk or layman must perform the duties and obligations that properly belong to him. One should not try to usurp the work of the other.

At present a never-ending source of trouble is the failure to recognise the particular portion of duties that properly belongs to each person. One often hears of laymen attempting to do the work of Bhikkhus and *vice versa*. The pupil attempts to perform the duties of the teacher and the teacher those of the pupil. A minister's work is taken up by the congregation and those of the congregation by the minister. The duties of ruler are usurped by the ruled; the duties of the learned by the unlearned. All this is due to want of knowledge as to what is proper and improper or what ought and ought not to be done by each individual or in other words to want of discrimination as to the particular sphere of individual action. A man's position whether high or low is the result of his present and previous action (Kamma).

Therefore a servant should not try to perform the duties of the master until he comes to the position of the Master. A layman should not attempt to do the duty of a clergyman until he attains to the dignity of a clergyman. A pupil should not attempt to do the work of a tutor before he himself becomes a tutor. The ruled should not attempt to do the work of the ruler before they become rulers themselves. The foolish should not attempt to do the work of the learned before they become learned themselves. In the above manner the limitations of each individual's particular sphere of work should be recognised. And that knowledge or the capacity to discriminate is the attribute of a wise man. This point is clearly explained in the following words of our Lord Buddha while describing the characteristics of the foolish and of the wise:—*Dve me bhikkhave bata: yo ca anagatam bharam wahati, yo ca agatam bharam na wahati. Dve me bhikkhave pandita: yo ca agatam bharam wahati, yo ca anagatam bharam na wahati* (Anguttara Nikaya).

“Oh! Bhikkhus, there are two fools: one performs the duties not entrusted to him; while another does not perform the duties entrusted to him. Both of them are fools.

“Oh! Bhikkhus, there are two wise men: one performs the duties entrusted to him, while the other does not perform the duties not entrusted to him. Both of them are wise men.”

You should do your own duty and not that of another.

News and Notes

Wesak.

Wesak Full Moon rises at 1-56 p.m. on May 10th and sets at 11-28 a.m. on the next day. This day marks the 2546th anniversary of the Birth, the 2540th anniversary of the Enlightenment, and the 2466th anniversary of the Final Passing Away, of the Lord Buddha.

A Young People's Life of the Buddha.

By Bhikkhu Silacara.

pp. iii., 303 (Bastians, Colombo).

This year has seen many new publications on Buddhist subjects, among which stands foremost the above volume from the pen of the Bhikkhu Silacara. Its get-up, and printing and price are all that can be desired. We have little doubt that Managers and Teachers of Buddhist Institutions will realise the value of the book as a medium of religious instruction in the lower forms, and make

it one of their text-books on the subject. We heartily commend the publication to the reader.

The Visible Fruits of the Life of a Monk.

By J. Wetta Singhe. (Bastians, Colombo).

The late Mr. Wetta Singhe during the last few months of his life turned out a number of Essays on various subjects of the *Dhamma*, and not a few translations from the *Pali*. Of the latter the *Samamaphala Sutta*, the Visible Fruits of the Life of a Monk, has been received by us from the publishers. It is the translation of a discourse delivered by the Buddha to King Ajatasattu, a whilom enemy. At the conclusion of the sermon the King was so visibly affected that the Teacher, addressing the Bhikkhus after the King had taken his departure, said: “O Monks, but for the fact that the King had murdered his father, the good and pious King Bimbisara, Ajatasattu would have attained the Path here and now.”

The Buddha's Path of Virtue.

By F. L. Woodward, M.A. [Cantab.] (Theosophical Publishing House, Madras).

We have to thank the Theosophical Publishing House, Madras, for a versified translation of the *Dhammapada*. The present translator is Mr. F. L. Woodward, late Principal of Mahinda College, Galle. Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam provides an interesting introduction. The translation itself is made all the more valuable by the number of excellent notes which the reader finds scattered throughout the pages. We have no doubt that the new translation will be of great value to students of the *Dhamma*.

The Dhammapada Atthakatha.

By Dr. E. W. Burlingame, 3 vols. Roy. 8 vo. [Harvard Oriental Series].

We have to thank Prof. C. R. Lanman of Harvard University, Joint-founder and General Editor of the “Harvard Oriental Series” for copies of volumes xxviii., xxix., and xxx. of the said Series, entitled “The Buddhist Legends,” being a translation from the original *Pali* text of the *Dhammapada Atthakatha*, by Eugene Watson Burlingame, Lecturer in *Pali* in Yale University. The three volumes are an ornament to any good Buddhist library, being printed on very good paper and bound durably in full buckram, with cut edges and gilt tops. The three volumes comprise 1,114 pages.

The *Atthakatha*, composed by a Sinhalese author, circa 450 A.D., purport to narrate the circumstances under

which the Buddha uttered each one of the *Dhammapada* stanzas. In telling them the author relates 299 legends or stories which form the bulk of the commentary; and it is these stories which we now find translated. In style and substance they resemble the *Jataka* stories, and give the reader a pen-picture of the daily life of our ancient Buddhist brothers. Dr. Burlingame's rendering is deeply interesting, and so eminently readable that it is as entrancing as a good novel. We commend the volumes to the reader.

The Buddhist Review, London.

We congratulate the Editors on the many improvements they have effected in the appearance and the general get-up of this excellent *Review*. Henceforward the Journal will be published bi-monthly and as before will be replete with articles on the *Dhamma*, besides giving a full review of all Buddhist activities in various parts of the world. It is made the official organ of the International Buddhist Union also, and thereby will reach a wider circle of readers than ever before. We invite all lovers of the *Dhamma* to subscribe to the *Review*.

The Judgment of the Maha Bodhi Case.

Thanks are due to the Maha Bodhi Society for a reprint of the judgment in the above case. It gives an outline of the history of this much vexed question.

The Buddhist Chronicle.

We welcome the birth of this new weekly Buddhist paper. It is edited by Mr. P. de S. Kularatne, the Principal of Ananda College, and bids fair to be one of the most successful journals in Ceylon. We hope that the same go-ahead and wide-awake policy that has characterized it so far will prevail for all time. May we also hope that more space will in future be devoted to the elucidation of the *Dhamma*.

The Buddhist.

We also welcome back *The Buddhist*. It is a paper that has a mission to fulfil in propagating the *Dhamma*, not only in our Island home but in other parts of the world as well. We would invite Mr. Jayatilake, the present Editor, to conduct the paper with that end in view and not confine it within the narrow limits of a parochial paper.

The All-Ceylon Y. M. B. A. Congress [Ceylon].

Met at Kandy for the third time on the 26th and 27th of December, 1921. Over 100 delegates, representing the

various Buddhist Associations in the Island, assembled at Kandy under the very shadow of the Dalada Maligawa—the Temple of the Tooth, and within the very precincts of the ancient palaces and temples. This year's sessions were in many ways a remarkable success.

The Maha Bodhi Society [India].

The Anagarika Dharmapala is now permanently resident in Calcutta and is actively engaged in the dissemination of the *Dhamma* in that much troubled land. The Maha Bodhi Journal makes its appearance regularly every month, and we look forward to much greater and even more substantial work from the Anagarika, for the years are few, but the work is large.

The Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland [England].

Elsewhere we publish an appeal on behalf of the London Society. While the Society itself is as active as circumstances permit, we regret to say that the financial position is anything but satisfactory. It is to be greatly deplored that Ceylon Buddhists have practically given up assisting the Society in its laudable work in any large measure. The President of the Society, Dr. W. A. de Silva, should see that more and livelier interest is taken in the Society by his friends and countrymen. We made various efforts to enlist the sympathy of well-to-do friends towards the Society, but almost invariably found that their minds were prejudiced against it. We request the Secretaries to issue a detailed statement of the work done by the Society.

The International Buddhist Union [England].

This has been established in London with the purpose of forming a bond of Union, as its name denotes, between all existing Buddhist Societies and individual Buddhists throughout the world. Among its activities are exchange of news, views and literature, and the furtherance of all progressive Buddhist movements. The honorary correspondents have consented to keep the Secretary of the Union informed of all work which is being undertaken for the advancement of Buddhist scholarship and study; of the publication of new books and other literature, including translations; of discoveries of manuscripts and the like which may throw new light on Buddhism—its doctrines, history, art, antiquities and literature.

On the afternoon of January 4th, 1922, a meeting of the Buddhist community in London was convened to

consider the taking of immediate steps for the establishment of headquarters for the International Buddhist Union, and for the Buddhist Society. We wish the Hon. E. C. F. Collier, Chairman, and Capt. J. E. Ellam, Secretary, all success in their endeavours.

The Buddhist Study Circle [France].

We are glad to learn that Capt. Meysey Thompson is making an effort for the formation of a Buddhist Study Circle in Paris, and M. Morin has prepared a French translation of Bhikkhu Silacara's “Lotus Blossoms.”

The Buddhist Lecture Society [China].

We also hear of active Buddhist work in Peking and Shanghai. The Buddhist Lecture Society, founded by Dr. Tsai Uan Pai, President of the Peking Government University, and a few other Government officials, propose to revive the study of Buddhism in China. It has established a good library, and lectures are given in Peking and other places.

The Buddhist Research Society [China].

A Buddhist Research Society has been established in the American settlement at Shanghai. Its objects are the study and the propagation of Buddhism. It is engaged in organising meetings and lectures, the publication of Buddhist literature, the prevention of cruelty to children and animals and the translation of Chinese works on Buddhism into other languages.

The Shanghai Buddhist Laymen's Society [China].

This Society has objects similar to those of the Buddhist Research Society.

The Eastern Buddhist Society [Japan].

We welcome the establishment in Kyoto, Japan, of the above Society. This Society publishes an excellent bi-monthly, *The Eastern Buddhist*, devoted to the study of Mahayana Buddhism. The first number consists of 94 pages and is replete with articles of permanent interest. The Editors are Dr. D. T. Suzuki and Mrs. Beatrice Layen Suzuki. The objects of the Society are the Study of Buddhism, the promotion of such study, and the propagation of the true spirit of Buddhism. The Society will also undertake the translation into European languages of Buddhist texts now existing only in Eastern languages other than Sanscrit and *Pali*; the publication of studies in the Buddhist doctrine; and the publication of a magazine in English aiming at the pro-

pagation of Buddhism, and giving information as regards the activities of Buddhist scholars in Japan.

These activities should be productive of very far-reaching results and we wish the new Society every possible success.

Buddhistick Samfund i Danmark [Denmark].

Our friend, Dr. C. F. Melbye, has founded a new Society known as the *Buddhistick Samfund i Danmark*. It publishes a quarterly Review. We wish the Society every success.

Buddhist Activities in Germany.

It is to Germany that we look forward for a revival of modern Buddhism, for that country can point to a goodly number of persons whose scholarship is only matched by the enthusiasm for the mission they have taken upon themselves. In our last issue we described some of their activities. Dr. Paul Dahlke, one of the leaders of the German Buddhist movement, has given us considerable space in his journal. We publish elsewhere a translation thereof.

The Buddhist Literature Society [Ceylon].

It is with no little pleasure that we have to chronicle the inauguration of the fund for forming the above Society. We ourselves exerted not a little to start a similar society but the response from the public was disheartening and we had to abandon the idea temporarily. We welcome the present effort of *The Buddhist Chronicle*, Colombo, and trust our friends will give it their earnest support.

The Buddha-gaya Question.

This is a question which should have been settled by the Indian Government long ago. It is admitted by the Mahant, the Hindu dignitary in charge of the Temple, by the Government and by the Indian peoples that Buddha-gaya is the identical place where Prince Siddhartha attained Buddhahood, and as such it is the most sacred place of the Buddhists. But all these years it has not been handed over to the rightful owners, simply because the Buddhists of India are an insignificant minority. We trust, however, that brighter days are dawning, for to-day Indians, fighting as they are, tooth and nail, for self-government, will not be slow to uphold the rights of the Buddhists and give them back the spot so sacred to them.

At the All-Ceylon Y. M. B. A. Congress a resolution was passed requesting the Indian National Congress to consider

with sympathy the prayer of the Ceylon Buddhists assembled in Congress that Buddha-gaya be restored to the Buddhists.

Servants of the Buddha, Bambalapitiya, Ceylon.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we welcome the inauguration of the above Society. It was founded in April of last Year, "its object being the search for Enlightenment (*Bodhi*), as it was considered that the present world-wide indifference towards, and neglect of, the teachings of religion, justified the formation of an association for the study and strenuous practice of the teachings of Buddhism."

The Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

(INCORPORATED).

This Buddhist Society has now entered its fifteenth year. During the War the work of this Society, like that of many others, was continued under difficulties. The past year, however, has witnessed its very active revival especially as regards the *Buddhist Review* and the promotion of popular lectures.

The purpose of the Buddhist Society is to extend the knowledge of the Buddhist Philosophy, and to encourage the study of the Pali language in which the great Buddhist classics were originally written.

A further object of the Buddhist Society is to create a closer bond of union, through sympathy and understanding, between Great Britain and her Eastern Dependencies, particularly those countries where Buddhism is the dominant Religion.

To this end the *Buddhist Review* has been published since 1909, and is now in its twelfth volume. Other publications have been issued by the Society, and it is desired to add to these, particularly books and pamphlets in exposition of the Buddhist Teaching. Eventually, it is intended to re-establish the Headquarters of the Society which had to be given up in 1916 owing to the expiration of the lease of the premises.

It is necessary immediately to raise a fund of, at least, £500, in the first place, to establish the *Buddhist Review* on a firmer basis, and to promote the other objects which the Council of the Society has in view.

OBITUARY.

Mr. J. Wetta Singhe.

Death has taken away from our midst many valued friends and co-workers. Mr. Wetta Singhe, who was a ready and prolific writer, and who wrote with an authority born of ripe scholarship, constant study and honest conviction, passed away on last Wesak Eve. He

was a Pali, Sanscrit, and Sinhalese scholar, with a very good knowledge of English. He has been responsible for several translations and essays on the Dhamma.

The Ven. Devarakkhita Thero and The Ven. Dharmakirti Sri Devamitta.

We have to record the death of these two eminent Maha Theros, both of the Vidyodaya Oriental College, Colombo—the former the Vice-Principal and the latter the Director of the College.

Dr. E. J. Mills, F.R.S., M.D.

We also regret to record the death of Dr. Mills, an ex-President of the Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland. He was a great scholar and one of the foremost men of science of his day.

Mr. Frank E. Balls.

It is with more than ordinary regret that we mention the death of Frank E. Balls, the late Hon. General Secretary of the London Buddhist Society. Mr. Balls was one of the pillars of the Society, and but for him, it is doubtful if the Society would have survived the years of the Great War.

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